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[RETRIBUTION.]

## THE GOLDEN MASK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Stranger's Secret," "Man and His Idol," "The Seventh Marriage," "The Warning Voice," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### RETRIBUTION.

"'Tis love—and if not love.

Way, then, idolatry! Ay, that's the name  
To speak the broadest, deepest, strongest passion  
That ever woman's heart was borne away by

*The Hunchback.*

THE boudoir to which the Lady Edith was conveyed was a marvel of exquisite taste.

It was fitted in blue and silver. The walls were panelled, the framework being of silver, and the panel itself of damask azure, with the family crest in silver thread, the product of some foreign loom. The carpet was of superb design, representing a field of blue hyacinths. In every article of furniture the prevailing tone was carried out: the frame of the mirror was of silver, and the mantel-piece was fitted in the French manner with azure velvet and long white silken fringe.

But how futile are the resources of wealth and art against the evils incident to humanity!

What consolation could this superb apartment afford its beautiful mistress in this hour of trial?

She lay upon the hyacinth carpet, in her robe of golden tissue, a mere tumbled mass of wretchedness. When the first shock was over, when the cutting of hoars and applying of stimulants had been gone through, and the arrested current of life had resumed its flow, the miserable woman made no attempt to rise, and gave no answer to the expressions of sympathy which those around her bestowed on her. So crushed and desolate was she, that the idea had in time forced itself into the muddled brain of Doctor Vosper that it would be well if she were left wholly to herself, her attendants only remaining within call.

To herself, therefore, she was wholly left; but

she appeared to take no heed of this, and to find no comfort in it.

Stunned by the letter, as by a blow, she remained for awhile unconscious of anything but the sense of her misery.

It was a strange phase of life.

The boudoir was silent as a tomb. The wax lights, in silver branches, springing from the walls, burned with a still glimmer. And, in the midst of the delicate appointments, was outstretched the one being for whose gratification they had been procured, as insensible to them, to everything, as if she had been the lifeless corpse her appearance so strongly suggested.

The great political dinner, on which some question of party—some plan for the re-distribution of the loaves and fishes—depended, went on in the state-rooms as if nothing had happened. A few words of apology for the Lady Edith, on the ground of a slight indisposition, satisfied guests well-disposed to be easily satisfied, and in a short time her absence was forgotten. As the wine circulated, sallies of mirth inspired outbursts of laughter, which penetrated even the seclusion of the boudoir.

But on its stricken occupant they produced no effect.

It was not until some hours had passed, that she began to revive, and to realise the nature of the terrible blow which had thus prostrated her. Slowly, wave by wave, the lethargy, which was mental rather than physical—though its effects produced bodily weakness—began to pass away, and then, gathering herself up, she began to feel capable of connected thought on what had happened.

Her first sensation was one of gratitude that she was alone.

"I am weak," she murmured. "Weak enough, heaven knows; but it is my secret, mine alone. Not for the world would I have prying eyes gleaning over the spectacle of my folly. They call me proud, hard, cold. Let them. I care not for that. It is the privilege of birth and rank. But to show my weakness: to have their pity, their sympathy, their maudlin consolations—I would rather die!"

She had risen from the floor, and stood, tottering and with unstable footing, in the midst of the room.

The mirror in its silver frame reflected her face, as it had never reflected it before. Often had it flashed back those superb features, radiant with happiness, flushed with pride, conscious with power; but never with the expression they now wore. The pallor upon them was death-like. The misery they expressed was not only touching, but alarming in its concentrated intensity. Something abject, desolate and forlorn, expressed itself in the very manner in which the fallen beauty bore herself, with drooping head and hands clasped over her aching heart.

In the first attempts to revive her, the shining tresses of her blue-black hair had been set free and now clung about her form, with the diamonds she had worn flashing here and there in loosened sprays, but no beauty of effect resulted. Even the robe of golden-threaded brocade had ceased to have anything grand or queenly about it.

Abject, desolate, forlorn—no other words convey the aspect which the earl's daughter presented in that trying hour.

Little by little, as she recovered herself, her thoughts went from her own misery to him who had been the cause of it.

"He is dying," she whispered, as if the awe of that thought subdued her voice. "Dying? No, no! He could not curse me with his dying lips. He will live to hear me plead to him once more and to forgive me. What is my pride Lionel, to yours? What is my cruelty to yours? 'Tis in my nature to be haughty; you would have despised me, had I been meek and humble. You do despise me, because I have condescended to admit the weakness of my heart, and to say, 'I love you.' Who had the right to be capricious, wilful, exciting, if not I? It is the privilege of my sex. 'Tis the great charm which fascinates yours; and you, cruel and remorseless as you are, heap this as a wickedness upon my head. Cruel, cruel man! I have never wronged you, as you have wronged me. I have loved you too well for my heart's peace. I have humbled myself to you as woman never was humbled.

and now you cast me—cast me off! Oh pitying heaven, that I should live to be degraded so!"

She threw her arms out upon the table, and burying her face in them, sat there, shedding tears of mingled grief and indignation, and sobbing as if her heart was breaking.

Then on a sudden she started up aghast.

"But he is dying!" she cried, with a look of horror. "His love is necessary to my life, and it is passing beyond my reach. While I stand here he may have passed away!"

Impressed by the reality of this thought, she struggled to her feet, and made towards the door.

It opened.

While she was in the act of approaching it, the earl entered and fairly started at the sight of his suffering daughter.

"Edith!" he cried. "You are ill—seriously ill."

"No, no; indeed not!" she faltered.

"But I assure you—"

"Merely fatigue!" nothing more. But father, Lionel Seagrave is dying."

"Poor lad!"

"You know that we were friends, good friends, until—until I gave him some cause of offence. For that I must ask his forgiveness."

The earl took his daughter's hand, and leading her to a couch, sat down by her side.

"Edith, my child," he said, "have you not already compromised yourself too far? Have you not degraded yourself in this matter?"

A deeper pallor changed the beautiful face to marble, as through her white lips she gasped:

"Father!"

"Be calm, Edith," said the earl. "I have read young Seagrave's letter."

Edith instinctively put her hand to her bosom, in which she had some idea of having placed the cruel missive; but it was gone.

"I have read it," the earl resumed, with indignation. "What right has this man to dare to raise his eyes to you? And if you treated him with the indignation he deserved, how dare he charge his death at your hands?"

"He loved me, father," Edith faltered, "truly, fondly loved me."

"Loved!"

Indignation emphasized the one contemptuous word.

"And worst of all," pursued the desperate and disconsolate girl, "I knew this. I had him on to woo me, to declare his passion, which had become but another name for his life, and then in mere wantonness and caprice I crushed him with a curl of my lip and a sneering epigram."

"In your best manner, doubtless?" said the earl, raising his noble head and straightening his long back.

"I fear not," replied his daughter. "Tis easy to express the scorn one feels. But heaven help me!—my own heart suffered from the poisoned darts I aimed at him."

"Impossible! You must have remembered who he was?"

"I did."

"And who you were?"

"Ay, I forgot nothing."

"Not even what you owed yourself?"

"No."

"And yet you were so weak—"

"So weak! So pitifully weak!"

"And why? In heaven's name, why this folly, this infatuation? Scores of men have approached you before, men of far higher claims, and you have repulsed them like the duchess I hope to see you before I die. This very night I was reminded of another upstart, one you crushed like a worm—crushed with a regal indifference. You have not forgotten Fabian Temple. A woman never forgets her conquests, and you must remember him?"

An impatient movement expressed her contemptuous indifference.

"Would that I could remember all with as little regret," she ejaculated.

"And why not?" was the natural inquiry.

"Why not? You have read Lionel's letter, and you ask me why I cannot tear his image from my heart? His lover for me—"

"Was romantic. Such cases will happen."

"True, true! But, father, stronger, deeper a thousand times than his romantic passion, is my love for him. I cannot hide it; I cannot conquer it. I have been harsh, capricious, cruel. I have striven in every way to abate the fervour of his advances and to shame myself out of my weakness, but in vain—in vain! I love him with all the intensity of my passionate nature. I love him to infatuation. And now he is dying—dying of my cruelty; and when he is gone I shall never know another happy hour."

So unaccustomed was the earl to this mood in his child that he sat for a moment or two, gazing at her

in dismay, astonished alike at her words and at the paroxysm of tears which succeeded them.

Those eyes were little given to weeping. Sometimes in girlhood, he remembered, his Edith had given way to storms of grief or passion, which had burst and passed away like the storms of the tropics; but of late years the calm serenity of that matchless face had never, to his knowledge, been disturbed, even by a passing cloud.

While the thought of this was in his mind, the Lady Edith suddenly rose from his side.

"There is yet time," she sobbed, moving towards the door.

"Time?" ejaculated his lordship.

"Yes! I will go to him, I will see him, plead to him. He will melt at the sight of me. His heart will relent, the old feeling will return, and he will forgive me. Oh, yes, yes, he will forgive me. He cannot pass away and leave me so unhappy."

The earl put his hand upon her arm.

"Consider, Edith," he said.

"What should I consider?" she exclaimed bitterly.

"The world or my own peace?"

"But think what it is this man has dared to write to you—to you, my daughter?"

"I have thought. Thought till my brain whirled! But I must go. We must meet once more before he dies."

"Pardon me. That is impossible."

It was not the earl who spoke. It was Doctor Voesper, who, entering at the moment unperceived, now stood leaning one hand on his professional stick—black with silver knob and tassel—and looking up with apologetic face.

"Impossible!" echoed the lady, regarding the dwarf with a gasp of horror.

"Impossible!" he repeated. "I have driven direct from Mr. Seagrave's bed-side."

"And he is worse?"

"Much worse."

"He is dying?"

"Well—it is my painful duty to inform you that—"

"He is dead!"

The words rang in a wild shriek through the room, as the Lady Edith tottered back, blinded, despaired, overwhelmed as with a mighty wave of sorrow, into her father's arms.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE CHAMPION STAR.

Back! 'Tis the melancholy wind, as it

Within the trees; more must be near, and see

The night, his silver with clouds and flying stars,

Is blank and motionless. How peaceful sleep

The tree-tops all together! Browning.

The strange companion with whom, Vida Hyde had fallen in on the high road in the grey of the morning, was greatly puzzled at the effect produced by his simple statement that there had been a meeting between his friend Ambrose Copley and the man he called Miser Hyde.

He was, of course, unable to guess at the construction Vida put on those words.

She took them as a confirmation of her fears that her father had, on quitting his house, fallen in with the discarded son of his adoption, and that violence had resulted from that meeting, whereas he simply intended to convey his knowledge of the fact that Ambrose had come down from town in his company for the express purpose of inducing Hyde to renew the relations between them.

And here a word or two respecting this singular being, who called himself Harry B., the Champion Star and the Golden T., according to his fancy, may be of interest.

He was an original among originals: a strange specimen of a strange class. Harry Boldero, as he called himself, on placards and advertisements, was neither more nor less than a public singer. In his youth he had been an actor in the provinces; but possessing a fair voice, he had suddenly burst on the London public, in startling and overwhelming placards, as "The Golden Tenor." Success attended this step, and the young man then known as Henri de Courcy was petted and fêted—that is to say, drawn into hard drinking and wild company—until loose habits began to affect his voice. The "gold" sensibly diminished, and the profane began to sneer at it as the Brazen Tenor. Then with rare discretion, the youth retired again into the provinces, whence he emerged as the Champion Comique, devoting himself entirely to comic singing, for which the remains of his voice sufficed, and adopting or assuming the name of Harry Boldero.

In all this there was nothing singular or out of the ordinary way; but the peculiarity of the man was that, in spite of the life he led, the company he kept, and the low tastes to which he pandered, he managed to retain the heart of a child, and a love for nature

and natural beauties touching in its genuineness and simplicity. Familiar as he was with the darker side of humanity, he never lost his faith in it, and with the hard, callous maxims of the man of the world on his lips, he had a heart melting with sympathy.

It was his love of nature which had brought him down to Silverthorpe. To be among trees and fields, and to breathe the fresh country air, and to listen to the birds, was his rarest delight, and the temptation offered by Ambrose Copley as to the beauty of the locality he was about to visit had proved too much for him. And he was abroad with the double motive of enjoying the freshness of the morning and seeking the friend who had left him over-night, when the chance meeting with Vida Hyde took place.

The result of it, so far, inspired him with some alarm.

"Here's something mysterious, my boy!" he exclaimed, addressing himself in his comic manner, as he supported the trembling girl beside him. "What upon earth does it all mean?"

He was not long kept in suspense on this point, for Vida, rousing herself by a painful effort, plied him with questions as to the direction in which he had seen the horse with the star on its forehead and the white feet, which she made no doubt was that her father rode, and also as to his knowledge of what had passed between Ambrose and her father.

"When had he last seen Ambrose?" she anxiously asked.

And when it appeared from his reply that they had not met since the scene at the house, from which the young man retired so angrily, a sudden fear of compromising Ambrose or getting him into trouble sprang up in her mind, and she refrained from all mention of that stormy interview.

"I was frightened," she said, in explanation of the emotion which had overpowered her, "thinking from your words that they might have met and quarrelled."

"And quarrel they surely would," replied the other, "if so be as they had met. My friend Copley is more than a little fiery in his temper. And he is more than a little put out at what he calls his father's brutal conduct toward him. And, between ourselves, miss, he's more than a little down in the world just now. It's been low water mark with him a goodish while, I can tell you."

"He has been very poor?"

"Poor isn't the word, miss; he's got below that."

"And you have assisted him?"

"Well, miss—"

"You haven't turned your back upon him, or seen him want, or let him degrade himself in the eyes of others? Oh, I know you have not. I read it in your kind face. And I thank you—oh, so deeply, so very deeply!"

The Champion Star gave a wink and a comic roll of the eye, as if taking an imaginary audience into his confidence, and expressing to them that he had found out which way the wind blew. It was not, indeed, difficult to fathom the secret of his companion's heart, for the hardly thought of concealing it.

She was only anxious to ascertain all that she could respecting her lover's position, and the Star, without going into unpleasant details, told her sufficient to convince her that Ambrose had been leading an aimless and precarious life, natural in a man cursed with "expectations" in place of present means, and having in consequence facilities for getting into debt, but no resources for getting out of it.

But this by the way.

The more immediate and important question was as to what had become of this young man on his quitting his father's house, and whether he had anything to do with Hyde's protracted and inexplicable disappearance.

Boldero's statement on this point was very precise. They had, he said, parted at sunset, he remaining at Silverthorpe, while Ambrose went to pay his proposed visit. Supper had been ordered at nine, but the young man did not return at that hour. Up to midnight nothing was seen of him, and the Star had then retired with the impression that his friend had probably been induced to stay at his relation's. He had slept soundly until four, when, as he expressed it, he found it too quiet to sleep any longer—the still country forming a painful contrast to the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, in which he lodged—and had therefore, risen and sallied forth, taking that road in the hope that he might meet his friend at a later hour.

Reluctant as she was to say anything which might compromise Ambrose, she felt compelled to state that he had left the house within an hour of entering it; and also to explain that her father had gone soon after, and had not yet returned.

A moment of significant and painful silence followed this statement.



Vida's heart throbbed wildly as she tried to catch a glimpse of her companion's face in the faint light, and to read his thoughts. But that flushed face was like a comic mask, and she could not tell whether he was thoughtful or smiling.

A casual remark afforded the best clue to his thoughts.

"They wasn't on the best o' terms," he muttered, as if to himself.

"But you don't think it possible—"

Vida half put the question, then checked herself. Her anxiety as to her father was equalled by her desire not to compromise Ambrose even by a suggestion.

The Star turned his head, waiting for the rest of the sentence, walked on a few steps further, still waiting, then abruptly stopped.

"Tien't for me to think and to judge, my dear," he said, in an unusually serious and impressive tone; "more specially where my own friend is concerned."

But without wishing to frighten you, my dear, or to take a black view of things; there's that about this little business that I don't like. Is it like your father to go staying out, away from his home, all night long?

No, we know better. Not the man to do it! And, likewise, why should Ambrose leave a friend in the lurch, to say nothing of a hot supper and a good bed, and go off, nobody knows where? And, for that matter, where could he go to, and what could he do with himself down in these country parts? Tien't as if he was in London. And tien't as if he was another friend of mine, who goes laying out in the woods o' nights, ketching moths and butterflies, what he calls larva, and such like. Butterfly Bill might be missed for a week; and never thought of, but not Ambrose. And then, about this mare of your father's—"

Vida put up her hands entreatingly.

"I dare not think of it in that way?" she ejaculated.

"But, my dear"—it was a professional habit of his to call every lady "dear," indeed, actors and singers always will do so—"it is strange and startling, put it together!"

She could not deny it.

Her own fears had already suggested much that filled her with alarm, and even terror. But she dared not indulge those fears. Least of all could she endure the torture of having what was a vague, and might be a groundless, source of distress calmly demonstrated by argument.

To listen to Boldero's slow words was like enduring that torture of having water poured drop by drop on the head, by which the Inquisition drove its victims mad.

So, laying a soft, white hand on the arm of the Star, she entreated that they might hasten forward toward the town, and there gain, if possible, some information which would throw a light upon this distressing mystery. To this he assented, with good-humoured willingness, and soon the coppice was passed through, the highest point of the road gained, and the town lay at their feet.

By this time it was fairly daylight, and life had begun again.

On a long slope of land to their right, the outline of a plough was visible against the sky, and oxen were being lazily yoked to it. On the road itself they encountered drowsy villagers plodding along to work, and just sufficiently wide awake to stare open-eyed at the odd figure of the Londoner and his delicate companion.

Before they had crossed the bridge into the town, the spire of the church rising high out of a nest of greenery, was already caught by the first beams of the rising sun, and seemed tipped with flame.

Still the High Street, as they entered it, was silent and deserted.

At Boldero's suggestion, they made at once for the inn at which he had slept. But not an inmate was, as yet, stirring there, and though it had been easy for him to let himself out, he had no means of gaining admission, except by rousing the house, which he did not think it expedient to do.

"One thing's pretty sure, my dear," he remarked, as he stood in the middle of the road, watching an open dormer window, from which a white curtain flapped out in the wind like a sail. "he's not there!"

"You think not?"

"I'm certain of it. The window's as I left it, and he's not so fond of fresh air as I am, and could no more sleep with that flapping blind than he could fly. The question now is—what's to be done?"

"We can but wait," replied the agitated girl by his side.

"Or go to the police at once."

"Oh! no, no," cried Vida, terrified at the bare idea. "There may be no real cause for alarm. Let us wait."

"As you please, my dear," said the complacent Star; "and if you are not tired, suppose we take a turn down some of these off streets, and work round in an hour or so."

Acting on this suggestion, they selected a street leading down to the river, which had just begun to brighten in the light of awakening day, and thence they proceeded by the path along the banks, by which they might in time have reached the open country.

They were walking slowly and quietly along this path, when the tramping of horses' feet broke the silence, and, looking up, they perceived in the distance a man leading a horse. He was a rough country fellow, in a grey frock; but he led the horse in a skilful manner, and soon came up, on his way town-ward.

But he had not reached them, when Vida uttered a cry of dismay, while she clasped her hands together in a frenzied manner.

"It is my father's horse!" she cried.

"You are sure of it?" asked Boldero.

"Oh, yes! see, the white spot, and the white feet!"

There were, indeed, those marks, rendering the animal easy of identification.

"Where did you find this animal, my man?" the Star enquired, for the countryman was by this time at their side.

"Ramping loose down yonder," was the answer.

"It be Misor Hyde's beast, I reckon!"

"It is. Do you know anything of its master?"

"Noa."

"You have not seen my father? You are sure—quite sure?" enquired Vida.

"Sartin sure, miss," replied the man, respectfully.

"And—and you have seen no stranger here about?" the agitated woman asked, her mind and heart still full of Ambrose.

"Well, there be a younker under the hedge up Lovers' Walk way; he be foreign to these parts, I reckon."

"You saw him as you came along?"

"Yaas."

"Not far from here?"

"Noa; threw that opening, by the polled wythes yonder."

He turned as he spoke, still holding the horse by the bridle with one hand, and stretching out his arm, pointed to an opening between a thicket by the water's side. That opening evidently led into what he had described as the Lovers' Walk, a rustic lane to which that name had been given.

The space between the trees was open, and while the man pointed, a man appeared in the midst of it, suddenly, as if he had started out of the ground. He stood in the growing light, distinctly visible—his hair wildly tumbled, his face white, his left arm in a sling formed of a handkerchief, white, but blood-stained, his clothes torn and mud-stained, his entire appearance forlorn and disreputable.

And yet, as this figure appeared, and paused an instant in the gap between the trees, and then stumbled forward out of sight, the same exclamation rose to the lips of both Vida and her singular companion.

"Ambrose!" they cried out, in a breath.

Then they gazed into each other's faces, with surprise and consternation.

And the countryman, anxious to give information, remarked:

"You were the lad 'leep under t' hedge."

David Hyde unhorsed, and Ambrose Capley with the marks of a desperate struggle upon him—what could it mean?

Vida's heart sank within her as she asked herself that question.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE SPOT ON THE STEP.

Like a dagger did it pierce,  
And struck into his soul a careless wound.  
Conscience! thou God within us! not in the hour  
Of triumph dost thou spare the guilty wretch.

Southey.

To dart forward and confront the wretched Ambrose was the first impulse of both Vida and her friend, when the momentarily stupefying effect of his appearance had passed over.

And then there came restraining considerations.

Neither knew what had happened. Neither dared confess or give expression in any form to the vague terror of what might have happened that night. But there was sympathy of feeling between them in this, that if David Hyde had come to an evil pass at the hands of his adopted son, that son was to be avoided rather than sought out.

Vida thought:

"Ambrose cannot have lifted his hand against his benefactor? The idea is too horrible! If he should have done—"

and she shuddered, "heaven help me!"

Then, indignant at the bare suspicion of anything so foul and monstrous, she bent all her energy to one

point—that of refraining from any word or deed which might compromise him or expose him to danger.

And Boldero, what was his impression?

Knowing nothing of the stormy interview of the overnight, he still understood enough of the relations between Hyde and his adopted son to give colouring to the suspicion that had they met, they might not have parted on terms of perfect amity. But a friendly feeling also kept him silent on this point.

And after having run forward and looked round in vain for the fugitive, who had disappeared the instant after he was seen, he returned with as calm a demeanour as he could assume.

"Vanished!" he exclaimed in a light tone. "Gone as cleanly as if he had snuck through a trap!"

"What should he do here, and in this plight?" Vida asked.

"What, indeed? Got into a quarrel, p'raps."

"Or he may have been wounded by some accident."

She was anxious to divert the suspicions of her companion by this remark from the direction she knew they took.

"He may," replied the Star, drily.

And both relapsed into silence.

From this they were aroused by the countryman, who gathered that they knew something of the horse he was leading, and became anxious to get rid of it as an unprofitable incumbrance. At Boldero's suggestion, it was resolved that they should return to the inn, which would probably be open by this time, and there debate calmly what step should next be taken.

It was apparently by mere accident that in re-entering the town, they took a different turning to that by which they had reached the river's side. One consequence of this was that they got into a net-work of streets with which they were not familiar, and so at last into one of the oldest the town could boast—a mere narrow lane, with high overhanging houses on either side, dark and dismal, and with a rough stone paving.

Deserted as the rest of the town had appeared, it was with some surprise that on entering this street, they saw a group of persons assembled, conversing in whispers and directing their attention to some object on the ground.

The clatter of horse's hoofs attracted their attention, and all eyes were at once turned toward the singular group who entered the street—the tall and graceful Vida, the odd-looking Boldero, and the rustic following.

"What is it?" enquired the Star, perceiving that something unusual had happened.

"Well," replied a stout grazier, one of the group. "It's blood—that's what it is."

And truly enough there was blood, to which he pointed with a fat forefinger.

"Some poor animal—" Boldero was beginning to suggest.

The fat grazier caught him up sharply.

"A hanimal? Yes; it were a hanimal, but not one o' my sort. This hanimal were a man!"

"You think that some poor fellow has been ill-used here?" the vocalist enquired anxiously.

"I'm sure of it. Here or hereabouts."

The conclusion which the little crowd, headed by the grazier, arrived at, was, that a deed of violence had been perpetrated at that door—and its being the entrance to a dark lane heightened the probability of this—and that the wounded victim of the brutal attack had dragged himself painfully along to that spot, and had there dropped down to die.

But what had then become of him?

"He couldn't ha' walked away, whoever he was, without leaving marks as he went along," the grazier positively asserted.

And no one disputed that conclusion.

"Then the question is, how did he go?" the grazier added.

And all felt that this was the question.

"He must ha' been a long 'un," remarked a baker, who had shuffled out from beside his oven, and whose teeth chattered in the cold morning air. "Look at the splash on the door."

The fat grazier turned round to look, and then reflected a moment while his hand made a cup for his triple chin.

"You're right," he assented, as the result of this combined observation and reflection; "a long 'un he was, or—he was on horse-back."

As this brilliant idea flashed into his mind, he turned to Boldero and Vida, and, pointing to the fellow with the horse, that stamped and trampled impatiently, exclaimed:

"Why, you've a horse there! Can you throw any light on the subject?"

"Very little, I'm afraid—" Boldero was beginning.

The shivering baker promptly interposed:

"There's smears on the saddle, too!" he cried, "and a spot on the off stirrup. And how came that rein broken?"

Vida shrank in terror by the side of her singular

companion, as these words caused the crowd to gather round them, with looks of mistrust and suspicion.

"There's something in this," said the stout grazier, authoritatively; "and if I mistake not, you don't belong to these parts, neither, mister, do ye?"

"No," replied the Star, with a touch of contempt in his voice, "I do not."

"Thought not," sneered the grazier. And he looked round with a nervous shake of the head, at the little crowd, each member of which shook his or her head, implying that here was cause for grave suspicion. To be a stranger—to belong to distant and unknown parts—is always a strong ground for mistrust, if it is not a positive offence in itself, to the small provincial mind.

Boldero understood this, and proceeded at once to offer an explanation of his position.

"Look here, gentlemen," he said, "I appear before you in a new character this evening."

He stopped, confused and troubled. This was the form he always used in addressing his audiences, and he had inadvertently fallen into it.

"I mean," he resumed, "that I am a stranger here, but a few words will explain how it is that I have the honour"—he was getting back to the audience again—"that is, that I happen to be here, and am deeply interested in this matter. My name is Boldero. I am an *artiste*, not unknown to fame even in the provinces, I'm proud to say. The mention of the Golden Tenor, or still more, perhaps, of the Champion Star, can hardly fail to awaken some response in the breasts of those whom I have the honour of addressing."

He paused for the response, but there was no sign of it. The little crowd was ignorant of the existence alike of the Golden Tenor and the Champion Star! But such is fame!

"Well," continued the *artiste*, gulping down his disgust, "if you haven't heard of me, you know Miser Hyde?"

"Ay, ay."

They knew him, one and all of them.

"Then, to make a long story short, he is missing. He left his home last night on horseback, and has not returned. This is his horse, found straying by this worthy fellow, and"—he pointed to Vida—"this lady is his daughter, naturally overwhelmed with grief at the position in which she finds herself. Now, you know all I know, and it remains to be seen whether there is any connection between these traces of violence all about us and what I've told you."

The immediate effect of this explanation was, that everyone began examining the traces of violence over again. With the new interest inspired by the clue thus afforded—though even this was accepted with grudging suspicion—the ground was gone over afresh, from the splash on the door, and thence to the spot lower down, and the second, and brighter spot on the door-step.

As all moved together, and the number was constantly augmenting, it happened that quite a crowd was collected round this step, and before the house to which it belonged. In that quiet street such a thing was unusual, and therefore it was a natural thing that one of the inmates should draw aside the blind of an upper window and look out with a face of alarm.

It was a man's face, white, and with large terror-widened eyes.

"You know the house?" asked the shivering baker, who was folding his floured arms tightly for warmth.

"No," replied the grazier.

"Mr. Fabian Temple's. That's he at the window."

As they looked up, following the direction in which he nodded, the face disappeared; but a few moments after, there was the rattling of a chain, the shooting of a bolt, and then the door opened, and Fabian Temple came forth.

The alarmed expression of his face had intensified; but whatever the feelings that gave rise to it, they were masked by a strong will. The terror in the eyes contrasted strangely with the firm determination of his compressed lips. But will and determination alike failed to give steadiness to nerves that were not equal to the occasion, and a convulsive tremulousness was the result. Though he gathered the dressing-gown he wore tightly round him, and clutched at it with an iron hand, he shook and tottered palpably.

"What is it?" he demanded, trying to wet his lips with a dry tongue. "May I ask what you do here?"

The grazier consulted himself spokesman.

"Something curious has happened to-night, Mr. Temple," he said. "Plenty to show there's been foul play goin' on!"

"Surely not?"

His tongue was like parchment now, and his own voice sounded strangely in his ears.

"You're up late most nights, Mr. Temple," cried the baker, shivering forward. "I see your light late last night. Did you hear nothing going on?"

"Nothing unusual—drunken cries and ordinary noises—nothing more."

He put out his quivering hand and seized the spiked area railing for support as he said this.

"No cry of murder?"

"No; you have not found anyone—"

"That's it!" struck in the grazier. "That's what it is. Nothing's been found, only blood."

"And that down the street?"

"And here!"

He pointed to the single red spot on the white step at Fabian Temple's feet. Fabian looked down, saw it, and recoiled aghast. Had it been a burning coal on which he had set his bare foot, he could not have started from it in more dismay.

"I—I—you don't mean—you have never made out a murder from a spot of blood like this?" he exclaimed, with the courage of desperation.

"Not from this only; but the question is—How did this come here? Do you know how it came here?"

It was the grazier who spoke.

"How should I?" replied Fabian, recovering tone.

"And really till you find some one injured, or that some one is missing—"

"Some one is missing," interrupted Boldero.

"Who?"

"Miser Hyde, as they call him."

"What, my old friend? My second father? Missing, do you say? Since when? Tell me the circumstances—let me know all!"

He descended the steps as he spoke to get nearer Boldero, in his apparent anxiety to ascertain what had happened, and as the latter drew back a step, Fabian was suddenly aware of the presence of Vida Hyde—in fact, they stood face to face.

"Miss Hyde here!" he ejaculated.

"Yes," replied Vida; "what you have heard is true. My father has been from home all night, and his favourite horse, on which he rode over to Silverthorpe, has been found straying riderless. Oh, if you know anything which can throw a light on his fate!"

Fabian changed colour.

"Unfortunately," he said, "I know nothing. We have not met for months, and then I only saw your father at the door of his lawyer's for a few moments."

"It was to his lawyer's that he was bound last night," said Vida.

"Indeed! At the end of this street. He would—that is, he might—pass through to reach it. Have you been there?"

"No; it is too early."

"True. Pray come in and wait. My wife is already stirring, and will be delighted to see you. Why, you were girls together. Come in, and your friend, he will come, too?"

Boldero made his stage bow.

Then it was arranged that the horse should be taken to the inn at which Boldero and Ambrose Copley had stayed, and the grazier and the baker, still suspicious, and far from satisfied, were quieted with the assurance that Hyde's lawyer should be apprized of what had happened immediately on his arrival at his office; and then Fabian Temple and his friends entered the house, the door of which, it was noticed, the former carefully bolted again.

But the crowd still busied themselves; and strangely enough, they grew more and more anxious over the one solitary spot on the door-step.

(To be continued.)

A LARGE and beautiful needlework portrait of the late Richard Cobden, by Miss Roach of Wakefield, which was exhibited in the Industrial and Fine Arts Exhibition in that town during the last autumn, has been purchased by subscription, and presented to Mrs. Cobden.

THE ART TREASURES OF THE ROYAL LIBRARY AT WINDSOR.—Since the time of George III., says the "Gentleman's Magazine," little has been done to increase this part of the treasures of the Royal Library at Windsor. But under the direction of his royal highness the Prince Consort the re-arrangement, and indeed the re-construction, of the collection of drawings (which had been deposited in a very lonely, obscure place, and, in fact, were left quite unarranged) has been commenced, and is making steady though not rapid progress. The object kept in view is the bringing of every drawing of substantial value and interest into such a condition that it may be as little liable as can be to soil and injury; the careful and conscientious determination of the genuine parentage of each, and the classification of the whole by countries and in order of time. And, seeing that so vast an accumulation of drawings could, and therefore, according to the Prince Consort's manner of regarding things, ought to be made available for the instruction and gratification of all concerned or interested in art, it was the purpose of his royal highness that, as far as possible, access to the collection, with

the object of study, should be facilitated; that the choice drawings should be exhibited at the *soirées* and *conversations* of literary, scientific, and artistic societies; and that photographs of the best drawings should be published as cheaply as they could be produced. And arrangements are advancing for the carrying out of all these most enlightened designs.

#### A PICTURE OF ROME.

I HAVE been now many weeks in this sad old city—and, sombre it must always be—with its mouldering ruins—its wide surrounding Campagna—and its dazed, poetic-looking people, whom even dirt and rage cannot make vulgar or commonplace.

I went to the top of the Capitol the other morning. It was a clear, lovely day, and as we stood in the little stone balcony of the crowning tower, the *custode* counted out to us the seven hills of Rome—now scarcely to be distinguished, covered with buildings. We saw how the old city had been cradled on all sides, like some gigantic infant, in a circle of surrounding mountains, which rising now in snowy silvery clearness, seemed to cut the horizon all around.

In the spring of the year the snow upon these mountains gives them, through the purple veil of Italian air, all the picturesque and dreamy grace of Alpine peaks. Their outlines are, many of them, peculiarly bold and graceful; and one looks on them with interest because they are features of the landscape that could not have changed. Such as they are to us this morning, such they looked to Cicero and Virgil, and to Cæsar—to thousands of eyes now shut for ever.

One thing strikes one in the panorama of Rome—the deficiency in trees. As one stands on the top of the Capitol, nothing like foliage strikes the eye in that great circle of country, bounded by mountains and centered by Rome. No groves, no forests, no tufts of trees—oak, ash, poplar, and consequent variations of undulating outline. There are but two trees which make much impression on one's eye in the picture, and these are the cypress and stone pine, and both have forms of such a stony definiteness of outline, that I call them architectural trees. They look as if they too might have been carved out of stone, like the pyramids, obelisks, and domes among which they rise, black and still, with no sway of leaf or spray, with no flutter or wave of boughs, quiet and lifeless, as if they belonged to the enchanted city one reads of in romance, where everything was suddenly turned to stone.

To me the sense of an oppressive deadness, a heavy lifeless stillness, seems to be the general spirit of landscape—as if some awful doom, some spell of sinister enchantment, made the air preternaturally heavy, as one sometimes feels it before a thunder-storm.

From the Capitol one looks down at the broken columns of the Forum far below at one's feet, and the endless train of workmen digging all day among the ruins, and wheeling their barrows in a slow line toward the Coliseum, seems a sort of special procession—so lifelessly they work, so slowly they move, their ragged old cloaks still thrown over their shoulders in ghostly suggestion of the old Roman toga. Ruins of men—shadows of Romans—dark-eyed, hollow-cheeked, picking aimlessly at the grave of old Rome, peerless and unreflecting—twopence a day their wages, and their work according. There they pick over spots where the old hard-handed plebeians of Rome made good their cause in many a hard election, bringing in their tribunes of the people in the face of all that patrician rank and power could do. Surely these are ghosts of Romans in a ghostly form.

The colouring that invests the whole landscape of Rome is that of wondrous brightness, that golden richness of tone which almost reconciles one to the want of freshness and green, and of that vivacity which pervades an English landscape.

The peculiar orange-coloured lichen which clings to buildings here gives a golden tone to every roof, and the air shimmers at every hour of the day with fluttering prismatic lights and warm shadows. Even the black obelisk of the cypress and the umbrella-shaped stone pine have their opalescent changes of purple, lilac, and gold, as a morning or evening floods them with light.

One does not wonder that artists fall in love with old Rome—the mistress of enchantments—and that they say to her, in dirt, in rags, in filth, in ignominy, "Thou art my mistress. I would not change thee for the cleanliest and sweetest good housewife in the world."

One only wants to drop humanity out of their calculations, to live merely in the artistic and picturesque, to feel thus themselves. One feels the enchantment working—the weird old sybil tells upon you.

H. E. S.



THERE is a story going about that a candidate not many weeks ago was "plucked" at an examination for a clerkship in the Board of Trade because he was unable to give the length of a small river in Ireland. Another found on one of his papers—Who were Napoleon's principal generals? Where were they stationed in the year—? and where were they born? The last query so completely overcame his self-command that he coolly returned the paper to his examiners, with the contemptuous addition of—"And who were their bootmakers?" We have heard from a War Office man that he was especially examined in astronomy, but is now mostly employed in reckoning up the cost of making various articles at so much each.

## THE UNCLAIMED PORTRAIT.

### CHAPTER I.

ONE of our most successful portrait-painters was in his studio, late one afternoon of the winter of 1860-1, putting the finishing touches to the "busy wrinkles round the eyes" of a certain banker known as "Change," when he was interrupted by a knock at the door. It was beyond his hour for admitting visitors, but there was something so peremptory in the knock, that his own will recoiled, and he called out, "Come in."

A gentleman entered whom he had no recollection of ever having met, even in the most casual manner; but that was an everyday occurrence, and the artist, nodding to him in his abrupt manner, motioned him to a seat.

"Are you quite alone, Mr. Vandyke?"

"You see that I am."

The stranger flashed a steel-like glance into every corner, declined the proffered chair, and remained standing, as he said:

"I will detain you, but a moment, now. I wish to know if you can or will paint the portrait of a lady in three sittings, to be given in the next three days?"

"Really, sir, I am overworked now. I have refused two orders to-day."

"I do not doubt it. But this case is imperative. We are travellers. The steamer upon which we have taken passage sails in four days. I could go to some less hurried artist; but I greatly prefer you. I shall be disappointed if you do not accommodate me. As we desire to meet no one in the studio, could you not give the lady a sitting at an earlier hour in the morning than is usual? I am willing to compensate such trouble by any price you may see fit to put upon your extra labour."

The gentleman's voice, like his knock, was one of those it was hard to refuse—not loud, neither persuasive, but simply full of determination. The artist, who did not like early rising, was surprised to hear himself saying:

"I might possibly arrange the sittings for from eight till ten; but that will be inconvenient for the lady."

"She is willing to incur greater inconvenience. We shall be here, then, to-morrow, at eight A.M. However, there is a condition to which I hope you will not refuse to bind yourself; which is, that the portrait shall not be shown to anyone except our three selves."

The artist, by the instinct of his profession, a quick reader of human nature, looked more sharply at his visitor; but the face before him was impenetrable: a dark, clear-cut, cold face, with eyes which met his own as if on purpose to show him that they were not to be read by inquisitive people.

"You have a right to make the condition, as I know of no reason for refusing to accede to it. During the brief time it occupies my studio, there will be no temptation to display the portrait; it is against my habit to expose unfinished pictures."

"I have your promise, then?"

"Why—yes!" said Vandyke, half vexed to find an unknown customer, fettering him with a promise, yet yielding, as he had done, all through the interview.

"And now, your price?"

"One hundred pounds. Of course the picture can have but three days labour upon it, and you must be satisfied with the result."

"I expect to be. But, Mr. Vandyke, I am willing to pay well to have you do the best possible in the limited time. We shall be here at eight to-morrow. Good evening."

"I trust I shall not oversleep myself, now that I am pledged," thought the artist; "I must give Sam strict orders."

It was now too dark to meddle further with the banker's wrinkles, so he turned the canvas to the wall, and threw his brushes into a little tin bucket, for Sam to clean at his leisure.

"Really," continued Vandyke, as he buttoned his overcoat and went forth on the way to dinner, "I begin to feel some curiosity."

Sam had received his orders, and at eight o'clock next morning the studio was warmed and dusted, when his master arrived, punctual to the hour, to his own and servant's astonishment.

As Vandyke was laying aside his muffler, he cast his eyes down into the street, and beheld a carriage drawing up before the entrance, from which the stranger alighted followed by a lady.

As soon as its occupants had descended, it was driven away. With more eagerness than he could account for, he turned towards the door, motioning Sam to leave by another entrance, and presently the expected visitor stood before him.

"This is your sister, Mr. Vandyke."

The lady and the artist bowed, and at his request she began laying aside her wrappings. The lady wore a veil upon entering, and not wishing to embarrass her by scrutiny, he employed himself with his easel and palette, until a low voice said:

"I am ready, if you please."

Turning now to take his first look at his sitter, the blood of the artist bounded to his cheek.

He was over forty, and a married man, so that his emotion was simply that of pure pleasure at beholding a face and form worthy of his best efforts: beautiful, and what was much more rare, noble.

She was young—not over twenty-two—but had a calm, steadfast expression, as if one no longer young at heart.

At first he did not note the details of her dress, which seemed to become a part of herself, so admirably did it accord with her style; but the necessity for immediately deciding upon the position and accessories of the figure, forced him to observe it.

The wide sleeves of her dark-blue satin robe were looped up with camoes, revealing a pair of arms of perfect mould, and white as the velvet lining of a lily leaf.

"It would take me a week to paint those arms," he said; "you will have to be satisfied with a vignette."

"I shall be much disappointed; I wish we had more time," murmured the gentleman.

"So do I. You say the limit is positive?"

"Positive. We sail on Saturday. I would rather give a thousand pounds, and have the picture to please me. Cannot you pretend illness, and give all your time to the lady?"

"I can deny myself to all others," was the reply, and the artist felt an impulse of contempt for the stranger who so coolly suggested a falsehood to him; but another glance at his sitter finished the unpleasant impression, and he continued: "I will do the best I can. The lady shall remain until tired of the sitting, and I will defer other claims to work on this canvas alone."

"Oh, thank you. Believe me I shall be grateful. And do not think me too selfish. I have long desired the portrait; this is our only opportunity for some time."

Again Vandyke scrutinized his two visitors. He was a brusque person, and made no attempt to conceal what was in his thoughts, though he would ask no questions. He was wondering if the lady was the stranger's wife; and if not, what relationship existed between them.

Perhaps, as yet, he was only her lover; certainly not an uncle, or mere guardian, though his years were nearly twice hers. Every glance, every tone betrayed a love for that beautiful woman, only the more striking, that it contrasted with the glittering coldness of his nature, as exhibited towards every other subject and person.

The artist began his sketch. He worked rapidly and well; for the circumstances were such as to put him in the best possible mood for doing justice to his sitter and to his own genius. There was something inspiring in the lady's face; and when his eyes dwelt on hers with the privilege of his art, he felt old fountains of enthusiasm unsealing in his breast.

Then the mystery which enveloped these strangers; the refinement of their manners, and the unusual degree of cultivation evinced by their conversation, all aided to stimulate his imagination above its everyday level.

Orders had been given to Sam, and the wealthy banker, and other important "patrons"—why patrons pray, instead of customers?—went grumbling away, while still the hours rolled on until long past noon.

The two gentlemen conversed freely; although without a particle of warmth on the part of the visitor, who threw back the painter's geniality like sun-rays from a reflector. He had evidently travelled far and wide, and was familiar with every topic which chanced to intrude itself, but absolutely reserved in all that related to himself.

The lady said but little, usually when directly appealed to, but what she did say was as graceful as characteristic.

When the artist promised to give it all his time, it was decided to have the portrait a life-size, half length.

He worked with equal rapidity and success, until, suddenly looking up, he saw how pale and weary the sitter was growing, and remembered, with astonishment, that he had heard a clock striking two.

"We ought to beg madam's pardon," he exclaimed, throwing down his brush. "You and I have been selfish; she looks ready to faint with fatigue."

The lady smiled—a vivid smile, like a flash of sunlight striking through snow—and confessed that she was either tired, or hungry, or both.

"Let me order a lunch here in my room. It can be brought in within ten minutes; and, really, you ought not to go out until a little refreshed, after sitting six hours."

Both visitors courteously declined the hospitality, compromising on a glass of sherry, which the painter pressed upon them.

When they were gone, he looked out of the window, and saw the close carriage rolling away.

It was with increased interest that he welcomed the strangers at the next sitting. The lady grew more beautiful constantly, even under the trying ordeal of sitting for her picture; yet there was something more than beauty to attract and absorb Vandyke; a still pathos far behind the outward light of the deep-blue eyes; a certain depression of the corners of the exquisite mouth; an unnatural severity of aspect, as if a sparkling brook had been frozen over in summer time.

Towards the other stranger he was also indefinitely attracted, but with a different feeling, blended of admiration and repulsion; admiration for a keen, cultivated intellect, and repulsion for something hidden and unpleasant, which his polished manner could not entirely conceal.

Vandyke had, by this time, settled it in his mind that they were husband and wife; farther, he knew the lady's Christian name, for once or twice, inadvertently, when he was busiest with his work, the gentleman had spoken to her softly as "Alicia."

On the third morning Vandyke was ready; to the minute, for his sitter—but she came not. Impetuous merged into surprise as the morning rolled away without bringing the strangers, or even so much as a note of explanation.

He worked on, faithfully resolved to complete his engagement, finishing up the drapery, and thinking that even a brief sitting of a few moments would enable him to add the last grace to the features. But the afternoon glided into twilight, and he went off to his dinner wondering.

He examined the evening papers to find what steamers had sailed that day, but found that no steamer had departed for California; on the next day there would be departures. Had illness caused the absence, an excuse might have been sent.

It proved to be all in vain that the artist troubled his head about the affair. Neither word nor visitors came on the ensuing day; the steamer sailed, and the portrait remained, uncalled for, in his studio. He had lost his hundred pounds, and inconvenienced himself and other sitters; still, after the first curiosity and disappointment were over, Vandyke did not regret that the picture had been painted. On the contrary, he grew to think it the best of all his efforts, and to be glad it was not taken from him.

He finished it from memory, giving it all the enthusiastic labour that he would have given to an ideal creation.

And, almost unconsciously, under his touch, the pathos came up more clearly through the lustrous depths of her eyes, and a shadow rested on the fair, noble forehead, and the lips seemed as if they would quiver, were they not so patiently repressed.

Actuated by a fine sense of what was honourable, the artist remained true to his promise not to allow anyone to see the portrait, although the failure of the parties to keep their engagement might well have been considered as rendering it null.

He still expected that some day he should hear that imperative knock, and should open the door to the cold stranger, who would explain satisfactorily the delay, and ask him for the picture which had grown to be the treasure of his collection.

Whenever he thought of it, he hoped the man would remain away.

Usually, before he retired for the day, from his studio, if he was alone, he would turn the portrait from the wall and please himself with a few moments' contemplation of it.

Winter melted into spring; Vandyke was thinking of closing his rooms, and getting away for a time, from the smell of paint to the smell of flowers, when he was surprised one day by the reappearance of an old friend of his—a congenial spirit, and one of his intimates—who had been in California for the last two years. The meeting gave him unexpected delight. Dr. Grierson was an unmarried man of twenty-eight or thirty, a physician by profession, but of varied tastes and acquirements.

His geniality, and a keen appreciation of good

pictures, had made him a haunter of Vandyke's studio, before he went west to try his fortune in San Francisco; and he now resumed his old habit with all the more relish, from the long interruption which it had endured.

The arrival of his friend turned the warm and languid weather into a holiday for Vandyke; he was no longer in so much of a hurry to get to the country.

Dr. Grierson had many racy things to tell of his experiences in that most cosmopolitan of cities in which he had recently dwelt and thrived; his profession had often involved him in strange adventures.

"I declare, London is commonplace after San Francisco," he avowed, gaily, one day of the first week of his return.

As he said this, his glance happened to rest on the back of the portrait, always turned to the wall, with a cloth thrown over it besides.

"There's something you haven't shown me," he added, going towards it, for he made himself at home with his friend.

"Step!" cried Vandyke, "that is not an exhibition—even to you."

"Oh, indeed!" and the doctor removed his hand from the frame.

It occurred to the artist to prove that things mysterious, if not romantic, sometimes occurred even in London, and as there was no objection in his mind to telling the story of the unclaimed portrait, he forthwith told it.

The doctor listened with flattering attention, and when it was finished pleaded to see the likeness of the heroine.

"Your promise is no longer binding; and I am your confidential friend. No harm can come of my showing your privilege; and is it not rather cruel to excite a man's curiosity, and then refuse to gratify it?"

"I consider it one of my greatest successes," said Vandyke, yielding, and turning the frame around. "I really have no reason for keeping the picture hidden any longer, except that I've grown so fond of it that I like to have it all to myself. However, I shall not be jealous of you!" So saying, he withdrew the cloth. An exclamation escaped Dr. Grierson. His companion, looking at him to observe the effect of his masterpiece, saw that he was profoundly agitated. "Do you know her?" he cried, "or why are you so pale? What's the matter, doctor?"

"Am I pale?" asked the other, forcing a smile. "Well, it's surprise, I suppose. I do know the original; but she is nothing to me. She is a married woman. I attended her during an illness, that is all."

He followed up his statement that the lady was "nothing to him" by asking, within five minutes, what Vandyke would take for the picture.

"I do not wish to sell it. It is worth more to me than to any one except the lady's friends. I would not put a price upon it."

"Sell it to me for friendship's sake," urged the doctor.

"I would do a good deal for you, for friendship's sake, doctor. You know that. But, really, before I consent to part with that picture I must have good reason for it. In the first place, it is not entirely mine—until I give up all idea of its being claimed. Secondly, I'd like you to show why your interest in it should outweigh mine."

"That's reasonable, I know," muttered the young physician, walking back and forth across the studio several times. "Well, Vandyke, you're my friend, and I've no objection to telling you what I know about your mysterious visitors. That man, who came with her, was a villain."

"I believe it. Yet, certainly, he was a gentleman."

"That's the worst of it. If he wasn't he couldn't do so much harm. When I told you his name, you will not wonder that he wished his visits kept a secret. That man was D—."

"The —!" cried Vandyke. "The forget?"

"The very name. At the time he was sitting here in this studio, detectives were looking for him. It was to escape them, doubtless, that he was obliged to flee, without calling for the portrait."

"I remember reading about it in all the papers at the time," said the artist, after an interval of silence. "But the last suspicion which would ever have entered my head, would be to suspect him—they! They escaped, I remember."

"Don't say 'them,' 'they,' if you please, Vandyke. You speak of her as if she were an accomplice. A purser, a lovelier woman never breathed; though she has the hard fortune to be that man's wife."

"I can hardly doubt it. If she was bad, I will never believe in faces again," and the artist cast a look at the noble features on the canvas. "But how did you come to know them, doctor? I believe

D— fled to California when his defalcations and forgeries were first detected. Of course it was there you must have met them?"

"Yes, in San Francisco. I'll tell you how it all happened; but the story is between us two. I wouldn't talk of her, of Mrs. D—, to any other person but yourself. And, indeed, I'm afraid even you, Vandyke, will not fully appreciate—understand."

"Oh, yes, I shall! I appreciate it already, though I don't understand it yet. Take a chair, and don't act nervous before me, of all people. I'll lock the door, light my cigar, and will look at the portrait while you talk."

So the two friends arranged themselves, where the full regard of the beautiful face seemed to dwell upon them solemnly.

## CHAPTER II.

"A LITTLE OVER a year ago, I, who was then in the full tide of successful practice in San Francisco (my energy, if not impudence, having already accomplished that), was called up, just after getting into bed one night, to visit a lady who was described as seriously ill."

"As the house of the patient was some distance off, the servant had come for me in a carriage. He gave the name as Mrs. Dudley; said Mr. Dudley was not at home, and that his mistress had been taken suddenly, he didn't just know what with—he believed, fits."

"The respectable look of the man and carriage was sufficiently assuring; but I put my revolver in my breast-pocket, before starting out with him, for it was late, and the night dark."

"After driving about a mile we stopped before a handsome brick house in a good street, somewhat in the suburbs, and I had hardly descended from the vehicle when the hall door opened, and a lady appeared in the entrance to hasten my movements."

"I am afraid she is dying, doctor," was all she said, as she ran up the stairs, motioning me to follow.

"The next moment I stood in a large chamber where, on a bed, and apparently lifeless, lay my new patient, the woman whose face we are looking at now."

"Pale as a corpse, but beautiful as an angel, she lay on the couch, her long dark hair sweeping over the pillow."

"The second glance showed me that she was insensible, not dead; and as I lifted the delicate wrist I detected a scarcely perceptible pulse. At the same instant my eyes rested on the tiny form of a newborn infant, which a woman, evidently a nurse, had just deposited on an improvised bed on a table."

"Dead, sir," remarked the nurse, as she met my inquiring look.

"Oh, save her, doctor!" pleaded the voice of the one who had come down for me.

"I will, no doubt," was my answer, purposely short and cold, for I saw that this friend or relative was too much agitated by the catastrophe.

"Well, I rallied the sinking vitality; and before morning my patient, promised fairly. Upon inquiry into the nature of the illness which had caused the premature birth, destroying the child, and nearly destroying the mother, the lady, who told me she was the patient's sister, answered, with some embarrassment, that it had been mental, entirely."

"Bad news was conveyed to her, very roughly and indelicately," she said. "She was not fitted to bear it. She went from one fainting-fit into another; until a great agony came on her, and I sent the servants, one for a nurse, another for a physician. Fortunately, our cook knew of a woman, not far away, or I do not know what I should have done. I am sure my poor Alicia would have died!" and here her nerves gave way, after the long strain on them, and she began to weep.

"Compose yourself, madam," I said, in my professional manner, ordering the nurse to bring her a glass of wine. "You did very well, in the emergency; and now you must be quiet and watchful. The danger is not entirely over. Of course I know nothing of the mental cause of the patient's excitement; but repose is now absolutely necessary. Nothing must be allowed to agitate her. She must rest and sleep."

"She shall. I will remain by her bedside until you come again. No one but myself shall speak to her, or enter this room."

"Right; and do not allow her to talk. I will call again at noon to-day." The lady gave me the name of the street and number of the house, and in the darkness proceeding down the carriage took me back to my boarding-house. At twelve I called again. But I do not intend to weary you with details. The patient was a long time in recovering. I was strangely interested in her from the first; so beautiful and so sad. Her sister, who was five years older than

herself, and a widow, as I was told, was a person of refinement and intelligence.

"She could not but see that my curiosity, as well as my interest, was great. She had told me the first day that Mr. Dudley was from home, and that he would be deeply grieved and disappointed at the accident which had occurred."

"But when two and three weeks slipped away, and still no husband appeared, and an air of unhappiness and mystery floated about the house, she was too sensible not to perceive that I was conscious of it. Not that ever, for one instant, did I suspect anything wrong of Mrs. Dudley."

"There was that in the clear, blue eye, and on the noble forehead, which banished any thought of sin in connection with her."

"I thought I detected in the manner of her sister, Mrs. Browne, an inclination to confide to me the secret, whatever it was, of the household."

"Both women appeared grateful for my unwearied and successful attendance upon the invalid, who had now, for several days, been able to sit up, though still a prisoner in her apartment."

"Whether Mrs. Browne would eventually have made a confidant of me, I do not know. The secret was betrayed, unexpectedly, to all parties."

"I had made my daily call at their house, when, late in the afternoon, I was called to a patient not four doors from theirs."

"When I had made my visit I thought that, being so near Mrs. Dudley, and feeling—I confess it—an interest that was not all professional, in her society, I would drop in a few moments, or, at least, ask after the ladies at the door."

"The servant knowing me so well, and supposing I had been sent for, directed me to go upstairs, as usual."

"I ascended, and knocked."

"Come in," said a man's voice, and I entered the sick-room."

"A gentleman was sitting by the bed, holding Mrs. Dudley's thin, white hand."

"He fairly started to his feet, when he saw me. But he was too thoroughly self-controlled to make any further exhibition of his surprise."

"Dr. Grierson, Mr. Dudley," said the lady, faintly, while a rose-red blush slowly crept over her pale face."

"I beg your pardon," said the husband, cool and courteous. "I supposed it was a servant, as your visit for the day was over, and the man had orders to admit no one else."

"And he held out his hand for me to take. I did not take it. I affected not to see it. I, too, blushed, and perhaps, turned pale. For, in that first glance at the speaker's face, I recognized D—. There could be no mistake. I knew him well when I was a boy."

"I remembered the astonishment, the profound sensation caused by his delinquencies, for he had been a favourite in society; and I recalled, with lightning intuition, that I had heard he had taken refuge in California, and was living under an assumed name."

"I say that I changed countenance, for so great had been the surprise of my discovery, that I had not a chance to prevent it; but I had no wish that he should suspect my knowledge of him; and I forced myself into instant composure."

"Those keen eyes were searching me through. I bore their scrutiny entirely unmoved, after that first blush."

"I explained how it chanced that I should call at that hour; which gave 'Mr. Dudley' an opportunity for thanking me for my services."

"This he did with a warmth that was sincere enough. I could see how he loved that woman! I could see, too, that his feelings mist with but a constrained response from her."

"My visit was brief; I would not make it too brief, for fear he should suspect, even from that, that I knew him. I did not suppose that he remembered me. I was only a student, a stranger, and at the age when one changes every year, when I used to see him."

"As I left the room, he followed me into the hall, closing the door of the chamber behind him."

"Doctor Grierson," he began, in a low voice, 'I see that you know me.'

"Yes, so cunning was that marvel of duplicity, that my own faint start, at meeting him, had betrayed my knowledge, beyond the power of my after-prudence to conceal it. I met his eyes, saying nothing."

"I have risked my freedom," he continued, 'to come and see her—my wife. You cannot guess how I have suffered at being obliged to renounce a way from her. When I heard that she had been ill, I risked all to make her this one brief visit. You do not intend to betray me?'

"With this question came one of his peculiar glances."



"I had not the least thought of it, sir."

"I believe you. I shall then remain with her, as I proposed, until eight or nine o'clock this evening. Doctor, do you know we are all well punished for our sins, in this world? To be compelled to fly from her; to know that certainty of my crimes brought this illness upon her; is not that punishment for all and everything wrong I ever committed? Watch over her carefully, since I cannot have that privilege. You shall be paid—doubly paid, doctor. Here, do not let me forget to settle the little bill we have already made."

"He said all this hurriedly, and ended by thrusting a roll of notes into my hand."

"I did not like the contact with his money. I had good reason to think it was not properly come by; but to refuse it might bring upon me his dislike and suspicion—suspicion that my interest in his wife was not so mercenary as he could wish. So I thrust it into my pocket."

"There were enough of those notes to pay liberally for this picture, Vandyke."

"The scoundrel was really agitated; love for that peerless woman he had succeeded in gaining for a wife alone had power to move him."

"I hated him when I saw how he was wrapped up in her; but for her sake I meant what I had said. I had no purpose to betray him to the authorities, whom I knew to be constantly on the alert to arrest him."

"I shall not be here when you come to-morrow," he continued. "I thank you, again, for your skilful care of my wife."

"Do not let my intrusion have the effect to shorten your visit," I replied, and with a bow I hastened out of his presence.

#### CHAPTER III.

"WHEN I called, the next morning, Mrs. Browne met me in the hall, and asked me to step into the parlour for a few moments."

"Here she gave me a seat, took another near me, wishing to say something which yet it was difficult for her to begin."

"Mrs. Dudley is not so well to-day," she finally said; "the visit of her husband agitated her too greatly—as I feared it would. She had a restless, feverish night. But, Dr. Grierson, before you extend your friendship and kindness to us any farther, I must say how very painful and humiliating it is to her, to me, that she should be known to you under an assumed name. I was in my room yesterday, and I heard, unintentionally, Mr. D— tell you that you knew him. I am glad of it. Glad it is over! And now, doctor—if you have the patience to listen—I think it only justice to my dear, my noble sister, to tell you how she became that man's wife."

"After saying this much, she paused."

"I should like, above all things, to know," I stammered, awkwardly enough.

"It was the fault of her family—my fault, among others. We were well-educated, highly-respected residents of a pleasant town, where D— came to spend his summers."

"At that time there was no one like him; he was envied, courted, admired. Almost any young lady he might prefer would joyfully have accepted him. He saw Alicia and became desperately enamoured of her. She refused him against the advice of all of us. Something in her sensitive nature detected, or shrank from, what no one else had then discovered."

"She had no excuse to offer for her rejection, except that she did not love him. 'Did she love anyone else?' he and we asked her. 'No.' Then she must marry him."

"It was madness to throw away so brilliant an opportunity. We over-persuaded her; and he—she would give her no peace. I do not think that she would have yielded even at the last, but my husband died, and I came back penniless to my parents, and my mother made an appeal to her generosity."

"The family was poor, though of the best English blood, and the thought of so wealthy and liberal-hearted an accession to it as D—, blinded us to the true interests of our precious sister. We were so proud of her we thought it only right that the brilliant favourite of cities should sue for her hand. So, at last, when mother pleaded, she yielded, and became his wife."

"Having once given him her vows, she was true to him as the sun to the day, though she has never really loved him as she is capable of loving."

"Well, after a year or two came the shock—that dreadful revelation. Father, mother, would not believe it. Father made a journey to London to prove the falsehood of the reports. Alas! he only proved their truth. D— had seduced Alicia with him. We were not certain for some months where he had gone."

"Finally I received a letter from him, begging me to come to them in California; that Alicia was not very well, and pined for home; but he thought if she had me with her, she would be content. He threw himself on my love for my sister, he said, as his protection; else he should not dare write me, since he would be obliged to give his true address."

"He continued to say that Alicia was entirely ignorant of the cause which had so suddenly driven him to California; she accepted his excuses of urgent business; and where they now lived she was so retired that he easily kept from her all newspapers referring to his misfortunes; it would kill him were she to learn to despise him."

"He begged of me to come; but to keep his disgrace from her as carefully as he had done. He trusted to my good sense and my affection for her, which he knew was great, asked me to comfort mother with word that her daughter was happy in ignorance of what had happened, and enclosed money to provide for all my expenses."

"I did not hesitate five minutes. To mother only I confided the true object of my journey, and was ready to depart when the next steamer sailed. In due time I arrived, and found Alicia as innocent of D—'s real business and character as he represented."

"True, she thought many things strange, and was at times uneasy and unhappy. She never was satisfied with his excuse for changing their name. She had too much sense to be deceived by the frivolous pretence that it was to avoid being prosecuted for the sudden debts which had fallen upon him through the failure of a friend for whom he had given security. This was also his excuse for his abrupt departure, and his choice of California as the place best fitted to restore his injured fortunes."

"She was not wholly satisfied, and yet she was too guileless, too single-hearted to suspect the truth. She was so glad to see me—and quite content to live retired, now that she expected some time to become a mother."

"But one day there came an end to this dangerous unstable peace. I knew that it could not last for ever. But, oh, I had prayed that it might endure, at least until her time of danger was over, and she had a child to absorb her heart."

"I felt so much to blame for the part I had played in urging the marriage upon her, that I would have cast my own heart on the ground for her to walk upon if it could only save her."

"One day there came an end. D— did not come home to dinner or tea. About eight o'clock the bell rang, and Alicia, thinking it was him, herself hastened to open the door, for she had been restless about him. Two police officers stepped in and asked for Mr. D—. 'He has not been home,' said the innocent wife; 'What do you want with him, shall I give him your message?'"

"Then one of them laughed coarsely, and before I, before the other officer (who seemed to have more discretion), could prevent it, his message stood revealed in plain and brutal language—it was to arrest the runaway defaulter and forger. The officers searched the house, as was their duty. Alicia looked after them as they tramped up the stairs, and from them into my face. The whole dreadful story was written there, no doubt; and no doubt a thousand conspiring trifles rose to confront her in an overwhelming array—she stretched out her arms to me, but before I could reach her she fell to the floor. You know what happened after."

"As she ceased speaking she searched my face with her eyes to find there the generous sympathy which she expected."

"It is Alicia's wish, as well as my own, that you should know all," she added, presently."

"Any one might see that even the appearance of deceit would make her unhappy."

"I trust you will never regret having thought me worthy of confidence, and certainly, if you two ladies, apparently so unprotected, in the enforced absence of your natural guardian, ever need any service of any kind, which I can render, you cannot do me a greater favour than to test my friendship by asking it," I responded earnestly."

"Then I hesitated a moment before I took the liberty of putting a question."

"Now that your sister is aware of Mr. D—'s course of life, what does she propose to do? I do not ask out of idle curiosity, but from a wish to assist you, if you need help in carrying out your plans."

"I have asked her that question, Dr. Grierson, and I confess her answer surprised me. She says that she shall share his fortunes, whatever they are. 'You know,' she said to me, with that pathetic look which wrings my heart, though she never reproaches me in words, 'that I did not love him as a wife should love, when I married him. That was my sin, and for it I am punished. But now that I am his wife, I owe him a wife's duty. As long as he is true

to me, as long as he loves me as he does, I will not forsake him. Should I leave him now he would become reckless, lost. Should I cling to him, perhaps his love for me may be the means of reclaiming him. Either way, my happiness is shipwrecked, Sara," this so quietly, without even a tremble of the voice; "the only comfort I can find in life will be in doing my duty in self-sacrifice. You ask me to go home with you. Oh, you do not know that there I should be more painfully reminded of our humiliation and dishonour than in any other place."

"I could not urge her against her conscience. We had all urged her into one mistake, and now I felt that the promptings of her own heart were surest to be right. She told D— last evening what she had resolved upon. All his gloom and wretchedness seemed to fly at once. Though he risked everything for that stolen meeting, and knew not but the officers of the law might be lying in wait to arrest him the moment he stepped from the house, yet he grew as joyous as on his wedding-day. It is astonishing that a man of his cold, subtle, selfish disposition can love anything as he loves her."

"Not so astonishing, when you think of your sister," I said, with a warmth which must have surprised her. "Men have gone mad for such women. They are too rare in this world for us not to regret that such a pearl should have been; but I beg your pardon, Mrs. Brown—I forgot myself, I was so exasperated that that man should have power to blight and overshadow her brightness. How did D— dare venture into town. It must have been perilous business, now that his residence is known, and, of course, constantly watched."

"No doubt it was perilous; but he heard by inquiries substituted through his confederates, one of whom is the man-waiter who attends our door, that Alicia was ill, and he braved the danger. He came in disguise, and left the house in Robert's clothes, with the little tin pail in his hand in which Robert brings the oysters for Alicia. We do not know when we shall see him again. For the present, we remain as we are. When the invalid recovers her strength it will be time to talk over changes. And now, will you come up, our doctor and friend," she said, with a sad smile, "and prescribe something for your patient's restlessness?"

"When I entered the chamber a blush of shame swept over that sweet and noble face, but it was not shame for herself. I cursed in my heart the bad man who had been guilty of it."

This was said with so much energy that Vandyke removed his cigar from his mouth, blew away the curls of smoke, and looked his friend steadily in the face."

"You needn't stare at me in that style," half-laughed the doctor. "I am not afraid to confess the indignation I felt towards that scoundrel. Any honourable man would have felt as I did. I'm not afraid to tell you, either, Vandyke—for you love a true heart, and will not misunderstand me—how my interest in that woman grew with every interview. I loved her, but I believe it was with a brother's love, which longed to defend her and to bring a little sunshine into her drooping life. Mrs. Brown, who was a sensible and high-toned person, perceived my admiration and friendship without any distrust of it. Both these lovely ladies confided in me as in their sincerest friend. Vandyke, no word, no look, no tone that an angel might not approve ever passed between Alicia and myself; yet I cannot but feel that had we met before her fate was decided, each might have realized to the other all that is dreamed of mutual happiness."

Again the artist pulled away the light wreaths of smoke in the most provoking manner."

"Well?" he said, inquiringly."

"Well," responded the doctor, springing up from his chair and walking back and forth impatiently, "there's an end of it! Mrs. D— was quite ill again for a few days after the excitement of her husband's visit. I continued to call while there was the least excuse for it; then I was obliged to make intervals between my visits; and, finally, about a month after the last episode, having then been absent three days, I went to the house and found it vacant. There was no word left for me, but I did not blame the ladies. I comprehended that D— had come for them, and had given them but a few moments, or, possibly, hours, to prepare for a difficult and secret journey. I have never met them since. Unless that a week rumour was busy with the defaulter's flight back to England. Of course, I listened to the talk of the hotels and scanned the papers eagerly. In course of time I heard that he had been known to visit London, and that it was concluded he had successfully escaped. I received a letter from Mrs. Brown, explaining their hurried departure. Now, Vandyke, will you sell me the picture?"

"You have not proved your right superior to

mine, so far. On the contrary, I feel that I ought to refuse you more persistently than ever. What claim have you, being no relative, on the portrait of a married woman?"

"None—none, whatever," said Dr. Grierson, smothering a groan. "And I won't ask you again, I pledge you my word, Vandyke."

The phlegmatic artist stole a quick glance at the honest, earnest face, and his own was not so destitute of sympathy as he would have affected.

"It was curious," he remarked, with a speculative air, "that D— should have come here, to one of the most frequented parts of the city, in open daylight; and for such an errand, at such a time! What the deuce did he want of his wife's portrait?"

"It puzzles me, too. But if you could imagine how he loved that woman you would be surprised at nothing. Besides, it would have been one of his bold, ingenious calculations, to tell the officers, who were searching for him in the most hidden places, by just such a cool move. His not coming for the picture, after all, looks like it."

Just then some one knocked at the door; the portrait was turned to the wall, callers were admitted, and Dr. Grierson, who knew them not, picked up a budget of foreign papers which he found on the sofa, and went to idling over their contents.

Presently he uttered an exclamation, arose, and went out, with one of the papers in his hand. His friend noticed that he had grown pale, but attributed the change to some physical disorder.

#### CHAPTER IV.

VANDYKE went to the country, and returned; but he saw no more of the doctor that season, neither before nor after his visit.

"What an ill-regulated individual!" was his mental comment, when he thought of him. "I wonder where he has flown to, now! Back in San Francisco, I suppose. Really, I think more of the portrait now than ever, since I know the history of the original. It will never be claimed; and, presently, I intend to have it framed, take it home, and hang it up in my private gallery."

"The 'presently' was a good while coming. Weeks and months rolled on, while the artist, always intending, still neglected, to remove the picture. It was still his favourite work; and he often turned it from the wall, to enjoy the beauty of the lady and the triumph of his own art which had done her such justice."

It was just about a year from the period of Dr. Grierson's unexpected appearance in his studio, that something in the sunlight, or the breath of the vines blooming on a trellis in a garden beneath his back window, recalled that season, and the story told by the young physician. "Why don't he at least write to a friend?" muttered the artist, turning the picture about, and taking up his station in front of it.

While he stood thus, quite absorbed in the memories conjured up, the door behind him gently opened, and a pair of hands were pressed joyously upon his shoulders.

"You will not refuse it to me, now!" cried a voice which did not surprise him so much as it ought, coming, as it did, so naturally into the colouring of his thoughts.

He turned and beheld Dr. Grierson. And by his side—a lady; the original of the portrait, only appearing younger, and a thousand times more beautiful, as a rich blush broke confusedly over her happy face.

"Vandyke, my friend, let me make you acquainted with Mrs. Grierson. We have come for the picture, ordered so long ago."

The greetings were cordial; though the slight embarrassment of the lady prevented the artist from expressing his curiosity, until she, becoming absorbed apparently, in looking at a pretty, painted group of children, the doctor took a brief opportunity to explain the occurrences which had brought about this culmination of the history.

Among the French papers which he found that day, in the studio, was a provincial sheet, to one of whose items his attention became instantly drawn. It announced the death, by malignant fever, of a Mr. Devenport, an English gentleman, who had taken up his abode, for the season, in their pleasant village, hoping the climate would act favourably upon his health.

The editor went on to express sympathy for the young and beautiful wife of the deceased, left desolate in a strange land.

Something whispered to the reader that this dead man was D—

Struck, also, with compassion for that friendless woman, he resolved to start that very evening for the village where Mrs. Browne resided, and find if his suspicions were correct.

They were.

Davenport was the name agreed upon at parting, and — was the name of the French village from which she had last received tidings of her sister. The news contained in the paper had not yet reached her, and this suggested to Dr. Grierson the possibility that this very notice might be cunningly intended to convey a false impression to England of the forger's death.

Mrs. Browne was inclined to suspect the same. But, in the state of the young doctor's mind, it seemed to him impossible to let the matter rest in such uncertainty. Without even confiding his intention to Mrs. Browne, he took the next steamer for Havre, and as soon as the order of things admitted, he reached that little French town. There he ascertained that such a person had actually died, and obtained a description which left no doubt in his mind that the unfortunate deceased was D—

But the widow had already left the place. Their paths had crossed on the journey. If he had been less impulsive, he might have remained quietly at home, and attained that which he hoped for equally soon.

Realizing that he had been rather foolish, the doctor concluded to be a little wiser, to retrieve himself; so, being already on a foreign shore, he made the best of the fact by giving up three months to travel and observation.

But all the time his heart was ill at ease. It was useless to struggle against destiny, so home he came, but not to London.

He landed at Dover and went straight to a certain village; and there he was welcomed as so true a friend ought to be.

And there he lingered until the woman he so loved and appreciated was won—fairly by storm—to confess that the sweet possibility, which for her had never been realized, could no longer remain unreal.

"She would not have married me for ages yet," concluded the bridegroom, "if Mrs. Browne had not taken my part. She had interfered once, and now was so audacious as to interfere again. Alicia yielded to our double persuasion; and here we are, on our wedding tour, stopping to ask you if there is any inducement strong enough to persuade you to resign the picture."

"You're a selfish fellow," said the artist, "to want both. But I will make it a wedding present to the bride."

And so the portrait was no longer unclaimed.

M. N. N.

#### THE DOVE OF POMPEII.

You have all heard, I dare say, of the unwearied faithfulness with which a bird taken care of her nest; how, when the tiny eggs are laid in it, she sits on them patiently day after day, and week after week, until the young birds are hatched; and then guards them like her very life. Scarcely will she leave her nest to eat food, and neither wind nor tempest can drive her away; love for her home and her young ones is stronger than all.

A great many years ago—nearly eighteen hundred, for it was in the year seventy-nine—the afternoon sun shone warm and bright upon a little town on the shore of the Bay of Naples.

The town was built on the slope of Mount Vesuvius; but although this mountain was a volcano, yet the people of the town did not fear it. For years and years Vesuvius had been so quiet and peaceful that they almost forgot it could be anything else; and the little town had spread its houses and vineyards and gardens upon the sunny slopes of the hill, as if it had been the most peaceful of mountains. Everybody was busy—either with work or play—this August afternoon. The shops were open and full, the fishermen were mending their boats; and those people who were too rich to bear the heat of the sun were resting and idling in their beautiful houses on the hill.

How beautiful some of the houses were, with doors of wonderful mosaic, where bits of different coloured stones were inlaid so as to make the whole floor one great picture; while behind were flower-gardens and fountains.

In a little niche in the portico that surrounded one of these gardens a dove had built her nest; and now in the warm sunshine she sat brooding a single egg, remembering, doubtless (as birds remember), that it was almost time for the young dove within the egg to break his prison walls and come forth into the world. She dare not leave her place for a single minute, lest the egg, missing the warmth of her soft breast, should be chilled.

Suddenly there came a dark shadow over the brightness. From the top of Vesuvius, so quiet, so peaceful looking, a great, thick column of smoke broke forth, mounting up and up into the sky until it shadowed sea and land.

The sun was hid, the gleaming lights on the bay died out, and the brilliant summer day changed to the blackness of night. Then blue lightning flashes darted from the cloud; and then there came down showers, not of rain, but of ashes, upon the town.

The showers fell light and soft at first, like snow, but were quickly followed by showers of small hot stones, thrown up from the mountain. I cannot tell you how thick they fell—covering the streets, blocking up the doorways and windows, until the whole town of Pompeii lay under a great blanket of cinders and stones that was twelve feet thick.

Meanwhile some of the people tried to flee away through the volcanic storm, but many kept within the shelter of their house until there came a new enemy. For now the mountain began to send forth torrents of water: and this, mingling with the ashes, flowed down in broad, deep streams of mud, covering everything, finding its way everywhere.

Through the crevices of doors and windows, down cellarways, into every space not filled with the dry ashes and stones, crept the mud. People who were in the houses were speedily blocked in, or if they tried to flee were caught fast and swallowed up in the black torrent.

In three days the town was completely buried out of sight. The mountain came back to its quiet, peaceful look after a while, but the town of Pompeii had disappeared.

Seventeen hundred years passed away. The upper surface of the hardened mud grew soft and fertile beneath the influence of sun and rain; and fruitful fields were cultivated year after year, over the top of the buried town. People had even forgotten its old history, and no one remembered there was a town there.

In some chance way, when men were making excavations for some other purpose, part of a house was discovered, far down under the ground. This was in 1748; and when still other discoveries were made of statues and coin and other things, people began to remember that they had heard of towns buried long years before by Vesuvius.

Soon the King of Naples consented to have further search made; and the work has gone on, little by little, ever since. The workmen find many wonderful and fearful things.

There are the old streets of Pompeii and the houses; and sometimes in the houses, sometimes in the streets, lie many skeletons of those who lived there seventeen centuries ago. Scattered around them are jewels and money and keys—just those things which they caught up in their hurried flight, on that dreadful August day.

One house of special beauty seemed to have been quite deserted by its owners, perhaps when the shower of ashes first began to fall; for as the workmen uncovered room after room, each one was empty, until down in the kitchen they found the skeletons of an old man and a girl. Hid away in the kitchen oven, they had tried to keep out the deadly torrents of mud, only to meet death in another way.

The masters of the house had fled, and the servants had sought what refuge they could. But the dove on her nest in the garden had never stirred. Doubtless her heart fluttered with fear as the darkness closed in around her and hot stones began to fall; but the soft wings were not unfolded; it was not the part of a dove to forsake her nest.

And when the workmen slowly cleared away the stones and hard mud from the garden, and uncovered the pretty porch, there, in her nest, was the skeleton of the dove, and beneath it the tiny bones of her yet unhatched young one for which she had given her life.

**JUNIPERUS DRUPACEA** (THE PLUM-FRUITED JUNIPER).—This is a very distinct and highly ornamental species of the juniper tribe, and from its compact habit of growth it forms a very handsome specimen for a lawn, or to group with other shrubs where variety and contrast are desirable. Our best specimen here is growing in an open, airy, but not exposed situation on the lawn, and has attained a height of fully eight feet. The leaves stand out from the branch, and are about 7-8ths of an inch in length, sharp-pointed and shining, and arranged in three, alternately, so as to form six distinct rows running along the branch. On looking down the shoot from the tip, they form a series of stars arranged on the branch with remarkable precision. It is indigenous to the northern parts of Syria and Asia Minor, but very rare in this country; yet when planted on well-drained good loamy soil it thrives exceedingly well, and from its peculiar and interesting appearance is well worthy of a place in all collections, as it is not only suitable to be planted where the grounds are large and extensive, but equally well adapted for the garden or lawn of the small suburban villa of a few acres extent.





[THE LATE GUSTAVUS VAUGHAN BROOKE.]

## G. V. BROOKE.

Eighteen years ago, when the warmest admirers of the Drama were lamenting its sad decadence, and mourning the want of fitting exponents in the shape of really great actors, the town suddenly began to ring with the name of a new star that had arisen on the theatrical horizon. "Eureka," cried the hopeful; another Roscius, Garrick, or Edmund Kean has appeared. Suddenly, almost as an *ignis fatuus*, the new histrionic light, Gustavus V. Brooke, flashed before London audiences, and as suddenly departed. So short, indeed, was his reign over the public favour, that but for the part he so nobly sustained in the terrible marine tragedy caused by the wreck of the steamship London, his name would have been almost unknown to the present generation of playgoers.

Again, like the evanescent light to which we have compared his first appearances in London, was the whole career of the now lamented tragedian—for ever pursuing, for ever upon the verge, but never grasping a substantial success.

Born of wealthy parents in Dublin in 1818, the future tragedian lost his father at the early age of seven years. The career marked out for the youth was the Irish bar. Hence, preparatory for college, he was sent to Edgeworth Town School, at that time under the direction of the brother of the celebrated novelist, Miss Edgeworth. Exhibiting, however, a predilection for the "sock and buskin," he made his first essay in the character of William Tell, at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, on Easter Tuesday, 1838, and so successful was this amateur trial that it led to a regular engagement—truly, a marvel for one so young, for he it remembered that at that time young Brooke was scarcely fifteen years of age.

Having thus early placed his foot upon the first round of the ladder of histrionic fame, his future seemed promising indeed. After playing in two other cities in Ireland, he went to Scotland, where in the characters of Rollo, Virginia, and Douglas, he established a reputation which, reaching London, obtained for him an engagement at the Victoria Theatre, where he delighted his audience by his able and efficient rendering of Virginia, a part at that time supposed to be monopolized by the then all-popular and really great tragedian, Macready.

The young actor's success before a transpontine audience led to a round of provincial engagements; but it was not until the year 1848, when he appeared at the old Olympic Theatre, then under the management of Mr. Davidson, that he made the "hit" which first excited the attention of the playgoing world of London.

A new and enlarged field was now opened up to him, for his success at the Olympic brought him offers of engagements from several London managers. Determined, however, to "bide" his time, and perfect himself in his art by continued practice in the provinces, Brooke refused all overtures. By so doing, he proved his sagacity as a man of business—at least, in that instance; for the news of his brilliant successes in the country so whetted the curiosity of Londoners, that when he was prevailed upon to again appear before a London audience, he was received with a *furor* rare in those days. Nor did he disappoint his patrons, for he repeated Othello, the part in which he first appeared, no less than thirty successive nights to crowded audiences.

Brooke had now become one of the lions of London, lively discussions as to his merits taking place in every assemblage where plays and players formed a topic of conversation.

For an actor, Brooke's physical advantages were very great; his figure was tall and commanding, and, above all, his voice, which was afterwards deteriorated, was at first not only remarkably rich and sonorous, but singularly capable of extremes of light and shade. It was in giving expression to the more violent emotions that he turned these natural gifts to the best account; and the storms of passion which distinguished his Othello, and his Sir Giles Overreach, were certain, in his best days, of commanding the tumultuous applause of great audiences.

The circumstance that he lacked finish, and was by no means perfect in declamation, rather increased than diminished his favour with the masses, for it confirmed a common belief that he owed his proficiency not to crumbed art, but to fresh, healthy nature, and the "inspired genius" is always a popular figure. A similar belief was entertained earlier in the century with respect to Edmund Kean; and among the theatrical gossips of 1848 those were not wanting who saw in Mr. G. V. Brooke the tragedian in whom the Kean mantle had fallen.

But, alas! the new tragedian was but the favourite of a few weeks. The truth was that the Divine afflatus, genius was never quite reached; it was a step, perhaps but a single one, beyond Brooke. As the *furor* in his favour cooled, judges shook their heads, and predicted that a permanent reputation of the highest kind would prove beyond the reach of the popular idol.

After the destruction of the old Olympic by fire, Mr. Brooke was re-engaged by the unfortunate Mr. Watts, who opened the present Olympic at the end of 1849, and in the course of the season played the principal character in the *Noble Heart*, a drama written by Mr. G. H. Lewes, on the ancient Spanish model. But his stock of characters were never greatly universal, and to the end of his career his best success seems always to have been achieved in Othello and Sir Giles.

On the termination of Mr. Watts's management Mr. G. V. Brooke retired from London for a considerable time, and after fulfilling some provincial engagements, visited the United States, where his histrionic success was immense, though a managerial speculation at New York proved a failure.

In September, 1853, he reappeared at Drury Lane, then under the management of Mr. E. T. Smith. Again, the opening character was Othello, and the enthusiasm of 1853, having a wider field for display, seemed to exceed that of 1848. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the success of Mr. G. V. Brooke as a tragedian in a theatre that long had been disavowed from tragic uses pioneered that permanent establishment of the poetical drama at Old Drury.

But his renewed popularity was not sufficiently vigorous to last through two engagements, and in 1854 he took his leave of the London public, and proceeded to Australia, where, as in America, his success as an actor was prodigious, but where, likewise, he failed as a manager. When, after seven years' absence from London, he reappeared in October, 1862, again as Othello, at Drury Lane, he found a generation that "knew not Joseph," and his return made scarcely any impression whatever upon the playgoing world. After a few performances at the large house, he migrated to the City of London in Norton Folgate, and thence to the provinces. When he perished in the foundering of the London he was on his way to fulfil an engagement at Melbourne. Lovers of coincidences may compare the death of Mr. G. V. Brooke with those of Mr. Tyrore Power in the President, and of Mr. Elton in the Pegasus.

A new interest attaches to the once popular favourite, through the melancholy circumstances amid which he perished, namely, the wreck of the steamship London, in which, with the heroic Captain Martin and a vast number scarcely less heroic, he found a watery grave; but his importance in the annals of the London stage is limited to the year 1848 and the season 1853-4.

In the course of the works of Messrs. Coll and Co. in preparing to rebuild No. 53, Coleman Street, London, a portion of an elephant's tusk, three feet long, has been found at a depth of fifteen feet from the surface. Previously a large quantity of what seemed to be ram's horns and some pottery had been found on the same site.

An effort is at present being made in the book trade to raise subscriptions for the purpose of paying the expenses of an appeal to the House of Lords against the recent decision of the Lords Justices in the case of Low v. Routledge. If money sufficient be forthcoming, the Messrs. Routledge will be "requested to carry the proceedings in the suit to the House of Lords," with a view to obtaining a decision there as to the right of Americans to copyright in England.

An aéronaut, named Buisley, recently performed some startling tricks at San Francisco. Attached to his balloon, instead of the customary parachute or car, was a trapeze (two ropes suspended about two feet apart, with a stout stick connecting them at the bottom); and from the moment that the balloon was cut from its anchorage and above the heads of the people he commenced his performance, hanging by his feet and hands to the trapeze, then again by one foot and by the neck. The balloon mounted to a great height, and when so far up that Buisley appeared to be of the size of a small child, he could still be seen, clinging to the trapeze, first by his hands, then by his feet, with his head down, then lying across it on his breast and back, imitating the motions of a swimmer. The crowd seemed perfectly awed and thunderstruck by his terrific feats, several ladies fainted, and it was not till it was seen that he felt or acted with perfect coolness and confidence that the people could make known their emotions, which found expression in shouts of applause. After remaining in the air between fifteen and twenty minutes, at an altitude of over half a mile, he slowly descended, and reached the ground in safety.

## A DAUGHTER TO MARRY.

By the Author of "Butler Burke at Eton," &c.

### CHAPTER XXII.

Oh, mark her grave where the sunbeams rest,  
When they promise a glorious to-morrow—  
They'll shine on his sleep, like a smile from the west,  
From her own loved island of sorrow! Byron

Here's a sigh for those I love,  
And a smile for those I hate,  
And whatever sky's above,  
Here's a heart for any fate. Ibid.

MONKEY MARVEL opened the door of the cupboard with a steady hand; he had no cause for fear. There was nothing to make his hand shaky. If the poor dumb girl was dead, he was not responsible for her fate. He, at least, had not incarcerated her, and gone away, got tipsy, and left her to perish of starvation.

When the door swung back, he held up the candle, whose sickly glare fell upon the upturned features of Mula. She was lying on her back, in the embrace of death; her face was pinched, her cheeks hollow and sunken.

It was easy to see that she had died an awful death.

She would have given worlds for one drop of water to quench the terrible thirst which had consumed her. It was enough to disturb Luke Fentymán's serenity. The boy sprang back. The spectacle was new to him, and he was afraid.

"Is the gal dead, my lad?" queried Luke. He knew that the reply would be in the affirmative, but he hoped against hope that it might not.

"Yes, she's dead enough!" replied Monkey Marvel.

"Stoop down and feel her! How do you know she's dead?"

"Not me!" cried Marvel, receding in disgust at this bare idea.

"I must do it myself, eh?" continued Luke Fentymán. "You're not much good, I think."

He advanced to the cupboard, took the light from the trembling hands of the boy, and falling on his knees, proceeded to examine the body of the girl, in order to satisfy himself beyond a doubt that her soul had parted from her body.

There was no question that Mula was dead.

When the man had overcome the first dash of repugnance he had felt at the effect of which he was the cause without intending it, the natural coarseness of his nature asserted itself. Not one word of pity or commiseration escaped his lips. He was annoyed at the catastrophe, for he had by his blundering folly killed the girl who was possessed of the clue to the identity of the gentleman he had watched.

She knew his secret.

Of that he felt certain, and if she had lived he might have had recourse to a thousand arts and devices in order to extract the secret from her; but now that she was dead, she was of no more use to him.

The panels of the cupboard-door were scratched and stained, showing that if she could not call out for assistance, she had done the next best thing—she had endeavoured, by making a great clattering, to arrest somebody's attention; but in this effort she had not succeeded.

And why?

The house had been nearly deserted. Michael Saville had been arrested, with his confederates, on the very day when her imprisonment began, and as she lived a strictly private and solitary life, no one

wondered at not seeing her, and no one paid her a visit.

There was a great gulf between her and the other inhabitants of the Pantiles, for whom, in conjunction with her late mistress, she entertained a profound aversion.

"We must go, my lad," said Luke Fentymán. "It's no good our stopping here. Perhaps some one who knows us may be popping upon us just when we don't want it."

"What's to be done with the body?" enquired Monkey Marvel.

"Ah! there you are again. What's to be done with it? I wish she hadn't died. It's confounded provoking, 'cos she knew the secret I'm fishing for, and was bound to let out to me. She must ha' gone and died out of spite, it ain't nothin' else; suppose we have a flare up and burn the place down."

"Isn't it too risky, all in broad daylight too?"

"That don't matter, we shall be away and round the corner hours afore the people find it out. I've often felt I should like to burn down some parts of London. I mean those sickly-looking parts, all dirt and smoke and rats and bad air, where the rich drive the poor to starve and catch fevers and die. If Drury Lane and all its courts was burnt to the ground, they couldn't build 'em up as they was afore, could they? No. Very well then, it would be doing the poor good, for they would have new and better houses to live in."

This was commonplace philosophy placed upon a false basis, but not utterly devoid of truth.

The man's eyes flashed with a determined light as he continued. "Clear out, I'm bound to do it, if I gets hanged at Newgate for it, clear out. It'll be something like a boudier!"

He held the candle, as he spoke, to the dry joists and supports of the cupboard, but they did not kindle fast enough to please him. Seeing a heap of newspapers in one corner, with a few bundles of firewood, he set light to them, and soon a bright blaze threatened to wrap the whole house in flames before many minutes had elapsed.

"This way, follow me up the stairs," said Luke Fentymán.

Monkey Marvel needed no bidding; he was alarmed at the hardihood of Fentymán, and terrified lest the police, of whom he always stood in great dread, should pounce upon and drag them off to prison, which was a place of involuntary abode of which he had the greatest horror, for young as he was, a considerable portion of his life had been passed within the walls of a goal.

Luke Fentymán was fertile in expedients, and a man of resources when hard pressed; but it must be confessed that he was somewhat taken aback when he saw a policeman standing at the corner of the court.

Fortunately his back was toward the incendiaries, and they contrived to reach the street before he noticed them.

Of course he recognized them both. He had been some time in the force, and the faces of most thieves, young and old, were known to him.

He put some questions to them, which Fentymán answered in an impatient manner.

"I dare say you've been making some work for me," said the officer. "If you have I'm glad of it, for I think it's a most time you were caged again. You've had a pretty long spell of it since you last saw the inside of Pentonville?"

"And I like it so well that I mean to make it longer," replied Luke.

He took hold of Monkey Marvel's arm, and drew him along the street with great quickness.

"The cat will be out of the bag almost directly," he said, in a hurried whisper; "and we must make ourselves scarce, or the town will be too hot to hold us. I want to see the fire. It is sure to be a stunning one; but if we stayed near we should be collared. I am sorry that the constable saw us, for we shall have to lay dark or go into the country. What do you say? Will you go on a tramp with me?"

"I don't mind. We can exhibit, if you like. I can do the Marvel dodges—tumbling, and cater-wheeling, and all that."

The Duke of York's Column at the end of Waterloo Place struck Luke Fentymán as he was looking up, and he conceived the idea of ascending it, and watching the conflagration from that lofty spot. He had an idea that anybody might go up the shaft by payment of a few halfpence—or was he mistaken?

On reaching the column, he paid fourpence for himself and the same for the lad, and they were admitted.

On reaching the summit they looked through the iron railings, and had a magnificent view of the best part of London. The sun had completely asserted his sway over the nocturnal mists, and was bathing house-tops and pavement in a golden flood. The sky was of an Italian blue, the air fresh, clear, and

rarified. But there was one speck on the horizon, one dim and gradually increasing cloud. It arose in a densely populated neighbourhood. It had the appearance of a thick cloud of smoke, a murky column of vapour spirally ascending. After a time this flashes of flame darted up, licking the sky. Then hoarse shouts arose and loud cries. There was a visible commotion in the neighbourhood of Old Drury.

It was clear that a fire had broken out—a fire of magnitude.

Engines left their houses and were drawn along the streets with all the rapidity that well-fed horses could convey them.

It was some time, however, before the hose could be got to work—and the larger part of the Pantiles was in flames.

Luke Fentymán watched his handiwork with a delicious glee, he smiled maliciously and gloated over the awful scene, never thinking of the unspeakable misery he was causing scores of his fellow creatures, who were driven out of their houses with such suddenness as to be unable to save their furniture from the general wreck and ruin which was taking place.

It was a terrible fire, long rows of dark-coated police kept back the frantic spectators, the brave firemen exerted themselves to the utmost, but the flames were difficult to get at or defend them.

The constable who had seen Luke Fentymán at the corner of the Pantiles was not quite satisfied in his own mind that some robbery or deed of violence had not been committed.

He was far from suspecting what had befallen Mula, the dumb girl, but with a sagacity peculiarly his own, he thought it his duty to follow Luke and see where he went.

It is by this system of watching and spying the suspicious characters that the police are often enabled to make some of their cleverest and most astounding captures.

The constable's name was Lodstock.

He saw Luke Fentymán go into the Duke of York's Column, and he waited outside to watch the course of events.

Half-an-hour elapsed and his birds did not come down. Still he waited and watched carefully. Soon after that some people went past on their way to the park talking about the awful fire.

Lodstock listened attentively to all that fell from their lips, and gathered from the random conversation of which he was the auditor that the fire had a short time before broken out in a court near Drury Lane called the Pantiles.

He put this and that together and came to the inevitable conclusion that Fentymán was in some way concerned in the fire, and knew more about its origin than any one else, and he thought it his duty to take him in custody on suspicion.

Of how far he was right or wrong the reader is capable of judging.

He entered the column, went up the steps, and succeeded in reaching Luke Fentymán before that worthy had the least idea of what was about to happen.

A gentle touch on the shoulder caused him to turn round, bringing him face to face with the officer. He started back, not knowing how to act. There might be more officers behind. It was impossible for him to say.

"What do you want with me?" he cried.

"It burns nicely," replied Lodstock, sarcastically.

"What burns?"

"The fire."

"Well, what of it?"

"It's in the Pantiles. Never heard of the Pantiles did you? No. I thought not. You weren't there this morning, about an hour-and-a-half ago? I suppose I didn't see you?"

"You saw me all right," said Luke Fentymán, recovering his courage, "but what of that?"

"Only this: You're wanted."

"What for? I never set the house on fire."

"I don't say you did. I've other things besides that to buff to you. But come. I want you."

Luke sullenly acquiesced in this request, saying:

"I'll come quiet enough. You needn't put no dardies on."

The police-constable had been rattling some iron in his pocket, but he refrained from putting them on his prisoner's wrists, which was an act of charity he had cause to bitterly repent of shortly afterwards. Luke gave Monkey Marvel a look which he knew how to interpret, and the youngster kept close to the officer's heels.

The shaft of the column was very dark in places. Luke had noted this fact as he came up, and now made use of his knowledge.

When he reached the middle of the shaft he commenced an assault upon Lodstock, for which the man was not prepared.

A furious struggle took place between them.



The ruffian saw his opportunity and he hurled the constable down the long flight of steps. This caused him to fall some length, but as the staircase was spiral, he did not fall the entire distance. His head struck the stone wall and he lay stunned and bleeding.

Footsteps were heard approaching. Some one was evidently coming up.

Fentyman commenced the descent, passed the policeman's body, and gained the entrance, through which he emerged into the open air.

He went up Regent Street with his mind in a whirl, not knowing what to do, and cudgelling his brains for an idea. He had, as it were, only escaped the perils of arrest and prosecution by the skin of his teeth, by a hair's breadth, by a miracle.

They gained the Edgeware Road and went into a small public-house to rest themselves, and here they arranged their plan of action.

They were to go on the tramp to Birmingham and Liverpool. Luke could play on a penny flute and sing some popular songs. Monkey Marvel could exercise his agility upon a pole, a rope, or even the bare road or the stone-paved street. He was to be the gymnast, Luke the musician.

By this they confidently hoped to gain a living. They walked fifteen miles that day, gained a small village, went through a rehearsal of their performance to a crowd of waiting country people, were rewarded with some cheers and fewer halloes, and finally made an arrangement with the landlord of a public-house whereby they undertook to give their entertainment in the tap-room four successive times during the evening, in return for which he would give them unlimited ale, some bread-and-cheese, a bed, and a rifle of breakfast.

With this offer they gladly closed. For some time they had to exert themselves, and were curiously listened to by all the villagers.

The landlord complimented them on their skill and cleverness, and said "Why don't you visit gentlemen's houses?"

"Are there many about here?"

"Oh, yes. There's Mr. Vivian, he hasn't got a town house because he lives so near London. You know it is only fifteen miles, which is nothing for a carriage and pair of horses. He'd be glad, I daresay, to let the servants have you in the hall, and I do hear he's got some great folks staying with him; lords and ladies and all that."

"Indeed, we'll look up, then, in the morning; and thank you for the hint," replied Fentyman.

Mr. Vivian was a gentleman of large property, living hard by, and Luke, accompanied by Monkey Marvel, walked to the house in the morning. They walked to the front of the house, and had the impudence to commence their performance in front of the window of a room in which Mr. Vivian and his friends were breakfasting.

The guests crowded to the window to see what the nature of the exhibition might be.

Luke was balancing, or more strictly speaking, allowing Monkey Marvel to balance himself upon his head, when he happened to look up at the window.

His eye fell upon a gentleman's face. He became agitated, his knees bent, and he lost that rigidity of muscle which was necessary for Monkey Marvel's perfect equilibrium.

The consequence was that the little fellow fell down, reaching the earth with a crash.

There was a loud cry, partly of pain, partly of terror.

The guests rushed on to the lawn to render what assistance they could.

Luke Fentyman smiled sardonically, for he had recognized the never-to-be-forgotten face of Lord Linstock.

(To be continued.)

PRESIDENT JOHNSON is pardoning all the Southerners. This is wise, but it is also artful. A singular difficulty has presented itself to him. Choo and Lin, the Siamese twins, took different sides in the war. Lin was loyal, but Choo was frantic for the "Chivalry." It would have been extremely awkward to hang the guilty Choo while attached to the innocent Lin, so, as the President could not cut the band, he has cut the knot. Pardon the word for all.

THE SENIOR WRANGLER.—The university laurel has this year been conveyed to Peter House—the most ancient college in the university—for the seventh time within academical record, no small honour when the number of its members is considered. Mr. Robert Morton, whose name stands at the head of the Tripos list assessor wrangler for the year, is a native of Greenock, in Scotland. He received his earlier education at the University of Glasgow, where he had the almost inestimable advantage of attending the class of the eminent physicist, Professor William Thompson, by whom he was recommended to pursue

his studies at Cambridge. Before commencing residence, he obtained one of the open scholarships at St. Peter's College, and subsequently at the annual examinations, he carried off the highest prizes awarded for mathematical proficiency. With the able assistance of the mathematical lecturers of his college, the Rev. J. Porter and E. J. Rough, Esq., of whom the last-mentioned was also his private tutor, he has now attained the highest honour which it is in the power of his university to bestow. Four out of the first six wranglers are Scotchmen. Mr. Aldis, the second wrangler, is brother to the senior wrangler of 1861.

## THE BOHEMIAN.

### CHAPTER XIII.

GOLIATH slept just one hour after having eaten his breakfast, and then arose and announced his intention of leaving the cot.

"I can assist you no more," he said. "You will be safe here while you choose to remain, and when you wish to leave, Florac will find you a good guide. But I would not advise you leaving at present. Wait until your enemies have spent their energies in searching for you, and then you may, if you are cautious, travel with comparative safety. I know the nature of Dracoon and his crew. They will hunt with every nerve strained for a while, and then other matters will claim their attention."

"But how is it with you?" asked St. Hubert. "Our enemies must now have become your enemies; for surely you cannot expect that Gabriel Dracoon can be longer blinded."

"I do not return to Chatillon," replied the Bohemian. "I have business in Germany; and I can take paths along the vales of the Vosges which the Jacobins cannot follow."

"Before you go," said the marquis, "I would speak with you."

"Then you must speak at once, monsieur."

Goliath followed St. Hubert from the cot, and when they had gone a little distance, the latter said:

"Goliath, I must go with you to Germany. Now do not object. If it is safe for you, it will be safe for me. I do not feel perfectly easy here—I do not feel at home. I am very anxious to reach Stuttgart, where I not only have friends, but where I have business that should be attended to. I should have gone thither some months ago had I not feared that my leaving would call down suspicion upon me."

"But," interposed Goliath, "how is it with your daughter? Can she bear the journey?"

"Ay—as well as I can myself."

The Bohemian hesitated, but the marquis urged, until at length consent was given.

"I will wait till noon," said Goliath, "and by that time the girl will have rested sufficiently."

Paul was away while Cora slept. Away hunting game up the mountain; but to Leopold the marquis had made known his determination as soon as the arrangements had been made.

De Courcy expressed no surprise, nor did he seem at all disappointed.

"Leopold," cried St. Hubert, "why don't you speak out boldly and frankly, and say you are glad I am going."

"Because," replied De Courcy, slightly embarrassed, "I am not really glad. I did not think we should remain here long together, for as soon as an opportunity offered I intended to go to Switzerland; and I supposed that if the road were opened to you, you would go to Germany."

"Oh, my friend, I wish you would tell me the truth. Come, before we part, let me know what I so much desire to know. How have I offended you? What have I done that you should thus turn from me?"

"My dear St. Hubert, it is you who are turning away."

"Ay—and I am partly influenced to that step by your treatment of me."

"In mercy's name," cried De Courcy, putting forth his hands in a supplicating manner, "let this pass. We shall meet again. The present state of things in France cannot long continue."

"I know they cannot," admitted the marquis. "And I, too, think we shall meet again—meet at our old homes—and when we do, I would that it should be as friends."

"We will—we will."

"Then there should be no secrets between us."

"Why will you harp upon that? It is nothing, I tell you—nothing that you need to know—nothing that I wish to tell. Now let us talk of other matters. You go to Germany, where you have friends, and where you have some property; and I shall make the best of my way to Switzerland, where I have friends,

and where I have money invested. Away from France we shall be safe until this reign of terror is over."

Thus led away from the original topic, the marquis made no effort to renew it, and when he began to talk of their prospects for the future, De Courcy became free and communicative, and almost cheerful.

Noon came, and Paul and Cora were informed of the new plan; and when they knew that the purpose was fixed, they withdrew from the cot and spent a few brief moments alone together.

Their first words were sorrowful enough; but Paul, who knew that his beloved had sufficient trials before her, soon gained control over himself, and turned his speech into channels of cheerfulness and hopefulness.

"We will wait," he said, holding Cora by both hands. "You are all mine, and I am all yours, and only death can part us. I think, as our parents think, that ere many months we can safely return to our homes; and when that time comes will we not be happy?"

"Oh, yes—very, very happy!" murmured the maiden. "We will pray for its speedy coming, Paul."

"Yes, I rest; and every night and morning we will pray for each other."

"Oh, Paul, I shall pray for you all the time."

"And my thoughts will be seldom, away from you, my blessed Cora."

A little while they stood in silence, and then Paul, trying hard to master his emotions, said:

"We will have our parting here. I cannot see you go, and you will depart more calmly if I am not by."

She sank upon his bosom, and he wound his arms about her.

"Sweet Cora, God bless you, and keep you! and may the kind angels be your watchers by night and by day!"

"Oh! Paul, Paul!"

"Blessed Cora, love me always!"

"For ever, Paul!"

"And remember, while life is mine, this heart cannot turn from you. Now, one kiss. There—go to your father. He is coming. Heaven smile upon you!"

"Paul! Paul!"

"Courage, Cora. Look to heaven, where both our mothers are! We shall not forget to pray!"

And so they parted. Cora turned to weep upon the bosom of her father, while Paul sought the shades of the deep forest, where his tears might flow unseen.

It was not long after this that Jacques Tobin led the horses out from the copse where they had been picketed, and announced that all was ready. The animal which Maurice had ridden had been assigned to the marquis.

Goliath was the first to mount; then came St. Hubert and Cora, while Jacques brought up the rear. As De Courcy saw his old friend about to depart, perhaps never to be seen by him again, all the sympathies of old friendship warmed to life in his bosom, and his eyes grew moist.

"Arnaud," he cried, seizing the marquis by the hand, "in the time to come we know not what may happen. If we never meet again on earth, I say unto you now—Believe that Leopold de Courcy loved you as he would have loved his own brother; for, as God is my judge, my heart has never been cold towards you. May you be happy, Arnaud, and may you be abundantly blessed."

"Bless you, Leopold!" exclaimed the marquis, returning his friend's warm grasp. "Your words give me new comfort, and with all my heart I return your blessing. But I have no dark forebodings. I believe that all will yet come out well, and that we shall be brothers once more. I will not say farewell, but I commend thee to God until we meet again."

Goliath had seen and heard all this, and as he turned away to gather up his rein, a close observer might have seen that his lip trembled, and that his eyes were moist.

"Come," he said when he had overcome his strange emotion, "time is passing, and we must be on our way."

St. Hubert had but to take the hand of the old hunter, and thank him once more for his kindness, and then, with his child close at his side, he rode on after the Bohemian.

Maurice laid his hand upon the bow of Jacques' saddle, and kept him company for a short distance.

"I don't like to have you leave me, Jacques," he said.

"And I don't like to leave you, Maurice, but there is no help for it. If you return to Chatillon before I do, tell the amberglaze Buchard to save me a stoop of his best wine."

"Ma foi! I hope we'll be there to drink together. Adieu!"

"Adieu, good Maurice. Remember me to Master Paul."

At this point the horses started into a trot, and Maurice was forced to let his friend go. He watched the party until the thick wood hid them from sight, and then he slowly returned to the cot, wondering, as he went, why the marquis had been in such a hurry to get away.

He shook his head in a very mysterious manner, muttering something about a great change which had come over his master, and he really seemed to think that his master's conduct had had much to do with St. Hubert's departure.

Paul did not return to the cot until near supper time, and though he appeared sober and thoughtful, yet he allowed no one to see the deep grief that lay at his heart. His father seemed to avoid him, and for this he was not sorry, for though he loved his father tenderly, still he could not put from him the conviction, that upon the subject of his love for Cora, there was no sympathy between them. In fact he had not yet confessed to his parent what had passed between himself and the daughter of St. Hubert.

There had been no time when he could do so. More than once the confession had been upon his lips, but something in his father's manner had kept the words back.

He felt sure that his love must be known, and he was content for the present to let the matter rest as it was.

On the following day Paul went with Maurice upon the mountain, and very soon the young gentleman and the valet became inseparable companions.

They fished together in a mountain stream, and together they hunted through the forest.

Maurice was full of life and animation, and Paul found in him just the spirit that was required to keep his own spirits in healthy tone. Leopold observed the intimacy and brotherly friendship that had grown up between his son and his valet, and instead of objecting thereto, he seemed rather to like it.

Perhaps he had hope that Paul's mind might thus be drawn away from some other object. But if he hoped that the youth could forget Cora St. Hubert, he was hoping against fate.

With the morning's dawn Paul's prayer ascended to heaven in behalf of the cherished one, and at the close of the day the prayers were renewed.

In the deep ravine, or upon the mountain, wherever he might be, or whatever he might be doing, while Maurice was not entertaining him, his thoughts were with Cora, and his hope was whispering bright tales of joy for the future.

The castles which his fancy built were glorious ones.

And no feudal baron ever enjoyed himself more in his stately halls than did Paul de Courcy in the airy chambers of these ethereal dwellings.

As yet Paul had asked no questions touching the mystery attached to the Bohemian, for he had seen his father and the marquis so often stopped in their course of questioning on the same subject, that he had instinctively kept from it; but one day as they sat upon a shelf of rock, high upon the mountain's side, and when Maurice had told him for the thirtieth time of the release of Cora from the Jacobins, something more than curiosity prompted him to find out if possible, how much his companion knew concerning the Bohemian.

"Goliath is a strange man," he ventured.  
"Judged you speak truly, Paul. He is a very strange man."

"Where did you and Jacques first meet him?"

"In Chatillon the day after you were thrown into prison. Jacques and I followed you as closely as we dared, and almost the first man we met at the old place was the Bohemian. He told me what had been done with you, and promised if we would help him, to set you at liberty. He told us that he had already gained the confidence of Gabriel Dracon, and that he would so disguise us that we might be safely introduced as worthy members of the Jacobin Club. I hesitated at first about trusting him, but not so Jacques. He gave the strange man his fullest confidence, and the result proved that he was right."

"Do you know anything about who or what this Goliath is?—where he came from, or what he has been in other years?"

"Ah, Paul, those are questions which I have asked myself many times; but I could never gain any satisfaction. All I know of him is what I have seen in the last few weeks. But I think that Jacques knows more than I do."

"What makes you think so?"

"Several things. In the first place, I have two or three times found them in the midst of an earnest conversation which was immediately broken off upon my appearance. And then I have detected glances passing between them, which I could not comprehend without admitting that there was a secret between them which they did not wish that I should share."

And that was all which either Paul or his father could gain from Maurice concerning the Bohemian.

Three weeks passed away, and at the end of that time Leopold de Courcy became anxious to start for Switzerland. Florac had been to Longreau and to Langres, and had learned that the search for the Marquis St. Hubert and his companions had been abandoned; so there could be little danger now to our friends in making the journey.

The old hunter had procured suitable garbs for his guests, and had also brought with him a competent guide—a young mountaineer, named Baptiste, who would take them through Frauche-Compte and across the Jura Mountains. He was not anxious to have them go, but he threw no obstacles of doubt in their way; for he believed, if they were careful, and did not make themselves known, there would be no danger.

Good horses were procured, and one bright May morning the party set forth. De Courcy showered a thousand blessings upon Cimon Florac's head, and they had the merit, too, of being sincere. Paul was less demonstrative, but none the less grateful; and it was with real regret that he left the wild scenery of the Vosges behind him.

The travellers took their own time, avoiding the larger towns, and in four days they had crossed the Juras and reached the little village of St. Blaise, on the northern shore of the Lake of Neuchâtel.

Here Baptiste left them, and after spending a few days in admiring the beautiful scenery of the lake, they started for Bern, where they arrived in safety, and where De Courcy not only found his friends, but where he also found his money—a thing which was, at that particular time, very essential to his comfort and convenience.

#### CHAPTER XIV

Not far from what is now known as the Old Bridge of Bern, in a narrow, quiet street, stood the house which Leopold de Courcy had selected for his home. A grand old fountain discharged its purifying waters close at hand, and through a vista of freestone walls could be seen the sparkling flood of the Aar.

De Courcy's friends did all they could to render him comfortable, and he was seldom left alone. Gradually much of the old melancholy wore off, and after the lapse of a few weeks he began to receive company; and to give entertainments in return for those given by his friends.

But Paul did not seem inclined to give himself up to these pleasures. As his father entered more and more into life, he withdrew from it. As his father became free and social, he grew sad and silent.

Among De Courcy's most intimate acquaintances was a wealthy gentleman of Baden, named Waldren, whose daughter Constance was accounted one of the most lovely and accomplished maidens in Bern.

De Courcy had fancied that Constance Waldren looked with favour upon his son, and he contrived that Paul should be thrown as much as possible into her society.

It was not long, however, before our hero discovered his father's intent, and his first impulse was to stop visiting at Waldren's; but this he could not do without creating a great deal of inquiry which he had no desire to meet; for the gentleman had been a true friend, both to his father and himself. What should he do?

He was not apt to flatter himself, he had no undue amount of self-esteem, but yet he thought it was not impossible that Constance might fall in love with him if they were forced into close companionship.

Even yet no word had passed between the father and son, concerning Cora St. Hubert, but Paul knew that his parent was aware of his love, and he furthermore knew that, from some cause, the union would be distasteful to him.

Why this should be he could not tell, but he imagined many things, chief among which was a possibility that some cause of enmity rested between his father and Arnaud St. Hubert. But he was determined that nothing should turn him from his love, and he waited for the time when he could lead Cora to the altar to claim his right to marry as he pleased.

He had but one confidant in Bern, and that was Maurice; and to the faithful valet alone had he spoken of his love—he was forced to speak with some one, for the burthen was more than he could bear in silence. True love is not very communicative, but it seeks sympathy, and in the absence of its object it will be very apt to find a confidential ear to listen to and a faithful breast to keep the previous secret. And nowhere could the lover have found a safer confidant, for Maurice was not only as true as steel, but he had a deep affection for his young master.

"Ah," said the valet, as he and Paul sat upon one of the balconies that overlooked the rear garden. "I know long ago that you loved the lady Cora, and I

knew too, that she loved you; and I know one thing more. In all France, or in all Switzerland, a better girl is not to be found."

"Say on, Maurice."

"You'll pardon me, Master Paul?"

"Certainly."

"Then I must say your father acts very strangely."

"Of course he does, but the strangest thing of all is—why should he act so? There must be some trouble between him and the marquis—some cause of enmity. Do you not think so?"

"I cannot help thinking so."

"And where, think you, lies the fault?"

"Ah, Paul, you should not ask me that."

"But I do ask you, and I wish you would answer."

"I think the fault, if there is any, rests with my father."

Now what do you think?

Maurice reflected a few moments and finally answered:

"I think as you do, but since we neither of us know any thing about it, we had better drop the subject. Leopold de Courcy is your father and my master."

"Perhaps," said Paul, slightly colouring, "you may think that I, the son of a French knight, ought not to speak so freely to a valet, but for that matter I care not what you think, for almost two months you have been my only trustworthy friend; to you I have been absolutely forced to appeal for counsel and assistance, and I thank heaven that you have been all that a true friend could be. I tell you, Maurice, I have learned in the school of adversity that a man is a true man, just as his soul is true, and while one of the noblest of men may wear a peasant's frock, all the orders of Christendom cannot make a good man while the heart is false and hollow. And perhaps," pursued Paul, speaking rapidly and earnestly, "you think that I have betrayed a weakness in talking with you of my love for Cora. If you do think so, I may as well tell you now, as at any time, that I don't care. I wanted to talk with somebody, and you were the only one whom I dared approach for sympathy."

Paul stopped, almost out of breath, and Maurice smiled.

"Good Master Paul, you have spoken the only foolish thing—the only really foolish thing—that I ever heard you speak. *Pardieu!* You know very well that I would do anything for you; and you know that the trusting me with your little secrets binds me more closely to you; for it shows me, as no words of protestation could do, how truly you trust me. Do you think I have no heart? Do you think I don't know what it is to love? But enough of this. While you want my friendship, you shall have it; and while you choose to give me your confidence, you may rest assured that I shall hold it as a trust too sacred to be trifled with."

"Thank you, Maurice," cried the youth, seizing his companion's hand. "I know you are true and sincere, and you must be my friend. Oh, I wish we were away from this place. I don't like it."

"Juste ciel! Why, this is one of the handsomest cities in Europe."

"I don't care if it be. I don't like it."

After a short pause, during which Paul plucked a broad leaf from a grape-vine that clung to a column by his side, and tore it in pieces, Maurice asked:

"Are you going to Monsieur Waldren's this evening?"

"No—I am not."

"They are expecting you."

"My father expects that I will go."

"Ay—and Waldren expects the same."

"Peste! Do you know, Maurice, why my father is so anxious that I should become familiar beneath that roof?"

"I think I do," replied the valet, with a shrug and a nod.

"He thinks he can get me into love with Constance."

"The Lady Constance is a lovely girl."

"So she is; and for that very reason I would keep away. Not that there is any danger of my loving her, but lest she, in the frankness of her generous soul, should learn to love me. I would not have such a thing happen for worlds!"

"I think Constance Waldren is a girl of sense. Tell her the truth. Tell her just how you are situated, and why you are forced to the confession. And then you can be as friendly as you please, and can obey your father without danger. Believe me, Master Paul, you will find this the most sensible way."

"I had not thought of that. Bless me, how simple!—and how the two papas will flatter themselves when they see us friendly and smiling. This very night, Maurice—this very night."

Evening came, and Paul accompanied his father to the dwelling of M. Waldren.

Somewhere about ten o'clock the host invited De



Courcy to accompany him to his library to look over some valuable antique volumes, at the same time intimating rather plainly to his daughter that she could entertain Paul during their absence. For a little time our hero knew not what to say, and the embarrassment of his companion did not help him any.

"Dear lady," he commenced, "do you want me to be very frank and very plain?"

Constance trembled as she answered in the affirmative.

"Have you any idea why we are thus left alone together?"

"Monsieur!"

"Hush, lady. If you interrupt me in that manner I shall break down. Perhaps you do not know as much as I know. My father is very anxious that you should become my wife. Don't turn away. Listen to me. Not only is my father anxious, but I believe your own father has the same idea. Oh, Constance—lady—you are beautiful—the most beautiful maid I have seen in Bern, and I know that you are good and—"

"Monsieur!" cried the girl, covering her face with her hands, and trembling violently. "I beg—I pray—"

"Stop, lady—hear me through, and then if you choose to spurn me, you can do so. Had my heart been free when I crossed your mountains, I should have found it somewhat difficult, I ween, to resist my father's wishes, but I left my heart behind me, and—"

"How!" exclaimed Constance, starting to her feet.

"Do you love another?"

"Sweet lady, I pray you—"

"No, no—answer me. Do you love another?"

"Yes."

"And you will not love me?"

"I will love you as a friend—as a sister."

"And you will love me no more than that?"

"I could not without proving false to the most sacred—"

"Never mind the rest," interrupted the fair girl, while a flood of joyous light overspread her face.

"Give me your hand. We shall be the best of friends. I have been afraid of you until now, but I shall be afraid no more. I, too, have given away my heart. I love a bold, brave man, whom my father detests, but I shall marry him. Will you not marry your love?"

"I will if I live and she lives."

"So—now let us talk of something else."

In the course of an hour the two men returned from the library, and when they found Paul and Constance in close and pleasant conversation, with a flush upon their cheeks and a sparkle in their eyes, they flattered themselves that all was going well.

On the next day Paul told Maurice the result of his confession to Constance, and thereupon took occasion to return his very sincere thanks.

After that De Courcy went often to visit Waldern, always taking his son with him; the result of which was that people began to look for a marriage between the two young people, and the parents, when spoken to upon the subject, did not deny that such a thing might happen.

Paul and Constance rode together and danced together, and surely none but sworn lovers could be so free and sociable in each other's society.

It was towards the close of a warm, sultry day in July. Paul had been out alone upon the river, and as the current was strong against him, he landed just outside of the town, thinking that he would send Maurice to row the boat to its proper place of mooring.

He had drawn the light bark so far up that the tide could not wash it away, and as he turned towards the town a man leaped lightly over a cactus-lined wall into the road and accosted him.

The intruder was young and handsome, of fine form, and stout of limb, and wore an undress military suit.

Our hero was sure that he had seen him before, but when, or where, he could not tell.

"Your name is De Courcy, I think?" said the stranger.

His voice was strangely harsh and unnatural, and his lips were pale.

"Paul de Courcy, sir," was the reply.

"My name is Philip Descartes, and to prove to you that I am a gentleman, I need only to inform you that I was a captain of dragons under the late king Louis XVI., and like you I have been forced to flee from France. Perhaps you have heard of me before?"

"I think I have heard your name, sir," said Paul, wondering much what the man could want, and why he was so excited.

"I have been waiting here for you almost an hour. Will you do me the favour to take a short walk with me?"

"Indeed, captain, you take me by surprise. What is your business?"

"I cannot tell you here. Come with me only a short distance, and you shall learn."

"If I can accommodate you I will not refuse."

"You can accommodate me much."

"Then lead on, and I will follow."

Descartes turned and walked quickly towards a copse of maples, Paul keeping close upon his heels. Beyond the copse they reached an open glade where, upon the ground, lay a long, narrow box. This the captain opened, displaying a pair of swords and a brace of pistols.

"*Parbleu!*" exclaimed Paul, "what is the meaning of this?"

"The meaning is very simple," answered Descartes, now speaking quite calmly. "You and I will have a bit of exercise; and one of us may die on the spot. The choice is yours. Will you take the sword or the pistol?"

"*Juste ciel!* You are crazy!"

"Not at all, Paul de Courcy. I am in my right mind, and am ready to die if you are the better man. You must fight me!"

"But," cried Paul, in amazement, "what have I done? I do not even know you?"

"You shall know me now, at all events," replied Descartes, grinding his teeth. "Shall it be swords or pistols? Come, let us not waste time."

Mechanically Paul grasped one of the swords, not with the intention of fighting, but that he might be prepared to defend himself in case he should be attacked; for he still laboured under the impression that he met a madman.

"Now, sir," cried the captain, "are you ready?"

"In heaven's name, what do you mean? If you will force me to fight, you should at least inform me what you have against me; for, upon my soul, I cannot tell when or where I have ever met you before."

Descartes' lips curled disdainfully.

"I did not think a De Courcy could be a coward! Are you not the son of a French knight?"

"*Grand Dieu!* you will give me occasion for vengeance if you handle not your tongue more carefully."

"Ah, I like that. You begin to show some spirit. Now let us see if your courage is equal to your words. I would not like to publish it in Bern that Paul de Courcy is a coward!"

If ever a young man, full of hope and promise, possessed that courage which fears not death when the passions are aroused, Paul de Courcy was the man. He was brave, sometimes even to recklessness, and in many a passage with the wild boar of the Juras, he had displayed a skill and daring which put older and more experienced hunters to shame.

And, further, he was an expert in the use of the sword, having been taught by his father the rudiments of the science while yet a child.

His face flushed as the last words fell from Descartes' lips, and his fingers closed upon the hilt of his sword as they might have done if he had received an insolent blow.

"Philip Descartes," he said, "why you have thus arrested my steps and insulted me, I know not; but I can assure you that I am not to be trifled with with impunity. If you wish to attack me without giving me your reason for so doing, you are at liberty so to do; but, I give you warning, I shall defend myself."

"Then now's your time. One of us must die!"

"Are you in earnest?"

"By heaven, yes! If Paul de Courcy must live, let Philip Descartes die! Come on!"

And in the next moment the stillness of the glade, under the shadows of gathering twilight, was broken by the sharp clash of steel.

(To be continued.)

THE immense grants of land made by the United States Government to different railway companies embrace 125,000,000 acres, exceeding by 8,000,000 acres the aggregate area of the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland. These enormous grants are within one-fourth of being twice the united areas of England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Guernsey, Jersey, the Isle of Man, and the islands of the British Seas, and are within one-tenth of being equal to the French empire, with its 89 departments and its 37,510 communes.

THE CHINA CHALLENGE CUP.—It will be remembered that the selection of a design for this 500 guinea cup was deferred until the arrival of some drawings sent for by Major Brine, from Hong-Kong, as it was thought desirable to give the preference to a purely Chinese design, should one be found worthy of adoption. Four drawings have lately been received, prepared by various Chinese silversmiths of Hong-Kong, all of them highly characteristic in

treatment, and one of these has been finally selected by the committee. The vase is cup-shaped, supported by three dragons intertwined, on a pedestal of suitable form. Two dragons form the handles, and another, *couchant*, surmounts the cover. The body of the cup is divided into panels, each filled with scenes of Chinese life, and the general effect is bold and striking. This design we believe was originally intended to be used for the cup which is to be presented by the Hong-Kong Volunteers to Major Brine, in recognition of his valuable services in organising and commanding that corps. The Hong-Kong community is, however, not the only one so indebted to Major Brine, as he also organized the Volunteer corps at Hankow, Canton, and Yokohama.

COMPETITION AMONGST BUTCHERS.—The *Leeds Mercury* informs us that for the last three weeks the Grimsby market has been visited by butchers from Alford, and by selling their meat at a fair price (a great reduction from the prices of the Grimsby butchers) they have caused quite a sensation. The populace have given them great support, and this so annoyed the butchers that they decided to undersell them. For this purpose the services of the bell-man were obtained, and he announced that the Grimsby butchers would sell fine old English beef at 6s per lb. Immediately after they were apprized that 6d per lb. was the price of the Alford men, and thus they continued to undersell each other, till real prime beef was sold at 5d. per lb. Mutton was sold equally cheap. Competition of this kind is required in other places besides Grimsby.

EDUCATION IN SCOTLAND.—English grammar is very thoroughly taught in the Scotch schools. In fact, English is taught as a foreign tongue, and learning it in this way, the pupils acquire a precise and intimate knowledge of the rules by which it is governed. The Latin and Greek grammars are also well taught, and it is no uncommon thing to find a boy of twelve years old who can construe a passage in Virgil or Ovid with the greatest accuracy, and with a clear and intelligent preception of the laws of Latin composition. I have known a flashy Oxford graduate, with Latin verses at the end of his tongue, stick dead at such a test. The poor in Scotland covet education as some people covet money, with greedy avidity; and the children, no less than the parents, are fully alive to its value and importance. You will see shepherd-boys conning the Latin grammar while tending the cattle in the fields. The cow is in the corn, but the little Scotch Boy Blue is not asleep.

## EVA ASHLEY.

### CHAPTER I.

#### FRANK AND BESSIE.

It was six miles to the station, and the time consumed in going over the ground was spent by Frank in gloomy anticipation of the future.

His uncle had proved so utterly unmanageable, that he almost despaired of winning his consent to give him Evelyn at the expense of any sacrifice he might be willing to make.

He plainly saw that, if necessary, even force would be used to link Bessie's fate with his own; since Evelyn was placed beyond his reach, Frank felt almost indifferent as to what might happen to himself; but with the high spirit and vigorous will of Bessie, he felt sure that a struggle between his uncle and herself must ensue, and he was doubtful which would conquer in the end; the one with passion and power on his side, the other with right and justice on hers.

Mr. Ashley had already crushed one child into abject submission to his will, and he feared that it would only be a question of time as to the ultimate subjection of the other.

The carriage reached the station just as the train was leaving, and a group of travellers were standing on the platform, among whom Frank recognized Bessie.

The moon was shining brightly, and her eager glance fell on him as he mounted the steps. She sprang forward, exclaiming:

"Frank! is it possible that you are here before me? Of course my pa—all the rest, have come with you?"

"Yes—all are safe at Arden Place, and Minny sent me over to take you to her. We only arrived here a few hours before you, and there was much disappointment that you were not at home to welcome us."

"I had no idea that you would be at Ashurst so soon, or I would have been here. Was—was my father hurt or offended at my absence, Frank?"

"I cannot answer questions now, Bessie. Wait till

we are together in the carriage, and then, I will tell you all you may wish to know."

The Welby family now gathered around him with questions as to the past, and congratulations on his safe return, and for the next ten minutes Frank was oblivious of his own troubles while listening to the gay and buoyant account Kate gave him of her northern sojourn.

When they parted, Mr. Welby said:

"Tell your uncle that I shall call on him in a few days, Frank, and say to Mrs. Leon Ashley that Mrs. Welby and my daughter will also make the acquaintance of herself and Miss Evelyn Ashley, as soon as possible."

"Thank you, sir, I will be sure to tell them."

"And, Frank, I say," cried out Rufus, "inform that pretty dark-eyed fairy who calls herself your cousin, that I am coming to throw myself at her feet. I think we shall make a charming miniature couple, from the description I have had of her."

"I thought people preferred their opposites. You should fall in love with a giantess, Rufus."

"Will you run off with the fairy, I suppose."

The carriages drew up, and the war of words ceased.

The two girls promised to see each other every day when possible, and they parted.

When Bessie found herself seated by the side of Frank, and on her way to Ashurst, a sudden feeling of shyness came over her.

She sat silent, thinking over what had happened on the day of their last parting, until Frank aroused himself to say:

"I hope you had a pleasant trip, Bessie?"

"Oh, charming—delightful! I am afraid I shall never be so happy again," and she ended with a little sigh.

Wentworth paused a few moments, and then gained courage to ask:

"Am I wrong in my suspicions, Bessie? From the tone of your last letters I inferred that—that you have met with one, on whom you would more willingly bestow your hand than on me. Is it not so?"

She replied evasively:

"I never professed to love you, except as a brother, you know, Frank; and if I am not mistaken, you have discovered that my sister is far more to your taste than I am."

"I will be more candid, Bessie, than you appear willing to be with me. I love Evelyn, but your father declares that he will never consent to give her to me. His heart seems to be set on the marriage my grandfather desired. I begin almost to feel as if we are puppets in his hands, and my uncle will fashion the fate of all of us to suit himself."

Bessie impetuously replied:

"Then you are more of a craven than I ever dreamed you could be, Frank Wentworth. I tell you that no one, not even my own father, shall decide for me the most important transaction of my life. I have found one to whom I have pledged the life of my life—my heart, my spirit—all within my soul that thrills to the noble and the true, and it shall be torn from me by violence sooner than I will myself consent to outrage it by giving Ernest a rival. Oh, Frank! if you knew what it is to love as I do, you would not dare to speak as you did just now."

Wentworth could not see her face, but the thrilling tones of her voice, the impassioned utterance, told their own tale. The listener knew that Bessie was as impulsive as in days of yore, and her love for another had only intensified her repugnance to the union of interests on which Mr. Ashley so strongly insisted. He warmly said:

"I am glad you have come with unworn energies and unbroken courage to confront your father's will. It is of iron, Bessie, and I much fear that he will yet find means to bend you to his purpose. He has crushed Evelyn's resistance, has separated her from me as effectually as if an ocean rolled between us, and you will yet see what he will accomplish toward bringing you into subjection."

"He may try, but he will find that when he and I meet on this battle-field, it will be as Greek encounters Greek. I owe him nothing; he has done nothing for me, given me nothing—then why should he from the very first assume authority over me? I will resist it, and continue to do so to the end. Oh, Frank! I dread this man, even if he be my father. I have no filial feeling toward him, and some instinct tells me that he is my bitter foe. Your words only confirm the presentiments that have haunted me since I heard he was coming hither. The spirit of my poor, deserted mother must rise up within me and bid me close my heart against him."

"You know that sad story then, Bessie. But are you aware that more than one cause led to the extinction of my uncle?"

"Yes, I know how my mother was treated; I have heard of the duel and its consequences. When I once

obtained a clue to it, I dragged the whole story out of Minny by my importunities. When they wished to send me to France with you, they told me of my exiled father to induce me to go with you to visit him. Oh, Frank! we should thank heaven every hour of our lives that we did not bind ourselves irrevocably together on that day. You love Evelyn, and if you are the same being you once were, you will never give up the hope of calling her your own while youth and energy last. I declare to you that no amount of persecution shall finally sever me from him to whom I have pledged my truth."

For the first time since the moment of their meeting, Wentworth took her hand in his own, and fervently pressing it, said:

"You give me new life, Bessie—new powers of resistance to the tyranny that has acted as a blighting incubus upon me. But let me advise you on one point—do not too soon show your repugnance to comply with your father's wishes. He admires your style of beauty, and rude as he is, you may chance to win the power to soften him a little in our favour. I have already offered every pecuniary inducement that I believed might influence him, but he spurns them. Since he has discovered the attachment of Evelyn and myself, he refuses to listen to any compromise from me."

"Thank you, Frank, for furnishing me with the *carte du pays* before I encounter this formidable papa of mine. To be forewarned is to be forearmed, you know, and I intend to crush down my uncle's impetuosity and become as wary as the fox, as subtle as the serpent, in my intercourse with him."

"As if you could do that. I should as soon expect the leopard to change his spots as such an outspoken virago as you are to be circumspect and prudent with your exacting father," said Frank, with a touch of his old playfulness. "Heigho! there are the lights from Ashurst, and I must tell you before you meet Minny, that she has gone over to the enemy. She is as keen now to drive us into each other's arms as she was before I went away."

"Never fear, Frank! I can manage Minny, and I will make her help me to manage papa. See if I don't! You and Evelyn shall yet walk hand in hand through life, and I will lead my will-o'-the-wisp existence with my painter laddie, helping him to bear the narrow fortune fate has allotted him."

The cheerful tones of her fresh, young voice found an echo in the desponding heart of Wentworth, and by the time the carriage drew up in front of Ashurst, he had brightened up so much that Mrs. Ashley drew a good augury from the glimpse she obtained of his face as he sprang from the vehicle.

The sound of wheels had brought her out, and in another moment the darling of her heart was clasped in her arms.

She murmured:

"Oh! my precious one, do I hold you to my heart again—safe, well, and happy, as I would wish you always to be? My Bessie—my darling—I never knew how dear you were to me till we were separated. I have looked forward to this hour of reunion with a yearning wishfulness that words may never express."

"I am as happy as a queen, Minny, and glad to get back to you again; oh! so glad; for I have missed you every day, though I had so much that was novel to amuse and interest me."

Mrs. Ashley unwound her clinging arms, and holding Bessie off, looked at her charming face with a fulness of joy she rarely felt.

In this first moment of meeting, it was happiness enough to have that radiant creature near her—to hear the sound of her voice—to watch the light of her lovely eyes.

She murmured:

"You are more charming than ever, Bessie. But oh! my love, do not fascinate Mr. Ashley so much as to induce him to take you from me. I could not bear that."

The mention of Ashley brought a cloud over the bright face, and Bessie decisively replied:

"There is no danger of that, Minny. I do not intend to be separated from my best friend, not even by my father."

A group of eager faces were waiting in the hall, and Mrs. Ashley was compelled to surrender the young traveller for a few moments to receive the welcome of the servants who had known and loved her from her infancy.

Flushed, radiant and joyful, Bessie at length sat down to a late supper which had been prepared for her, but she was too much excited to eat, and after drinking a cup of coffee she sat till a late hour with Frank and Mrs. Ashley, who seemed never satisfied with gazing on her sparkling face, never weary of listening to her beloved voice.

She had many incidents to relate—some burlesque, others sentimental, but she never once referred to the subject of her last letter to Mrs. Ashley, nor to the recent conversation between Frank and herself.

Bessie was silently gathering her energies to defeat every effort made to alter the destiny to which she had sacredly pledged herself, and she did not care to argue on a subject on which her mind was already made up.

For so young a girl she had remarkable force and decision of character, and had Mrs. Ashley understood the resolute yet generous nature with which she had to deal, she would at once have changed her tactics and accepted the alternative offered her, painful as it was—much as it might compromise her own interests in the future.

They parted at a late hour of the night, and Bessie slept as soundly as youth and fatigue usually do. It was late the next morning when she awoke, and after making a graceful toilet, she descended, to find Mrs. Ashley and Wentworth waiting breakfast for her.

The latter looked up from his paper, and exclaimed:

"I declare you are greatly improved, Bessie. I wonder if the effect is due to your stylish morning dress, or if you have really found the elixir of beauty in your northern tour."

"Thank you, coz; I fancy that I have only rubbed off the rust of my country breeding, and gained a fashionable air; that is all."

Mrs. Ashley smiled, and kissed her, though there was earnestness in the tone with which she said:

"If you have lost nothing good, and gained nothing in your absence, Bessie, I shall be more than satisfied. Externally you have certainly improved, and I think Mr. Ashley can do no less than approve of your appearance. I have despatched a messenger to Arden to announce your arrival, and to say that we will go over there immediately after breakfast. I have already ordered the carriage."

A slight shade passed over the fair face, and Bessie resumed her place at the table without reply.

The smoking coffee was scarcely tasted, and when Frank finished the substantial breakfast he had made, he looked up at Bessie, and asked:

"Do you live on air, cousin? You seem to eat nothing."

She smiled, and with a meaning glance, said: "Perhaps I am practising for the time to come. The less I consume, the less I shall cost in the days of poverty that loom before me."

A slight frown disfigured the smooth brow of Mrs. Ashley, and she motioned to the servant to leave the room.

She then said:

"You speak lightly enough of what you do not understand. I have borne the yoke of poverty, Bessie, and I tell you that to those who have known better days, nothing is so depressing, so heart-sickening. I was not reared in luxury, as you have been, but I felt its goad, and to escape from it I married a man old enough to have been my grandfather. I was happy with him—made him happy, as you both know, and if you will accept my experience, you will both escape the misery in the future which you are preparing for yourselves."

She spoke in an excited manner, and Wentworth looked at Bessie to see what reply she would make. She slightly changed colour, but presently spoke with infinite sweetness:

"Dear Minny, both Frank and I know what a tender, self-sacrificing wife you were to your aged husband; but you should also know that no human being is satisfied with the experience of another. My cousin and I have agreed that any fate will be preferable to a union which would only join two antagonistic natures together. As husband and wife we could never harmonize, and in a domestic sphere, lack of fortune can be better borne than an ever increasing discord. We refuse to fulfill the contract which was made for us, and with the best grounds for so doing, for we have both learned the lesson of love from other lips, from other eyes."

Mrs. Ashley uttered a faint cry, and covered her face with her handkerchief, that the emotions which swept over it should not be read by her companions.

When she removed it, she was pale as marble, and apparently as firm in the resolution she had taken.

She asked:

"Do you fully understand your true position, if you and Frank persist in this renunciation? Your father, prodigal, wasteful, and careless of others, will strip you of everything, as heir-at-law; that is, unless a paper confided to me by Squire Ashley a few weeks before his death provides for such a contingency, and saves the estate from the clutches of his son."

"What paper do you allude to, Minny?" asked Frank, in great surprise. "How is it that its existence has never before been made known?"

"I have maintained silence about it because it was given into my hands with an injunction of profound secrecy as to its existence. Only in the event of the refusal of Bessie and yourself to obey Squire Ashley's wishes, was it ever to be produced."



"That seems very singular, especially after what my grandfather said to me on this subject," said Frank, thoughtfully.

Mrs. Ashley calmly replied:

"It was through Squire Ashley's great anxiety to prevent his son from inheriting his estate, that he executed this paper, which, he assured me, would effectually prevent him from claiming any portion of it. I am ignorant of its contents, and unless you and Bessie prove so wilful as to cast prosperity from you, they are never to become known. On the day of your marriage, the squire commanded me to burn it unopened."

Wentworth drily replied:

"The curiosity of those interested in its contents will certainly be gratified, for I assure you that after what has passed between Bessie and myself, our union is impossible. Even if Evelyn is for ever severed from me by the will of a tyrannical father and her own weak submission, I would refuse to bind Bessie to me in bonds which would gall her rebellious heart till it broke, even if she consented to assume them."

Mrs. Ashley looked from one to another in a sort of helpless dismay.

She burst into tears, and wept so bitterly that Bessie was deeply moved. She knelt before her and penitently said:

"Minnie, I have always known that you love me very dearly, but I scarcely thought the renunciation of fortune on my part could so bitterly distress you. Console yourself with the certainty that I shall gain happiness in exchange. Nor do I fear actual poverty. My lover has some fortune; he possesses genius and perseverance, and he must ultimately become distinguished in his art. Ernest has a small annual income, to which my three hundred a year will make a respectable addition in so cheap a country as Italy, for there we intend to live."

Mrs. Ashley regarded her almost with an expression of horror, as she gasped:

"Has it gone so far as that? Have you been calculating ways and means, and actually settled on your future place of residence without consulting me—me who—"

Her voice failed her, and hurt and offended by her gaze, Bessie rose and proudly said:

"I owe you much for the tender care you have bestowed on me from infancy, Mrs. Ashley, but it does not give you the right to settle my destiny, nor to reproach me in such a manner as you have seen fit to assume. If I have to answer for my contumacy, it must be to my father alone."

"Oh, Father in heaven, this is too much!" groaned the unhappy schemer. "Defied, and by her! but she does not know—she cannot know—how bitterly she wounds me!"

Though Bessie could not comprehend the bearing of her words, she keenly felt the reproach they implied, and she passionately said:

"Oh, Minny, why will you torture me thus? If I am satisfied with the lot I have chosen, why should you so strangely insist that I should render myself miserable by becoming the torment of poor Frank's life? If you persist in so unreasonable a course, you will alienate my heart from you for ever."

This threat, uttered by those lips, went as a barbed arrow to the guilty heart of the mother, and for a few moments she was incapable of speaking. In a faint voice she then said:

"God forgive you for speaking thus to me, Bessie. Someday you may recall your words, and feel remorse for having uttered them. If I do not claim a parent's authority over you, I certainly feel for you the affection of one. But I forgive you for wounding me so deeply, and I promise never to press this subject upon you again."

"Now, you are my own dear Minny again?" joyfully exclaimed Bessie, "and I beg ten thousand pardons for the idle threat I uttered. Under no circumstances could I ever cease to love my own darling Minny, though I foolishly said so."

Mrs. Ashley permitted the ruby lips to touch her cheek, but she avoided the loving eyes that sought forgiveness for their owner's outbreak of temper, and she arose and left the room without another word.

Frank and Bessie looked at each other a moment in silence. Then he shook his head and sagely said:

"She will withdraw from the contest, Bessie, but she will still set your father on; see if she don't. I begin to understand Minny's tactics better than she thinks I do."

"Oh, Frank, how can you—how dare you suspect our dear Minny of such deceit as that? Fie on you! I would, as soon believe myself capable of double dealing as think it of her."

"Perhaps I wrong her, but we shall soon see. When a storm lowers over your father's horizon, it seldom takes long to burst."

Bessie made an ineffective effort to smile, as she replied:

"I won't tremble in the presence of Mr. Ashley; and above all, I won't marry Mr. Francis Wentworth at his command."

"For which resolution, Mr. Frank Wentworth returns you his most earnest thanks," he replied. "Oh, Bessie, be a true friend to my poor Evelyn, and I shall love you better than I ever did in my life."

"I will try my best, Frank; but here is the carriage, and I must run upstairs for my nuba, and put on my prettiest looks to disarm the fierceness of the terrible ogre I am going to meet. For I feel more as if arming for conflict with a ruthless foe than making myself ready to meet and embrace a father I have never known."

With these characteristic words, she dashed from the room, but presently returned, accompanied by Mrs. Ashley, looking grave and dignified enough to have won the approbation of the fastidious and travelled Leon Ashley himself.

The white nuba, bound in soft folds around her head, was infinitely becoming, and with one of her arch smiles, she asked:

"Shall I bear inspection, Minny? Are you not afraid that my father will be grievously disappointed in me?"

In spite of her annoyance, Mrs. Ashley could only reply, with a glance of pride:

"If he be, he must be very hard to please, my dear."

"Pretty is as pretty does," I used to be told when I was a child; but I am afraid that if Mr. Ashley judges me by that standard, he will not find me very attractive. I tell you, Minny, I am going to be naughty from this very beginning."

"Well, my dear," replied Mrs. Ashley, with a resigned air, "you must do as you please. I have no control over you, and you will have to bear the consequences of your own weakness."

"I can bear them, and will bear them."

"Then we have said enough, my love; you will fight your own battle with your father, and I shall not interfere."

"So much the better, Minny; only be perfectly neutral, and you see on whose banner victory will perch."

"I am glad you can be so gay about it, my dear; but if you understood your position as well as I do, you would feel very different, I assure you."

Bessie was a little puzzled, but she saw how much distressed Mrs. Ashley really was, and she forbore to speak further on the subject.

The drive to Arden Place was rather a silent one, though the two young people managed to keep up some sort of communication by means of signs practised by them from their childhood. Mrs. Ashley was grave and pre-occupied, as she well might be in this crisis of her affairs.

## CHAPTER LI.

### BESSIE TRIUMPHANT.

MR. ASHLEY was lounging over the latest newspaper when the messenger from Ashurst came over to announce the speedy advent of Mrs. Ashley, accompanied by the young traveller whose absence from home on his own return had given him so much offence on the previous day.

He threw the daintily worded note his stepmother had written over to his wife, and growled:

"My daughter has come at last, but it would have been more respectful if she had been brought home in time to meet me. I shall soon let her see that I am a person of too much importance to be treated with neglect or indifference."

Augusta silently glanced over the note, and Evelyn timidly said:

"I am so glad that my sister will soon be with us. I am sure I shall love her, for Frank has told me so many things of her that prove her to be most lovable."

"I scarcely believed that Master Frank would admit so much as that," sneered her father. "If Bessie is so charming, pray why did he leave her to wear the willow, while he made himself so foolish about you?"

The poor girl bowed her burning face, but did not venture to give a reply, which she knew would only bring on herself some further taunt, barbed with all the bitterness Ashley so well knew how to infuse into his words.

He smiled grimly at her confusion, and went on:

"I wish you to understand that I will have no confidences between you and Bessie. You are not to show her that you are dying for a man who has been her plighted bridegroom for years; for she shall have no such excuse for refusing to obey me when I insist that she shall give her hand to him to whom my father willed it. I choose that she shall marry, and you shall remain single; and you shall both obey me,

or I will find means to crush you into submission. Do you understand me, Evelyn? Put off that air of broken-hearted resignation before Bessie comes hither, and do not permit her to suspect that you are that contemptible creature, a love-lorn and deserted maiden."

Evelyn bowed her head in outward submission, but she comforted herself with the thought:

"Not deserted—no, no—not that; for Frank loves me, and my sister cares not for him as I do."

With this spring of consolation brightening her desolate life, Evelyn moved away, and sat down beside a window commanding a view of the approach to the house.

The time seemed very long to her before the carriage from Ashurst arrived, and she speculated as to whether Frank would come over to witness the meeting between the long severed father and child.

Her doubts were soon set at rest, for Frank sprang from the carriage as soon as it drew up, and handed the two ladies out.

The noise of the arrival brought all the family to the portico except Mr. Ashley, who seated himself in a large hall chair to await in state the appearance of Bessie.

Mrs. Ashley presented her to Augusta and her step-daughter; the first lightly touched her lips to the velvet cheek, muttering some words of welcome which were nearly inaudible.

Evelyn's lips said nothing, but her large black eyes spoke volumes, and Bessie clasped her fairy form in her arms as she whispered:

"You dear darling little sister, I know that I shall love you very much, and you may look on me as your fast friend from this very moment."

Evelyn pressed her lips warmly to those of the speaker, but before she could reply Maitland tugged at her arm with such force that she was compelled to yield her place to him. He cried out:

"Look here, Bessie, I am your brother, and I want you to kiss me."

Bessie stooped, and tenderly kissed the lad; she then said:

"I am glad to have a brother, Maitland, and I hope you will prove a good one to me."

Frightened at this long delay on the portico, Augusta nervously said:

"Matty, let Miss Ashley pass on to her papa. He awaits your appearance in the hall, my dear, and I am afraid he will be annoyed that you did not go to him at once."

With stately step and graceful mien, the young girl walked forward, entered the house, and cast her eyes on the bloated yet singularly pallid face dissipation had given the once handsome Leon Ashley.

In spite of all her efforts to feel kindly toward him, Bessie's first emotion was one of repulsion, and she felt that it would be an effort on her part to meet him with even a slight show of affection.

On the contrary, he was struck and attracted by the radiant style of her beauty, and he delightedly exclaimed:

"I looked for my daughter, but I scarcely expected to see a young goddess."

Bessie knelt before him, and quietly said:

"I ask your blessing, father."

"And you would burlesque it!" said Ashley, in sudden anger. "Get up from there this moment; who told you that I had a blessing to give you; or that one from me would be worth receiving? I do not deal in such coin, neither do I choose to be placed in a ridiculous position to please the whim of a young girl. I am not one of the patriarchs yet."

Bessie arose at these rude words, stood proudly before him, and with a slight curl of her red lip, said:

"As you please, Mr. Ashley. If you set so small a value on your blessing, it can be of little worth to me. My mother's daughter knows how to maintain her own dignity; and in this first moment of meeting she dares to tell you that she is neither to be browbeaten nor scolded with impunity."

The submissive wife pressed forward, trembling with excitement as to what might follow this audacious defiance; she expected a most terrific explosion of temper, but to her intense astonishment Ashley laughed, and said:

"Come, kiss me, Bessie. I recognize my own spirit in you, and in the first moment of meeting I ask for a truce. You are the first girl I ever saw that had pluck enough to speak up for herself, and I like you for it. Come, give me a kiss with those ruby lips of yours, which look as if made to quaff the nectar of the gods."

With a thrill almost of horror, Mrs. Ashley saw her beautiful daughter stoop forward to obey him; but for all that was at stake for herself, she would have plucked her back, and then and there proclaimed the wrong of which she had been guilty; have declared that Bessie was no child of his; and that this bloated Silenus could claim no right divine to be caressed by



[BESSIE'S RETURN TO MINNY.]

the innocent girl, who withdrew from his embrace, blushing and shrinking with feelings the origin of which she could not divine.

The invisible threads woven by her own acts which kept Mrs. Ashley in bonds of steel, withheld her, and she drew a deep breath as Bessie retreated to her side, with the instinctive feeling that she would there find protection from the demonstrations of her father's affection, as well as from the outbursts of his temper, both of which she intuitively shrank from.

Mr. Ashley said, in an irritated tone:

"Eh, my dear, you need not be in such a hurry to run away. Considering that I have been defrauded of your kisses for so many years, I think you are very sparing of them. Where is Frank Wentworth? He must be a precious goose, to run away from such a girl as you are, and pretend to have found metal more attractive."

Frank had seized the opportunity to detain Evelyn a moment on the portico, but he had lost little of what was passing in the hall. He now entered and respectfully inquired:

"Did you ask for me, sir?"

"Umph—if I did, it was not because I cared particularly to see you. What has become of Evelyn?"

His brow darkened portentously as his eyes fell upon her gliding in behind Wentworth.

"What treason have you two been plotting? Have a care, Miss Evelyn; my eye is upon you, and I understand all your manoeuvres."

The faint rose-tint her lover's whispered words had called into Evelyn's cheeks faded suddenly away, and she involuntarily cast an appealing look towards Bessie.

She understood and immediately answered it by moving to Evelyn's side and throwing her arm around her slight form; then turning towards Mr. Ashley, she said:

"My sister seems a delicate, little sensitive plant, papa, and I intend to take her under my especial protection. She evidently needs some one to keep up her courage and sustain her under your harshness."

This was going further than Mr. Ashley had supposed the most daring spirit would venture with him; but when he opened his lips to give words to the angry feelings that were rising within him at her cool audacity, her clear eyes met his, and their dauntless expression had the effect which the steady gaze of a sane person has on a lunatic.

He cowered before it, as all cowards do before the spirit that dares to resist them, and pacifically said:

"You abuse the privileges of a newly-found

daughter, Bessie, but for the time being, something must be conceded to you, I suppose. Evelyn is a poor sentimental girl, and you will soon find that there is little in common between you. You are a dashing, brilliant creature, that any man would be proud to claim as his child, but she is a poor insignificant little mite, with not a particle of pride or spirit in her. Well—take her under your magnificent protection, if you choose, but you will find her a weary bargain, I can tell you."

"For shame, sir," said Bessie, indignantly. "How can you speak to the child you know nothing of in such a manner of the one you have yourself reared? You have made my sister afraid of you, and now you taunt her with trembling in your presence."

Mrs. Ashley was alarmed at this report, and hastily interposed by saying:

"My dear Bessie, you are going too far. Do not forget the respect that is due to your father."

"Don't trouble yourself to interfere, madam," said Mr. Ashley, with sarcastic bitterness. "My daughter has doubtless received her lesson before she came hither, and was taught that to beard the lion in his den would be the safest policy."

"My dear Mr. Ashley, I hope you do not suppose that I could have done such a thing as that. I assure you—"

He broke in on her defence without scruple.

"It is of little consequence to you, madam, what I suppose, and I am tired of this scene. Augusta, help me to a sofa, for I feel the need of repose after the agitating interview Miss Ashley has compelled me to pass through."

His wife, who had listened in appalled silence to the strange dialogue in which her husband had borne so unusual a part, advanced with trepidation to offer the assistance he required, but Bessie stepped before her, and offering her arm, quietly said:

"Let me atone for the excitement I have caused you, sir, by placing you myself where you can be at rest. I did not mean to irritate you, papa, but I am a very blunt person, and I always speak the truth. As to Minny, believe me she has taught me nothing but lessons of gentleness and forbearance toward others. I beg that you will not blame her for my freedom of speech."

Mr. Ashley accepted her assistance and her apology; as he sank on the luxurious sofa to which she led him, he more graciously said:

"I can refuse nothing to such a pleader as you, Bessie. You have some magic power about you which I find it impossible to resist, and the cause you advocate you can hardly fail to win."

She joyfully replied:

"Dear papa, that is the most charming assurance I could possibly have from your lips. Only love me well enough to give me some influence with you, and I promise you that I will not abuse it."

"Love you!" he repeated; "I am already in love with you, bewitching, rebellious creature that you are."

Mrs. Ashley had followed them closely, and she shuddered as she caught the meaning of his words, and saw the glance of admiration that rested on the fair face of her daughter.

Bessie, quite unconscious of her disturbance, stooped forward, kissed his brow, and playfully said:

"Now sleep, papa mine, and dream the truth as to your rebel, which is this: I am loving, gentle, and submissive with those who are affectionate and kind with me, defiant and independent when an effort is made to crush me into submission. I have furnished you with the key to my character, and you may use it for your own benefit, if you care to win my respect and affection."

He grasped her hand, and made an effort to retain it, but she gently disengaged herself, and after arranging the pillows that supported his head, disappeared from the room.

Ashley then closed his eyes, as if to retain within them as long as possible the bright image of youth and energy which had just passed before him.

He was as deeply fascinated by this spirited creature as he had ever been by any woman in his younger days, and he had always been prone to fall in love at first sight with every beautiful woman with whom he was thrown in contact, passions as evanescent as they were annoying to his wife.

Augusta glided into the room behind Mrs. Ashley, and noiselessly sat down to perform her daily task of watching over his repose.

She whispered to that lady:

"I will remain here while you join the young people. Pray tell them to go on the other side of the house, and close the doors, that their voices may not be heard here. Mr. Ashley always sleeps at this hour, and he has already borne as much excitement as is good for him."

Mrs. Ashley gladly went out to perform this commission, for she began to feel that Leon Ashley was even more odious to her than she had feared he might prove, and she asked herself how much longer she could bear the burden that was laid upon her, and not betray her well-kept secret.

(To be continued.)





[TEMPTATION TO MURDER.]

## THE BELLE OF THE SEASON.

By W. E. CHADWICK.

### CHAPTER XII.

By heaven, there's treason in his aspect!  
That cheerless gloom, those eyes that pore on earth,  
That bended body, and those folded arms,  
Are indications of a tortured mind,  
And blazon equal villany and shame. *Shirley.*

AFTER despatching the page with the message to be transmitted by telegraph, the Earl of Montford seemed to breathe more freely and experience a sort of relief. He did not, however, arise from his chair, nor throw aside his wrappings, which looked singularly inappropriate for the pleasant summer weather, nor did he order the gaslight to be extinguished and give place to the sunlight. He did not even relax his apprehensive watching, but seemed to listen to the faintest sound in the corridor, as if on his guard against the approach of an enemy.

"Geraldine may be deceived," he muttered. "She cannot suspect the truth. I watched her closely. She could not deceive me. But he may not be delirious, or if he is may recover soon. Oh, if it were but night!"

He moved restlessly in his chair and uttered a cry of impatience.

It was evident from his words and manner that Geraldine's communication concerning Walter's guest had interested him strangely, and that he knew more of the fugitive than he would have liked to own.

He made no effort to interest himself in books, with which the walls were lined, but lapsed into a slumber, which was at length broken by the entrance of the countess.

"Why, Egbert," exclaimed her ladyship, in surprise, "Geraldine looked into the drawing-room on her way to her room and said you were better and were going to sleep. I am sure I see little improvement in your looks."

The earl looked impatient, but made no reply, and the Italian seated herself beside him, her maize-coloured moire startling him with its rustling, and laid her jewelled hand upon his muffled arm.

"Now, Egbert," she said, insinuatingly, "it is useless for you to endeavour to persuade me that you are suffering from heart-disease alone. I dare say you have that malady, but it certainly cannot cause your singular behaviour. You have a secret—a terrible secret!"

The earl started, drew his arm from her touch, and regarded her with a look of fear.

"You watch me," he said, hoarsely. "Perhaps you are a spy upon me, but you'd better let me alone, Justina. My ruin will be your downfall!"

"You are afraid of ruin then? Is it a fear of your creditors that makes you act so strangely? I cannot believe it. I am no spy upon you, Egbert. I am your wife, and as such share your prosperity and adversity. You seem to be in deadly fear of some one. I should not be surprised to hear that you had committed a fearful crime, and were now awaiting the officers of justice!"

The earl groaned, and answered, fretfully:

"Do let me alone, Justina. I have committed no crime, and am only in fear of my creditors. I may act strangely, but if I do it's only because I am ill!"

"But, Egbert," persisted the Italian, "I am not sure it is safe to leave you alone here. You act like a desperate man, and I have fears that you may commit suicide!"

"No, no!" answered his lordship, with a singular gleam in his eyes. "Suicide can only be a last resource!"

The countess looked startled, and demanded an explanation, but it was refused her, the earl becoming silent again, as if fearing he had said too much.

For some time the Italian persisted in her endeavour to elicit her husband's confidence, but at length gave up the attempt and changed the subject of conversation, saying:

"Then I suppose you won't attend me to the ball this evening?"

"I cannot. Take Geraldine!"

"Your niece declines going. Since her return from Rosenbury House, I ventured to presume on Lady Rosenbury's intimacy with your family and sent a note to her ladyship, begging her chaperonage this evening. I have just received a reply that her ladyship is very much indisposed and will not go out this evening. So if you persist in staying at home, I must stay too!"

"You had better do so, Justina," replied the earl. "People would talk at seeing a bride leave her sick husband to attend a ball. Not that I want you with me," he added, "I dare say you can find amusement with books, pictures, and music, for one evening!"

The countess looked disappointed, but did not urge her wishes. The love she had cherished so many years for the husband of her youth had at last paled before a passion for fashionable society. She had always been ambitious fond of admiration, and de-

sirous of worldly honours, and she felt it hard now when her desires had seemed entirely gratified, that she must shut herself up at home.

"If I can't go this evening," she said, at last, "I presume you will soon be well again, and we will give a splendid ball. And at any rate, I am a countess," she added, proudly. "It is some satisfaction to bear such a title!"

The earl became a shade paler as he listened to her concluding remark, and his fingers worked nervously together. Her ladyship did not notice his emotion, however, and continued her self-gratulations for some time, at length taking her departure for her own apartments.

When he found himself again alone, the earl buried his face in his hands, and did not look up until the return of his page.

The remainder of the afternoon dragged away with painful slowness to his lordship, and the evening followed, and still he retained his seat, scarcely stirring except to listen eagerly to the sound of footsteps in the corridor. It became evident that he expected a visitor, in response to his telegraphic despatch, and as the hours advanced he became more and more eager and restless.

At midnight, when the mansion was wrapped in silence and gloom; when the hall-lamp burned dimly, just making visible the deep shadows; when the servants had retired, with the exception of the faithful page, who was seated outside the library door, there came a low and peculiar knock at the outer door.

The page, who had received his instructions, sprang up, admitted the visitor, and regarded him narrowly:

The new-comer was Dr. Muir.

Satisfied with his inspection, and with a look of recognition, as if he had seen him before, the page conducted the visitor to the library and ushered him into the presence of the earl.

The entrance of the new-comer had not been unnoticed, for in an angle of the broad stairs stood Lady Montford, dressed in a grey wrapper. She had heard the knock when seated in her dressing-room, and had determined to ascertain if the visitor thus announced and at such an unseemly hour had any connection with the mystery enveloping the earl. As he entered she had recognized the doctor as being the mysterious visitor who had once before excited her curiosity to a painful degree, and she longed now to listen to the conversation with the earl.

But eavesdropping at the library-door guarded by the page was clearly impossible, and she was tempted

to boldly enter the library and force her presence upon her husband." She realised that by adopting such a course, she would but seal his lips, and finally decided to seek the room adjoining the library—the scene of her former eavesdropping.

With this intention, she glided upstairs to the upper corridor, and sought a private staircase by which she descended to the ante-room.

But her movement acquainted her with nothing save confused whispers. The only words that reached her hearing were "the Lady Geraldine," from which she concluded that the earl's niece was in some way connected with the mystery.

Tired at last of her fruitless occupation, she stole back to her rooms, and watched there for the departure of the midnight visitor, frequently consulting her watch with impatience.

The hour hand of her jewelled time-keeper pointed at three o'clock, when the hall door was heard at last to cautiously close behind the visitor, and the countess, looking from her window, beheld him swiftly gliding along the street, curiously muffled for that summer night, as if to avoid recognition.

When his form had disappeared in the gloom, she retired to her bed, but not to sleep. For hours she wondered at her husband's singular conduct, inventing various plausible explanations of it; finally rejecting them all, and dwelling upon the possibility of his mystery having its origin in the affections. But this idea was soon rejected, the countess realising that her husband's age and temperament were against such a supposition, and besides an affair only of life and death could reduce him to his present condition—such as a deadly crime and the fear of discovery and retribution.

But at length her conjectures ceased, and she slept.

Not so the object of her thoughts, however, for the earl sat in his chair, crouching in its depths, his sleepless eyes ever on the alert. His nights and days of sleeplessness were beginning to tell upon him, and yet there was a fear and dread upon his soul which did "murder sleep."

The recent visit of Dr. Mure seemed to have comforted him somewhat, for a look of hope was now visible upon his gloomy face.

Outside the door, the pageslumbered at his post, nor did he awaken until aroused by a fellow-servant at a late hour of the morning.

When, at the usual time, he took in his master's repast, the earl asked:

"Has the Lady Geraldine breakfasted?"

"She has, my lord," was the response. "Her ladyship and my lady have gone into the morning-room."

"Present my compliments to the Lady Geraldine," commanded his lordship, "and inform her that I would be pleased to receive a visit from her at her earliest convenience."

The page withdrew, performed his errand, and returned with a message that the Lady Geraldine would attend his lordship almost immediately.

"Take away the breakfast-tray, and hasten!" said the earl, somewhat excitedly. "Make the room presentable."

The page hastened to perform his master's bidding, and the earl's person, as well as the apartment was considerably improved in appearance when the Lady Geraldine entered the library.

"Good morning, uncle," said the maiden, cheerfully, "I think you look better this morning."

"Thank you, child," was the response. "If I do I owe it to your pleasant conversation yesterday. I think I need somebody to interest me with talk of other people, so that I can forget myself."

Geraldine mentally wondered why the office of thus interesting the earl was not delegated to the countess—the newly-made bride who had waited lovingly for the earl so many years, and who now neglected him for her pleasures—but she did not express her thought. On the contrary, she strove to be thankful that she had been able to cheer him, and that she was now to assume the part of companion and comforter to him.

"So the little story I told you yesterday interested you, uncle?" she said, taking a seat near him.

"Very much, Geraldine. Mr. Loraine has acted with great generosity throughout the affair. There are not many persons who would take care of a lunatic as he has done."

The maiden's eyes sparkled with pleasure at this praise of her lover, but she replied:

"The sick gentleman isn't a lunatic, uncle. Walter is convinced of his sanity!"

"We won't argue the point, dear. But tell me where you met Mr. Loraine."

"At Rosebury House," was the frank reply.

"Indeed! Did any one beside yourself hear the story?"

"Only Lady Rosebury, and she could not imagine who the poor gentleman could be. He is somebody

quite unknown to her. Lord Rosebury was present both before and after Walter told the story, but not while it was being told."

His lordship looked relieved, and after a moment's reflection, observed:

"Young Loraine looks to me like a delicate young man, Geraldine."

"He is quite healthy, uncle!" was the surprised reply.

"Perhaps so, child. I don't like him particularly, as you know, since his presumption in avowing himself a suitor for your hand; but he has great talents, even great genius, for painting, and it would be a pity to injure his health by devotion to that lunatic. I believe you said he nurses him himself?"

"Yes, uncle, with the assistance of his valet."

"Why doesn't he hire a nurse for him?"

"I don't know, uncle, unless because he wants to keep his presence secret."

"But he could do so and still employ a nurse. It isn't necessary for him to tell the nurse who or what the patient is. I hope," added his lordship, "Loraine won't catch the fever. His sedentary habits and continual nursing his guest render him particularly liable to it."

The Lady Geraldine half started up in alarm, and resolved in her own mind to add a catalogue of injunctions to her letter to Walter, which had not yet been despatched.

"Do you think he'll get the fever, uncle?" she exclaimed. "He looks delicate because he is slender, and his hair is of a golden shade, but he is really healthy. He told me so himself."

The earl did not appear to relish Geraldine's anxiety for her lover's health, nor the knowledge of him, her words betrayed. In truth, his lordship would have been rejoiced at Walter's taking the fever and dying; but he had a part to play, and an object to accomplish, and replied:

"I shouldn't be surprised to hear of his having been prostrated with the fever already. I only hope he hasn't communicated it to the Rosenburys and you!"

Geraldine became the picture of distress, her fears being all for her lover.

"Walter must hire a nurse for the poor gentleman," she murmured. "He must do so this very day!"

"Ah! That reminds me," exclaimed his lordship, as if suddenly recalling a fact that had nearly slipped his memory. "I know of a poor fellow—a broken-down physician—who would be very glad of a place as nurse. His name is Bowen—Mr. Bowen. He was quite a gentleman once, and I knew him well. I should like to do something for him, and you might write to Loraine, recommending Bowen as nurse for his patient. You would thus be assisting a deserving man and saving Loraine's life. Do as you like, though," he added, as if the matter were of no possible importance to him.

The Lady Geraldine was thoughtful, but unsuspicious.

It did occur to her that it was rather singular the earl should recommend a nurse to relieve her lover, whom he feared and hated; but guileless herself, she suspected no guile in others. She knew that her uncle's name had often figured conspicuously upon charitable lists, and she saw nothing strange in his endeavouring to benefit a poor person whom he knew to have been formerly in good pecuniary circumstances.

"You can recommend this Mr. Bowen, uncle?" she inquired. "I mean as a nurse."

"Yes, child. He was educated to become a physician, but never practised, having a small fortune. He lost that, and having forgotten much of his profession, does anything he can get to do in his line. He applied to me after his late illness to take him as a nurse, but I want no nurse. I should think he'd do very well under the direction of a regular physician. But we are really spending too much time upon an insignificant subject," added the earl.

"Could you give me Mr. Bowen's address, uncle?"

"I don't know; I think it's somewhere about. Ah! I remember tossing it in that card-case yonder."

Geraldine arose, searched the card-rack, and discovered a card, which the earl declared to be the one designated. She put it in her pocket and resumed her seat, the earl audibly changing the conversation to a subject quite foreign to their late one.

The maiden was pleased with her success in cheering her relative, and remained an hour with him, noticing that his nervousness and apprehensiveness had by no means departed, but that he seemed to be occupied with pleasant thoughts, and she at length went to her room, with a consciousness of having done her duty.

Her first act was to write a long postscript to her letter, enjoining Walter to guard his health and earnestly recommending him to employ a nurse for his sick friend. She concluded by saying that she enclosed the card of an experienced nurse and begging

Walter to employ him without delay and thus relieve her anxieties. The letter completed, the Lady Geraldine sent her maid to post it, and then returned to the morning-room, and the countess, who was endeavouring to be entertained with the prosy conversation of Mrs. Tomlins.

Could the maiden have witnessed the reception of her letter, her heart would have overflowed with joy.

Walter, on receiving it, shut himself up in his studio, perused it again and again with lover-like ardour, pressing it to his lips and heart and even moistening it with tears.

"How her purity and innocence show in every line!" he murmured. "How delicately she expresses her love for me without putting it into so many words! I can imagine the delicate blush that tinged her cheek when she wrote those words 'dear Walter.' There is a shyness in the very penmanship of the words, a gentle timidity, as if she almost feared to let the words rest upon the paper! It seems strange that she, the courted belle, should have remained so unspotted from the world! My little darling! I must read her letter again!"

It was not a love-letter, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, there being not a single protestation of affection in it, not a single tender epithet except the occasional 'dear Walter,' but to this young artist it was a revelation of love and tenderness. The anxiety for his health, the desire that he would guard against taking the fever, even the enclosed card, were all proofs of the maiden's love for him, and they flooded his soul with joy and happiness.

"I will answer her dear letter," he mused, "and then send Parkin to engage this Mr. Bowen whom my darling so kindly recommends. It is really necessary to employ a nurse, Parkin having quite enough to do without taking care of my guest, and I must sometimes be relieved!"

He seated himself at his desk and proceeded to answer the maiden's letter, but in a tender, impassioned strain, every line breathing his idolatry for her and his gratitude for her interest in his health and safety. Every line glowed with a pure and enduring love, but, linger as he would over his sweet task, it was finished at last. He sealed it and addressed it under cover to Lady Rosebury, whom he begged to forward it by private hand to its destination, knowing that her ladyship would only be too happy to oblige him in that respect, and he then summoned his valet.

"Parkin, I wish you to post his letter immediately," he said, "and then proceed to the address of that card, and engage Mr. Bowen as a nurse for my friend. If possible, have him return with you. Engage to pay him whatever he demands for his services!"

"I wish, sir, you weren't going to have a nurse," answered Parkin, taking the letter and card. "I could take care of the sick gentleman, sir, and nurses do intrude themselves everywhere, sir!"

The artist smiled at this objection, replying: "I shall not leave my friend entirely in the hands of the nurse, Parkin, but need some one to watch with him, as I require rest, and you have your duties to attend to. If the nurse intrudes upon you, you can politely inform him of the extent of his duties, you know."

The valet looked reassured, and departed on his errand, while his young master entered the sick-room, and devoted himself to his guest with a sort of filial care and gentleness.

It was singular how gentle the sick man became when Walter's soft hand was pressed upon his hot brow, or when Walter smoothed his pillow, or stroked his hair. There seemed to be a magnetism in the artist's touch, and the invalid would look up gratefully, muttering incoherent thanks and blessings. The very sight of that bright, handsome face, surrounded by tawny locks, and surmounted by the jaunty, tasselled cap, had in it something soothing and comforting to the sick man's mind, and his gaze followed him about with a wistful earnestness that touched Walter.

"If he could only tell me who he is," thought the artist, as he apunged the burning forehead. "How strangely I am interested in him. If it did not seem foolish, I should say that I am already strongly attached to him. How much he must have suffered! In his ravings, when he has no control over his mind and speech, he still shows such cultivation, such refinement, and, alas! such despair, as prove his story to be entirely true. I wish his daughter could be assured of his safety. How much he seems to love her!"

Seating himself beside the couch, he took the invalid's hand in his, and gave himself up to musings. They were finally interrupted by the return of Parkin, who brought with him Mr. Bowen, the proposed nurse.

"This is the nurse, sir," said Parkin, announcing his companion. "I've made the terms with him, sir



engaging him by the day, as the gentleman may be up in a week, sir."

The artist arose, and regarded Mr. Bowen, feeling an instinctive distrust of him.

The nurse was no other than Dr. Mure himself, but so skilfully disguised with a grey wig, false grey beard, and a skilfully-darkened and stained complexion that his own brother would have had difficulty in recognizing him.

Although there was something about the disguised doctor that excited the distrust of Walter, he relied upon Geraldine's unfortunate recommendation of "Mr. Bowen," and treated him politely, explaining his future duties, and informing him that the gentleman was to be treated with the utmost care and attention.

"You may enter on your office forthwith," he concluded; "my valet will instruct you in regard to the medicines, etc."

The disguised doctor bowed, and there was a subtle gleam in his eyes, which he drooped his head to conceal.

"Of course you are not to have exclusive charge of the patient," resumed the artist. "I shall attend upon him, but you will be required to watch at night."

The nurse looked a little disappointed, but expressed his satisfaction at the proposed arrangement, and the valet then took him in charge to instruct him, while Walter re-directed his attention to the delicious gum-

## CHAPTER XLII.

Passion, when deep, is still: the glazing eye,  
That reads its enemy with glance of fire—  
The lip that curls and writhes in bitterness—  
The brow contracted, till its wrinkles hide  
The keen, fixed orbs, that burn and flash below—  
The hand, firm clenched and quivering, and the foot,  
Planted in attitude to spring and dart  
Its vengeance, are the language it employs.

*Perceval's Poems.*

WALTER remained at the bedside of his guest until a late hour, and then, overcome with weariness, prepared to retire. He had dismissed his valet early in the evening, and Parkin was sleeping soundly in the ante-chamber, recompensing himself for his enforced wakefulness of the previous night and during his master's absence. The new nurse was seated near the foot of the bed, somewhat in the shadow, and Walter at length said to him:

"Should there be any change in the condition of my friend during the night, call me at once, Bowen. It is possible that he may recover his consciousness, although not very probable."

"Very well, sir," answered the disguised doctor. "Do you sleep soundly, sir?"

There was an eagerness of tone in the last question that must have attracted Walter's attention had he not been so unsuspicious, but he replied:

"I usually awaken easily, but I am very tired, and shall probably be hard to arouse to-night. Still, do not hesitate to awaken me, should my friend grow either better or worse. Take good care of him, and don't fail to give him his medicines at the proper time, as everything depends upon the doctor's prescriptions being exactly carried out."

The nurse protested that he should not fail in the duties required of him, and Walter then retired to his studio, turned down his gaslight to a dim twilight, and flung himself upon the lounge, attired as he was in dressing-gown, cap, and slippers.

On being left alone, the nurse took Walter's late position beside the patient, but his presence seemed to distress the fugitive, who moved restlessly about, and whose gaze wandered in vain search of the gentle handsome face of the artist. The disguised doctor paid no attention to the sick gentleman's uneasiness, his hearing being strained to catch the least sound from the adjoining rooms.

At length, after half an hour's waiting, he stole from his seat, stealthily crossed the floor, passed through the dressing-room, and peered into the studio.

The artist was sleeping as soundly and peacefully as a child.

"It's well," he whispered, stealing back to his post. "He's been up so much lately that he won't awaken until morning. He looked completely exhausted. The valet too will sleep well to-night."

He smiled grimly, then took out his watch, holding it in his hand, seeming to count the minutes as they were told.

Another half hour passed, and then he arose, put his watch back in his pocket, glanced at the patient, and stole from the room, through the studio, and ante-room. He paused a moment in the latter apartment to notice the depth of the valet's slumbers, and then, with a look of satisfaction, gained the corridor, and passed down the stairs.

Here he again paused a moment, and then stealthily undid the door-fastenings, and opened the door to the extent of an inch. Through this aperture he

looked out, and appeared disappointed at seeing no one.

At length he heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and nearly closed the door, evidently thinking the new-comer might prove to be a policeman. But the person, instead of passing, ascended the marble steps, giving utterance to an evident signal.

"Oh, it's your lordship!" whispered the doctor, opening the door to admit the new-comer. "All right, sir!"

The visitor uttered an expression of satisfaction, entered the corridor, and the door was closed behind him.

He was dressed in a light summer overcoat, and wore a cap which shaded his face, yet in the new-comer it would not have been difficult to recognize the Earl of Montford.

"Is all safe, doctor?" he asked, nervously. "Are you sure I won't be seen? Perhaps, after all, I had better go back. You don't look at all like yourself in that wig, and I fear—"

"Oh, no, your lordship. Fear nothing. The painter is sound asleep, and so is the valet. There's no danger of your lordship being discovered. Come right up, my lord!"

The hall lamp burned dimly enough, but there was sufficient light for the earl to see his way, and he followed his guide up the stairs, through the ante-room, to the fugitive's bedside.

"How strange that you got into your position here so nicely, doctor," whispered the earl, pausing to lock the door communicating with the dressing-room. "I knew you must be here, or you would have reported to me as arranged. Does the painter suspect anything—that is, does he know the lunatic's mania?"

"No, my lord," replied the doctor. "He knows nothing of him, but he is greatly interested in him. He tends him like a son. And the—the sick man can't bear to have him out of his sight."

The earl frowned darkly.

"Won't you come and look at him, my lord?" asked the doctor, moving towards the bed.

The earl hesitated, and looked as if he would more gladly have retreated without doing so. He sat down beside the door as if to rest, and listened to the low mutterings of the invalid.

"I—I am sorry I came!" he whispered to himself. "I suppose it was a morbid desire to see him, and I have not seen him for so many years. I couldn't look at him and meet his conscious gaze. I could only look upon him as he is now. He cannot recognize me. He cannot reproach me. He is delicious and does not know his own name. And yet I wish I hadn't come. I didn't consider enough the chances of detection. What if that artist were to wake up and find me here?"

He shuddered at the thought, and cowered as if before a stern, reproachful gaze.

The doctor turned and regarded the earl with a penetrating look, and without appearing to do so.

"You are sure, doctor, no one will find me here?" asked the earl, in a timid whisper, glancing apprehensively about the room.

"Quite sure, your lordship, there is no need for fear—"

"Fear? Who says I fear? What should I fear? You choose your words strangely, doctor. Would you mind stepping into the room adjoining and leave me to look at my relative? I want to be alone a few moments, and I want you to act as sentinel. I feel unsafe here."

The doctor hesitated and directed a searching glance at the earl's face, as if he would read his soul, and then he muttered, inaudibly:

"No, he would not dare to kill him! He is too great a coward for that! It will be safe to leave them alone together! Besides, whatever he may do will only place him further in my power."

With this mental decision, he avowed his willingness to act as sentinel, and unlocked the door, passing into the dressing-room.

The earl then arose, softly looked the door again, imagining that the movement was unobserved by the doctor, and then, with trembling limbs, approached the bedside.

"He cannot recognize me," he muttered, pausing at a little distance from it. "I dread to look upon him—yet I must."

He advanced softly, exerting all his will in the effort, and looked upon the face of the invalid.

He started back a step at beholding the grey hair, the thin, haggard voice, with its lines of grief and anguish, and exclaimed:

"It surely cannot be he! There must be some mistake."

The invalid turned restlessly at the sound of the visitor's voice, and looked vacantly at the earl.

"It is he!" exclaimed his lordship, pressing his hand to his side; "but how he has changed. Oh! my heart!"

He sank down in the nurse's chair, as pale as

death, but soon roused himself, arose again, and surveyed the sick man.

"How he looks at me," he whispered; "why does he regard me so fixedly? He is delicious—he cannot know me."

It was no delusion on the part of the earl. The invalid was regarding him with strange intoneness, but the gaze was, nevertheless, painfully vacant. There was not the faintest sign of emotion or recognition in it. He seemed to be strangely attracted to his lordship's countenance, however, and unable to withdraw his observation from it.

The earl cowered like a criminal before him, and seized the back of the chair to support himself. But he soon gathered courage, perhaps because the sick gentleman continued his incoherent mutterings, and he said:

"He will soon be well again! Oh, why does he not die? While he lives, my life can be only one of continual fear and anxiety. Would that this fever would prove fatal! Now has he managed to survive all these years of confinement and misery? There must be a fatality in it!"

The thought momentarily deprived him of self-possession, and he answered the invalid's vacant look by a stare of mingled terror and hatred.

"He might as well be dead as shut up in a dreary asylum," he resumed. "It would be a mercy to him to end his miserable life. It is necessary to my safety that he should die. I wish I dared kill him."

He seemed to think over the subject earnestly, and finally mused:

"I—I am afraid of him. I must be rid of him. One pressure with that pillow, and his breath would cease. The doctor would not dare expose me, and I should be safe. I will."

He caught up a pillow, held it above the sick man's head with deadly determination, and then passed instinctively.

"What are you doing?" muttered the sick man, uneasily. "Mother, where are you?"

The earl caught his breath, and his arm shook.

"I don't want mother!" exclaimed the invalid;

"but my wife—my angel wife! Where is she?—where is our child, my birdie?"

The earl groaned aloud, and dropped the pillow.

The sick gentleman's allusion to his wife seemed to have touched a hidden chord in his lordship's breast, and he trembled like a leaf, and his face was convulsed with emotion.

"I cannot do it! I cannot!" he muttered. "The doctor must do it for me. I will see him about it before my courage fails!"

He looked again at the invalid, like one who looks upon a familiar face for the last time, and as if he were trying to impress each particular feature upon his memory. At length, with a sigh, he turned away from the bedside, unlocked the door, and summoned the doctor, who was in close proximity to the keyhole.

The first movement of the "nurse" was to proceed to the bed and regard the invalid, as if expecting to behold a lifeless form. He then turned to the earl, saying:

"I suppose your lordship wishes to go now?"

"In a minute, doctor. I want to say something to you first. Do you think the patient will recover?"

"Why, he's likely to, my lord," was the reply. "He has an iron constitution, or he'd have died long ago. But I'm not saying he will recover," he added, significantly. "In a case like this now, a person is very likely to die, if anything is to be gained by his death!"

The earl flushed and paled, as he answered:

"But it seems to me it would be a mercy to put a lunatic out of the way of further misery?"

"I don't pretend to be merciful, your lordship," replied the doctor, coolly.

"I—I think I can trust you," whispered the earl. "I wish the patient you were dead. If I were to hear of his death to-morrow, with proofs, I would give anything you might demand!"

"Anything?"

"Anything!" was the emphatic response.

The doctor looked meditative, then pleased, and said:

"I will state my demand when I bring you the news. If nothing should occur to prevent, you shall hear what you desire to-morrow!"

The earl grasped the doctor's hand in silence.

"Should I fail to-night for any reason whatever," continued the doctor, "I will carry out my plan to-morrow, as we designed it last night. My brother is already informed of it, and will be at hand to assist in its execution!"

The earl assented, adding:

"Keep everything as secret as possible. Don't let my name appear in the affair! And now conduct me downstairs again. This air stifles me. I was foolish to come here. I shan't get over the shock soon!"

The doctor made no reply, save by a quiet smile

and after seeing that the way was clear, conducted the midnight visitor down to the street-door.

"Safe so far!" exclaimed the earl, with a sigh of relief. "Don't forget! You are to name your own reward. I know you'll be faithful, doctor. Your fortune is in your own hands now!"

After a few further remarks, his lordship departed, and the doctor stole back to the sick chamber.

"What a coward the earl is!" he thought, scornfully. "Why, if I had had his chance in here, and been in his place, that sick man would not have lived two minutes! He's the most singular combination of cowardice and villainy I ever beheld, but I mean to exact from him a splendid reward—a glorious reward!"

The doctor's eyes sparkled in anticipation, and he drew his breath hard. The next moment, however, he was as quiet and business-like as ever, and drew from his pocket a tiny medicine-case.

It was well filled with phials of the medicines most in use, all duly labelled, and from among them it would not have been difficult to select several phials whose contents, as declared by the labels, were deadly poisons.

The doctor selected one of these, and taking up the cup of medicine, poured into it several drops from the phial, then replacing the latter in his medicine-case.

As he did so, he was somewhat startled at noticing that the invalid was regarding him with singular earnestness, and that his gaze had more of consciousness in it than at any time during the day.

"There, there!" he said soothingly. "Here's the nice medicine that will make you well, sir. Take it!"

But the invalid did not obey, continuing to look at him persistently, and with a painful expression on his countenance, as if he were trying hard to collect his wandering thoughts and remember where he had seen him before.

The doctor was alarmed at this sudden improvement in the patient, and muttered:

"He is actually recovering his consciousness. Could anything be more unfortunate? If I do not give him this medicine immediately, my plans are all defeated, as sure as fate. My plan for to-morrow—to be used if this should fail—will be equally useless. He must take it!"

He leaned over the invalid, cup in hand, and once more tried his persuasive eloquence.

"You want to get well, don't you, sir? Then take this medicine directly!"

He held it to the invalid's lips, but it was quietly pushed aside.

Something in the tone of the "nurse" caught the attention of the sick gentleman, and seemed to assist in his effort to gather his thoughts, for a look of disgust mingled with apprehension appeared on his face and his eyes assumed a clearer, more defined expression.

"I don't want it!" he answered in a weak tone, but coherently enough. "I don't like it! Take it away!"

"But you must take it, sir——"

"Who are you? I seem to remember your voice, but you do not look familiar——"

The doctor became alarmed.

He had not had the slightest idea that the patient had so nearly regained his consciousness, having believed from his own judgment of the case, that the fever would be lingering and severe. Hardly knowing how to break it up himself, he had not suspected that the physician in attendance was much wiser than himself, and he found it difficult to believe the patient so near recovery.

Laying his hand upon the gentleman's face, he discovered it to be quite wet with perspiration, its burning heat had gone! He then felt the pulse and found that it had greatly lessened in force and quickness.

"There is not a second to be lost!" he muttered. "Skillfully as I am disguised, there is fear of my discovery if he should recover the full use of his senses. I must hasten!"

Acting upon this resolve, he threw one arm around the invalid, and with the other hand held the poisoned cup to the patient's lips, endeavouring to force him to drink it.

The invalid struggled a little, his illness having been too brief to entirely waste his strength, gathered himself up into a sitting posture, and with sudden energy dashed the cup from the doctor's hand!

And then, before his enemy could stir, he caught hold of the doctor's wig and beard, pulling them off, and exclaimed, in a tone that showed that he had regained full and entire consciousness:

"I know you now, Dr. Mure! I know you now!"

The doctor started back, perfectly paralyzed at the turn affairs had taken, and the invalid, still clutching the nurse's disguise, uttered a loud, piercing cry, that startled both Walter and his valet from their sleep.

(To be continued.)

We cannot always distinguish the consequences of one thing from those of another, for they cross and intersect each other. But whatever takes place to-day is a consequence of what took place yesterday, as this again is the product of previous days. Nothing can occur to-morrow the foundations of which have not been laid to-day or some previous day; and what we call accident is only the result of some cause hidden beyond our ken in the great crowd of events—the consequence of circumstances which we may have overlooked, but which the Lord of the Universe had freighted with their import. In this everflowing stream of cause and effect the sceptre of the great Rewarder and Avenger makes itself felt.

## BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER.

By E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "Self-Made," "All Alone," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XXXV.

I have so fixed my mind upon her.  
That whosoever I frame a scheme of life  
For time to come, she is my only joy!  
With which I'm used to sweeten future cares,  
I fancy pleasures none but one who loves  
And dotes as I do, can imagine like them.

Osney.

On the morning succeeding the conversation related at the close of the last chapter, Erminie was seated at work in her own room, and singing as she sewed, when the housemaid entered and laid a card before her.

"Vittorio Corsoni, our Italian professor! Where is he, Catherine?" inquired Erminie, with her eyes on the bit of enamelled paste-board that bore the name she read.

"I showed him into the drawing-room, Miss; which he says he would very much like to see you for a few minutes, if so be you can do him the honour," replied the girl.

"Certainly, Catherine—our ex-master! I will go at once," said the minister's daughter, rising.

Always dressed with exquisite neatness, Erminie had no occasion to keep her visitor waiting. She followed the maid downstairs, and passed into the drawing-room.

The young Italian professor was seated, leaning back in one of the easy chairs.

He looked haggard and care-worn, but quite as handsome and interesting as ever, with his long, curling black hair, large, luminous, dark eyes, and slight and elegant form.

Erminie walked straight towards him. She liked the young Italian, who was indeed a great favorite with all ladies. He arose to meet her.

"I am very, very glad to see you, signor," she said, cordially holding out her hands.

He bowed over them as he took them.

"I am too happy, Miss Rosenthal, to see you so well! And your honoured father?"

"He is in his usual good health, thank you! Sit down, signor," said Erminie, waving him towards his seat, and taking a chair for herself.

"Thanks!" And the young Italian sank into his place.

"You are spending some time here, I hope?"

"No, I regret to say. I am but a bird of passage."

"You will at least remain to-day and dine with us? My father, I know, would be so pleased to see you; and so also would Colonel Eastworth, who is with us!"

"Many thanks, Miss Rosenthal; but my evil stars forbid my enjoying so great happiness! The colonel is with you?"

"Yes."

"I called to-day, Miss Rosenthal, to pay my respects to yourself and your learned father, and also to make some inquiries after——" His voice faltered and broke down, and then, after an inward struggle for composure, he added, huskily—"one who is infinitely dearer to me than my own soul!"

Erminie pitied this lover. How could she help it? She said, gently:

"After Alberta Goldsborough?"

"Yes, my dear Miss Rosenthal. I have heard no word of her since our violent separation in the latter part of September, and this is January. I have used every means to soften the hearts of her parents, but all in vain! I have written them many letters, but they have been returned to me unopened."

"And you do not know where Alberta is?" inquired Erminie, compassionately.

"No, my dear Miss Rosenthal, I do not. I have been seeking news of her in every place where it seemed possible to hear of her. I went to Sunnyslopes to make inquiries of her friend, the little Elfrida; but she told me that she had declined to run away and be married herself, and she should not become accessory to anybody else's running away for such a purpose."

"And she really would not tell you?"

"No; she laughed at me, and told me to bear it like a man—that the malady under which I suffered was painful, but not fatal; that she had taken it herself in the natural way, and had survived it! And so the little Elfrida made a jest of my troubles!"

"And yet she is a good little creature at heart!"

"Very likely! Well, my dear Miss Rosenthal, my next attempt was to look up Miss Conyers, to see if I could get news of my lady through her. I went to a dismal old country house called Witch Elms, which I was informed had been her home. But I was driven from there by a grim old woman, whom I supposed to be the presiding witch. However, I was told by a giant with a small head, who seemed to be the porter, that Miss Conyers also had been driven away by the witch—driven, in fact, quite to the antipodes!"

"Yes, your favourite pupil, Britomarte, sailed last October with a party of missionaries, for Farther India."

"Yes, so I learned, to my great regret. Well, Miss Rosenthal, I now come to you, to implore you, if you can, to give me news of my beautiful captive queen. Where is she? Oh, where is she? That is all I ask to know!" exclaimed the Italian, clasping his hands and stretching them towards Erminie with all the demonstrative enthusiasm of his nature.

"I will tell you all about her. I see no reason in the world why you should not know. Nor did Elfrida, either. In her mischievous spirit she was only plaguing you—that was all. Alberta is a boarder at the Convent of the Visitation."

"Thanks—a thousand thanks! It is much to know where she is. I can at least walk outside the walls and gaze up to the windows in the hope of seeing my queen love. Perhaps I may be permitted to write to her. Perhaps I may have the divine happiness of being allowed to call on her!" exclaimed the excitable Italian, springing up.

"Oh, no; do not hope it. I am sorry to discourage you, but I know she is permitted to correspond only with a few trusted friends, and that all her letters and her correspondents' letters pass through the hands of the Mother Superior. And she is allowed to see only a certain small number of visitors upon fixed days, and in the presence of one of the sisters," said Erminie.

"Ah! how hard, how cruel, how obdurate are those whose hearts should rather melt in pity for her! My poor Alberta! My beautiful love! My worshipped queen! I would risk death to deliver her! I would lay myself beneath her feet! I would devote my life to her service! Say, my dear Miss Rosenthal, are you one of the privileged few who are allowed to write to her?"

"Yes, signor, but my letters always pass through the hands of the Mother Superior, who opens and reads them before she gives them to Alberta. And in the same manner her answers to my letters are always read by the Mother Superior before they are forwarded to me. Such are her father's orders."

The young professor heaved a profound sigh and enquired:

"Have you the great happiness of being one of the number who are permitted to visit her?"

Erminie could not restrain a smile at the hyperbolic language of this lover as she answered:

"Yes; I am allowed to visit her; but only in the presence of one or two of the sisters."

"Then, my dear Miss Rosenthal, may I entreat you to be our good genius and convey one little, little message to my love?" said Corsoni, clasping his hands imploringly.

"I am very sorry to refuse you, signor; but even if it were right for me to take your message, I should not be allowed to deliver it," answered Erminie, very gravely.

"Ah! what an unfortunate man I am! Miss Rosenthal, if you cannot take a message, since you would not be permitted to deliver it, can you not take one little, little letter? You could easily deliver a little, little letter unknown to the sentinel sisters," entreated the lover, again clasping his hands and bringing his beautiful eyes to bear upon her with all the force of which they were capable.

"I cannot, signor! I am very sorry to refuse you, but I cannot. It would be a very great breach of faith on my part to do as you wish me. I am trusted by Alberta's parents, and I must be faithful to my trust," said Erminie, seriously.

"Ah! unhappy man that I am, no one will have compassion on me! And yet, my good Miss Rosenthal, you told me where she is confined."

"Certainly I did; for I do not believe in secret imprisonment. Nor would I become *particeps criminis* in keeping such a secret."

"But you will not aid and comfort the prisoner?"

"No—not in the way you wish; she is still a minor in her father's family. I will not aid her in a contraband correspondence," said Erminie.

"You draw hair-breadth lines of distinction, my too



good Miss Rosenthal," said the signor, rising in ill-suppressed displeasure to take his leave.

"Have faith and hope, and the patience that springs from both, signor. In time all will be well," said Ermie, gently.

"I thank you, my much too good Miss Rosenthal! I will have faith and hope; but I will have no patience! I will not wait for time; but all shall be well because I will make it so! Good morning, my very much too good young lady!"

And Vittorio Corsini, with a deeply injured look, bowed himself out.

Ermie smiled at the Italian's half-suppressed vehemence.

Corsini, after leaving the Lutheran minister's house, walked rapidly to a cab stand, threw himself into a cab, and gave the order:

"To the Convent of the Visitation."

And the cab started.

He reclined back in his seat, looking grim, moody and sardonic, until at the end of about three quarters of an hour the cab reached to within a hundred yards of the convent wall.

There he stopped it, got out, and dismissed it, and continued his way on foot, until he reached the front of the convent.

Then he walked up and down before the building, gazing up at the windows and debating with himself whether he should boldly go up to the grand entrance and ask to see Miss Goldsborough, with the great probability of being refused and suspected and watched; or whether he should wait to mature a plot he had formed of seeing her by stratagem. The first plan suited him well, except in the small chance of success it offered; and the second plan would have suited him, for his Italian nature delighted in stratagem, but that his impetuous nature detested the process of waiting.

While he was thus debating with himself, he noticed the front door open, and little girls, singly, or in twos and threes, and then in larger numbers, issued forth and hurry away in various directions.

And he easily divined that this hour was the mid-day recess of the institution, and that these children were the day-pupils, going to their respective homes in the neighbourhood for dinner, and that in an hour or two they would return for the afternoon session of the school.

And that "second plan" which had been vaguely forming in his mind immediately took distinct shape and colour, and sprang to maturity.

He hastened to the nearest hotel and ordered luncheon for himself. And while it was being got ready, he asked for writing materials and wrote a letter.

Very soon he despatched his luncheon, and then, with his prepared letter in his hand, he started once more for the convent.

On his way thither he stopped at a confectioner's, and bought a quantity of French candy, with which he filled his pockets.

When he got back before the convent walls he found, as he had expected, the day pupils returning to school for the afternoon session. They came in as they had gone out—singly, or in twos or threes, or in larger numbers.

Vittorio stood under a tree, apparently engaged in reading a newspaper, but really in watching the countenances of the returning children. Nearly all had gone in, and Vittorio began to despair of the success of his plan. At length all seemed to have gone in, for not another one appeared, and the door was closed, and Vittorio quite despaired of the success of his plan.

Off expectation falls, and most oft there  
Where most it promises, but oft it hits  
Where hope is coldest and despair most sits.

And Vittorio was destined to prove the truth of this, for just as he was turning away, with a most heart-broken expression of countenance, he met a beautiful little girl of about nine years of age, dressed in deep mourning, and carrying a satchel of books. He knew that she must be a day pupil of the convent school, and that she was behind time.

This little girl, meeting the handsome, melancholy, and most interesting young Italian, looked up in his face with that wistful expression of sympathy which is so often seen in the faces of children when they are contemplating the troubled brows of older people.

Vittorio Corsini knew in an instant that he had met the sort of little girl for whom he had patiently waited.

He immediately addressed her:

"My dear child, are you a pupil of that convent school?"

"Yes, sir," she answered, quickly.

"Do you know of a young lady who boards there by the name of Miss Alberta Goldsborough?" he inquired, in a low voice.

"Oh, yes, sir," she answered, quickly.

"You love Miss Goldsborough, of course, and would

do anything to make her happy, I am sure?" said the Italian, in a persuasive voice, fixing his large, lustrous, melancholy eyes with mesmeric effect upon the sensitive child's face.

"No, I do not love her so very much. She is so still and proud," began the truthful child.

"That is because she is ill-used and unhappy, my dear," said Vittorio, persuasively, keeping his beautiful sorrowful eyes fixed upon the little girl.

"I am unhappy too! I have lost my dear mother," said the child.

"Have you, my darling?"

"But that does not make me sullen. And although Miss Goldsborough will not let me love her much, I do think I would do anything to please her."

"Would you, my little dear? Would you take a letter from me to Miss Goldsborough?"

"Oh, yes, sir, that I would!"

"And could you give it to her—secretly?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I know I could!"

"Without any one but herself seeing you do it?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"Then will you take this to her?" said Vittorio, handing his prepared letter to the little girl.

"Yes, indeed, I will, sir; and nobody shall know anything about it but Miss Goldsborough," answered the child, with her countenance all radiant with the delight of delighting, as she hid the letter in her bosom.

"I shall be here this evening, when the school is dismissed, waiting to see you. Will you bring me the answer to that letter?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, sir, that I will, if she writes it and gives it to me."

"Thanks, little seraph! And now look here! Here are some delicious French bon-bons—whole boxes full of them. Take them, my dear, and share them with your school-mates," said Vittorio, emptying his pockets of their sweet contents.

The little girl shrank back.

"I didn't do it for them, sir," she said, with a mortified air.

"I know you didn't. You did it, or rather undertook to do it, only to make me happy."

"Yes! that's it!"

"Yes, my darling! and you like to make everybody happy, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!"

"And you are going to make Miss Goldsborough happy."

"I hope so."

"Well, then, you may also make your little school-mates happy, by sharing these bon-bons among them," said Vittorio, coaxingly.

"Oh, yes; so I may! I didn't think of that! I will take them for that!" the child eagerly exclaimed.

"Here they are, then!" said Vittorio, putting the fancy boxes of bon-bons into the satchel that she opened to receive them.

"And now I must run into school; for I am late enough, anyway," said the child, starting off at a quick pace; for she was not only eager to report herself to the teacher in charge of her class for scholastic duty, but she was vehemently impatient to surprise and delight the cold and proud Alberta by the news and the letter she had to convey.

She reached the enclosed consecrated grounds just as the bell rang to summon the day-pupils from their play-ground to their class rooms; and so, by a mere moment of time, she saved herself from being marked late, and made to do penance.

But she could not hope for an opportunity of delivering her letter until the class hours should be over.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

And now lead on!

With me is no delay; with thee to go  
Is to stay home; without thee, home to stay  
Is to go out unwilling; thou to me  
Art all things under Heaven! all places thou.

Milton.

ALBERTA GOLDSBOROUGH had been a pupil in the convent school for somewhere more than four months. In all that time she had not once heard from her lover.

She bore her trial with great stoicism, disdainful to complain, and doing all that was required of her with quiet indifference. She made no friends, either among the teachers or the pupils. She was, as the little girl had described her to be, proud and still. She felt sure that some time or other Vittorio would, with his Italian craft, succeed in discovering her retreat and effecting her deliverance. And she calmly awaited the time.

Julia McKnight, the little girl whom Vittorio had entrusted with the letter to his lady-love, watched all the afternoon for an opportunity of delivering it to Miss Goldsborough.

Chance favoured her. She was sent by her class mistress into one of the small music rooms to prac-

tice her lesson on the piano. As she passed through the long hall, flanked on each side by a row of such rooms, she saw the door of one of them open and Miss Goldsborough seated at the piano.

The child cast a hurried look up and down the hall, and seeing no one near, she slipped in and thrust the letter into Alberta's hands, whispering eagerly:

"He gave it to me outside. You are to answer it, please, and give me the answer to take to him. You had better make haste, please, and write it and give it to me before we have to go down in the class rooms again. I am in the music room No. 7."

"Thanks, my dear!" began Alberta; but the little girl did not wait to hear her thanks. She was off like an arrow.

Miss Goldsborough opened her letter and read:

"MY OWN AND ONLY LOVE:—I have but a few minutes to write to you in. If I would seize the earliest opportunity of getting this letter into your hands I must have it ready in a quarter of an hour. After long months of unrelenting and unavailing search, I have but just learned the place of your incarceration. Oh, my beloved, my adored, my worshipped queen, you know that I would die to deliver you! Events are on the wing, sweet love, that may separate us—it may be for years, or it may be for ever,—unless we meet and unite our destinies immediately. I have neither time nor opportunity to explain further. Let it suffice for me to say, that I will be on the watch outside the north front of the building, every evening, from six o'clock P.M. to six A.M. I will have a carriage and horses waiting near, but out of sight. Dear love! if you can effect your escape from the inside of those jealous walls, I will secure your safety on the outside. Or if you will give me a hint as to how I can further aid your deliverance, I will risk my life to serve you! VITTORIO."

Alberta read this with flushed cheeks and beaming eyes. Before she had finished it, her plan was formed. Ever since she had been in the convent all the senses and faculties of her mind and body had been on the alert to discover the best means of escape.

And she knew them and she might have availed herself of them long before, but for this one consideration—She was ignorant of the whereabouts of her lover; and she was destitute of any other refuge.

Out of the convent, where could she have found Vittorio, or where could she have gone for shelter? These unanswered questions held her captive as bolts and bars could never have done.

But now, if she should make her escape, Vittorio would be outside waiting to receive her. And her resolution was taken immediately.

She had no proper writing materials at hand. But she took an end of a pencil from her pocket and tore the blank page from Vittorio's letter and wrote an answer. It was very pithy:

"Be at your post to-night and wait till you see me."

She turned his envelope inside out and put her answer into it, and took it into the little music room where the child Julia McKnight was practising.

"You will give this to the gentleman as you go home," she said, handing the letter to the little girl.

"Oh, yes, that I will, Miss Goldsborough. I am so glad you wrote the answer to his letter. He will be so delighted to get it," replied little Julia, hiding the letter in her bosom.

The two could not remain long together. Their interview was altogether against the rules of the school, where the elder and the younger pupils were not allowed to associate, except in the presence of their teachers.

Now, as soon as the affair that had brought them together was thus far concluded, they separated. The cold Alberta warming with gratitude enough to stoop and kiss her ardent little friend before leaving her.

Alberta returned to her own room. And when the inspecting sister came round she found the two pupils diligently practising at their respective pianos.

When the hours for study were over for that afternoon and the day pupils were dismissed, little Julia hurried away to deliver the letter to its destination.

Alberta, in furtherance of her plan of escape, went to the large apartment known as the recreation room, where the boarding pupils always spent their play-time in bad weather. The windows on one side of this apartment overlooked the north road, where she had warned Vittorio to be upon his post. When she entered the room she found many of her schoolmates assembled, and the question, "What shall we play?" eagerly discussed among them.

"I will tell you," said Alberta.

"What? what?" demanded the girls, pressing around her in much surprise that the still, proud Miss Goldsborough should move in any play.

"Hide and seek. It is a fine exhilarating play for a cold winter afternoon," said Alberta.

"Yes, that will be just the thing," replied one of the girls.

"It is cold, and it is coming on to snow, too," added Albert.

"I wonder if all the day pupils will get home before it snows hard," murmured a third.

"Oh, nonsense! Snow won't hurt them if they are caught out in it. I wish the sisters would let us all go out and play in it. But they won't, so let us begin our play here," urged a fourth.

"You must all except one go out into the passage, and shut the door, while that one remains in here and hides. And you must not come back until she cries out 'Whoop!' Then you must run in and try to find her, and the one among you who is the first to find her must be the next to hide," said Alberta.

"Oh, yes—we all know that!" spoke up several of the girls at once.

And the play began. One after another of the girls exercised her ingenuity in discovering a very secret hiding-place, and hid herself and whooped, and after more or less search, was found by some one of the schoolmates, who became her successor in the hiding business.

To the ever-increasing astonishment of her companions, Miss Goldborough engaged eagerly in the play, but not successfully at first, for she caught no one.

At length, however, when the afternoon deepened into night, and the gas was lighted, and the snow was falling very fast, Alberta succeeded in finding the hider. Then it was her turn to hide.

"Now mind," she said, addressing her companions, "you must act fairly and go quite out of sight, and refrain from watching me. I mean to hide where none of you have hidden before. You will have great difficulty in finding me, but I assure you it will be good fun when you do find me. Don't come back until I call 'whoop!'"

"No, no, we won't, Alberta!" exclaimed several of her companions in a breath.

And they all hurried out into the passage.

Alberta stole behind them, and not only closed the door upon them, but silently slipped the bolt.

Then she went to the only other door of the room, which was at the opposite end, and she drew the key from the other side, and locked it fast. Having thus secured the room, she went to the north windows. The green linen blinds were drawn down, and the outside shutters were closed.

She stopped at a window at the extreme end of the row, and the most out of the range of vision of any one who might, at a late hour, force an entrance into the room, and she lifted the blind, but did not draw it up, and she hoisted the window and opened the shutters.

It was dark as pitch outside, and snowing fast; it was a terrible night to take the road in.

But what will not a self-willed girl, bent upon her own destruction, venture? She leaned far out of the window and peered into the darkness, but she could see nothing except the falling snow.

Then she ventured to call softly:

"Vittorio! Vittorio!"

There was no response. After a minute she called again, but with no better response. She passed another minute, and then called a third time:

"Vittorio!"

"I am here, my love—I am here!" answered a hushed and vehement voice below the window.

"I have called you three times," she said.

"I must have been at the other end of my beat. I have been pacing the whole length of this building from one end to the other, and looking up to those windows—oh, how longingly!"

"Is all clear below this?"

"Yes, dear love."

"Then wait there. I will be with you in a moment," she said, and she withdrew from the window.

Her schoolmates, who had grown impatient at her long delay in hiding, were now clamouring for admittance at the closed door, which, however, they did not know was fastened.

"Why don't you 'whoop' and let us in? Haven't you hid yourself yet?" inquired one and another.

"No," answered Alberta, going up to the door—"not quite yet; I shall in a minute. Don't you be in such a hurry, and don't come in until I whoop."

"Make haste, then," exclaimed several of the girls a breath: "It is cold out here!"

"I will," said Alberta. And she went to the peg where her own every-day bonnet and shawl hung, and she took them down and put them on. Next she turned off the gas, leaving the room dark.

Then she went to the window, pushed it up as high as it would go, got upon the sill, letting the blind drop behind her to hide her means of exit, and took a clear leap down to the side-walk below. It was a fall of about eight feet, and she came down with a severe shock but with whole bones.

"My own! are you hurt?" exclaimed her lover in the extremity of anxiety, as he picked her up.

"I—let me recover myself! No I am not hurt," answered Alberta, confusedly.

"The carriage is round the corner. Let me lift you and bear you to it."

"No I can walk very well now, if you will give me the support of your arm," she answered.

He drew her hand through his arm, and carefully conducted her to the waiting carriage.

How long her soul companions remained outside the door of the reception room, clambering to come in, or when their patience became exhausted, or how they effected an entrance, or whether they gave the alarm, or who first discovered her flight, Alberta never knew and never cared.

Her lover placed her in a carriage and drove her immediately to the dwelling of a clergyman.

You see Vittorio Corsoni, with all his faults, did not shrink from facing his father-in-law. In the Italian's creed love was law, and in his inmost soul he was unconscious of having done a great wrong.

But there was no chance of Vittorio's meeting Mr. Goldborough. The very boat upon which the newly-married pair embarked, late on the evening before, had brought up Alberta's father on a visit to herself. As it was too late for him to see his daughter that night, and as the hotels were all most uncomfortably crowded, the old gentleman decided to quarter himself upon his good friend, the retired Lutheran minister.

It seemed that Erminie had been booked for surprises that day, and that the tribe of cousins or friends as numerous as a Scotch clan, of which her father had jestingly spoken, were really beginning to pour in. She had scarcely curtsied Vittorio Corsoni out before a cab rolled up to the door and her two uncles, Hans and Friedrich Rosenthal, got out of it.

Hans had suddenly come from Germany the day before, and they had both come on to see their brother Ernest, the retired Lutheran minister.

Erminie welcomed them with the warmest affection, and showed them into a spare room, where she hastened to have a fire lighted, and to make them comfortable; and then she despatched Catherine to the library to look for her father and tell him of the arrival of his brothers, so that he might hurry home. The old Lutheran minister came back with the messenger, his face beaming with joy, and embraced his brothers warmly in his earnest German manner.

It was some time after they had had tea and gone into the drawing-room, and it was while Erminie, her uncles and her lover were at the piano, singing some of the finest selections from the German operas, that the door bell rang and Mr. Goldborough was announced.

Old Dr. Rosenthal started up with the agility of youth to welcome his friend.

Erminie stopped singing and playing and turned around with a frightened look.

Her first impression that came quick as lightning at the sight of Mr. Goldborough, was that he had come in fierce pursuit of Vittorio Corsoni; but she arose to receive her father's guest with all the calmness and courtesy she could command.

Mr. Goldborough's first words somewhat allayed her fears.

"You look surprised and even shocked to see me here so unexpectedly, at this late hour, my dear young lady; but you will be pleased to learn that I have come to withdraw your friend, my daughter Alberta, from her convent school," said Mr. Goldborough, cordially shaking her hand.

"I am very glad to see you at any hour," replied Erminie, smiling.

"Thanks! The boat was behind time in getting in, or I should not have been so unreasonable in my appearance," added Mr. Goldborough.

"You are not unreasonable at all, my old friend. It is not yet eleven o'clock. And we had not begun to think of retiring. For, you see, here are my two brothers, just arrived, and one came all the way from Germany. Let me present them to you; Mr. Hans Rosenthal, Mr. Friedrich Rosenthal—Mr. Goldborough."

Mr. Goldborough bowed with old-fashioned ceremoniousness, as the simple-hearted German merchants were introduced.

And then he sat down and became one of the party.

"Have you supped?" hospitably inquired the young mistress of the house.

"Yes, my dear, on the boat. Give yourself no trouble," said Mr. Goldborough, with a bow.

As the hour was late, the party now separated and retired to their respective rooms.

As soon as the early family breakfast was over, Mr. Goldborough got ready to go to the convent to fetch away his daughter.

"You will bring her immediately here, I hope?" said Erminie.

"Oh, of course—of course he will," added Erminie's father.

"Thank you both. I certainly intend to call with Alberta before leaving," replied Mr. Goldborough.

"Call with her? Bring her here and make a visit

with her. You surely cannot mean to take her direct from the convent to the country without giving her a sight of the city!" exclaimed the old doctor.

"We must leave this evening at the latest. The necessity for our return is imperative," answered Mr. Goldborough, gravely.

"I suppose you are anxious to get back," said the old minister.

The old doctor shut the door quickly after his departing guest, and came back into the library with a renewed appreciation of the comforts of his own fire-side.

Erminie ran upstairs to get ready her best spare room for the reception of Alberta; for though Mr. Goldborough had said that he must leave with his daughter on that same evening, Erminie entertained hopes that he would change his mind, and pass the day and night with them.

While she was busy, she received a hasty summons from her father.

She ran downstairs to the lower hall, where, to her unbounded astonishment, she saw Farmer Fielding and his daughter Elfrida.

They had just been admitted by the servant, and were shaking hands with Dr. Rosenthal, who had come out of the library to receive them.

"I am so glad, oh, so glad to see you, my darling Elfrida!" exclaimed Erminie, running and catching her little friend in her arms, and kissing her a dozen times before she even thought of the elder visitor. When she did recall his existence, she turned towards him with a blush and smile, saying:

"Excuse me, Mr. Fielding. I am very happy to see you. How do you do?"

"Thank you, Miss Minnie, I do as well as any man can in my circumstances. I have been—began the farmer; but he was cut short by the doctor, who finished the sentence for him in his, the doctor's, own way.

"Exposed to a snow-storm, and I am wet and cold—that's what he would say, my Minnie. Come up into my room, farmer, and change your clothes at once."

"Thank ye kindly, no. I'm not wet. We came in a covered waggon as far as the Drover's Rest, close by here, and only walked the little bit from there to here. Bless you, we do look powdered over pretty well, but it is all on the outside. It don't penetrate like some things do, doctor."

And just then the door-bell rang violently, and when the servant ran in haste to see the cause of the noisy summons, Mr. Goldborough burst into the house, and then into the library. His face was inflamed, his features distorted, and his eyes flashing with passion.

"For heaven's sake, Goldborough, what has happened?" exclaimed Dr. Rosenthal, rising in alarm.

"What? She has gone! Fled from the convent! Brought dishonour upon all her family!" roared the enraged man, throwing his hat upon one chair, and his gloves upon another, and without noticing any one in the room except his host—"yes, brought dishonour upon all her family! And may the curses of—"

"Hush!" said the minister, laying his hand gently upon the lips of the speaker; no curses, Goldborough. Sit down quietly and compose yourself, and tell us all about it. See, here is Mr. Fielding and his daughter, your old friends."

"How do you do, Fielding? How are you, Miss Elfrida? I beg your pardon for not seeing you! But you will not wonder at a man being blind with rage when his only daughter has disgraced herself and her family," said Mr. Goldborough, gruffly enough, as he coldly shook hands with Elfrida and her "pa."

"Oh, no, Mr. Goldborough, not so bad as that! Young people will sometimes choose for themselves, you know. And though their choice may be indiscreet, and even unfortunate, it need not be disgraceful. Try to calm yourself, and make the best of it! The young man is something of a monkey, to be sure; but I believe him to be a well-meaning monkey!" urged the farmer.

"Sit down, Mr. Goldborough! Do sit down and compose yourself! And let us hear the details of this fight," entreated the doctor.

"No, I cannot sit down! And I will not compose myself! I will pursue the abductor of my daughter, and kill him wherever I find him."

"But how do you know who was her abductor if it comes to that?" inquired the farmer.

"Oh! I know well enough! A fellow, answering to the description of this Corsoni, was seen lurking around the convent all day yesterday! Besides, you know she would have run off with no one else! Good-by, Fielding! Good-by, Rosenthal! Young ladies, your servant!" said Mr. Goldborough, seizing up his hat and gloves, and leaving the house before the startled company had recovered from their astonishment and wonder.

(To be continued.)



THE BANKRUPTCY LAWS.—At an ordinary meeting of the Municipal Law Section of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, held in the rooms, Adam Street, Adelphi, a paper by Mr. William Howes, on the Bankruptcy Laws, formed the topic of the evening. The author denounced the Bankruptcy Act of 1861 as a signal failure—an act which had neither been able to enforce commercial regularity nor to recover trade debts, while the lax and inefficient conducting of the business of the court, and the scant attendance of commissioners, had led to expensive delays and much confusion.

### A STORY OF THE HEART.

"This is the place—this is my home," said Parmane Symington to her companion, as they came in sight of a little cottage nestling beneath the hill-side.

"A lovely home it is," answered Norman Hollingsworth, gazing upon it with admiration.

"You must leave me here—go to the village tavern, and return in an hour. I cannot introduce you now. I know not in what state I may find my dear sister Adaline. Death perhaps may have come beneath yonder humble roof, and where death dwelleth, love should not intrude."

"Hope for happy tidings. I will leave you, as you wish. Should your fears prove groundless, our union must no longer be delayed; but we will celebrate it beneath that very roof. Shall it be so dearest?"

She did not answer, but glanced archly in his face. He read her consent in those eloquent eyes, the only charm of that sad, earnest face, pressed a kiss upon the lips that spoke not, and went slowly down the road.

She followed his retreating form with a regard that spoke the depth and fervency of her love. Well might she love him, for Norman Hollingsworth was framed in nature's fairest mould, and he was hers—she had won him from a score of rivals—she who could lay no claim to beauty, whose only recommendations were genius and a well-balanced mind.

How her thoughts revived the past as she gazed once more upon the little cottage which she called her home.

Then the sudden failure which reduced her father in a single day to abject poverty, and in a few short months sent him broken-hearted to his grave: of the mother whose health, always delicate, gave way beneath the shock, until she, too, was taken from them, leaving two orphan girls to struggle with the world.

Then came a ray of hope: one of her father's debtors placed five hundred pounds in her hands. Following the advice of her old nurse, they had come to this village, where they had purchased this little house and established a home, far from those cold, friends who had stood aloof in the hour of their adversity.

This was three years before. Parmane was then seventeen, Adaline fifteen.

Something must be done for a livelihood; the amount they had so fortunately received would not last for ever.

The papers were consulted; an advertisement for an amanuensis attracted their attention.

Parmane was a beautiful writer; she answered the advertisement, and was fortunate enough to obtain the situation, though it compelled her to separate herself from her sister and take up her residence in a neighbouring town.

She had found time to pay many long visits to Adaline, and was happy to see her sister growing into a beautiful woman; for Adaline was a lovely as Parmane was plain. The hasty summons that she received to visit her sister had alarmed her. Adaline was ill.

It was a month before the period of her usual visit, and she had looked forward to it with so much pleasure, she had such glad news for that little household. She was to return as an affianced bride—the bride of Norman Hollingsworth, the son of one of the wealthiest families in W—, to take them both to live with her in the fine establishment that Norman had promised her.

And now Adaline was ill, perhaps dying. She had started at once upon receiving the summons. Norman had insisted upon accompanying her; she could not deny him, and so they had come together.

She had opened the little gate and walked up the path. A maid coming from the door met her midway in the path. The recognition was mutual.

"Dr. Hardaker!" she exclaimed.

"Miss Parmane! Delighted to see you," said the good doctor, extending his hand cordially.

"Tell me—Adaline—does she still live?"

"She does. Strange case, Miss Parmane. I can-

not understand it at all. Some hidden, some insidious malady, utterly beyond my skill to determine. Prepare yourself, my dear girl—it would be wrong to disguise the truth from you—Adaline is doomed. It is beyond the power of medicine to arrest the course of the destroyer. She is fading, literally fading away. Life in her is like the flame of the candle which has burnt to its socket. She may linger for days, perhaps months, but the least excitement, any sudden, unusual emotion, and the light of life goes out. Bear this in mind. I will see her again this evening."

He passed her and went out of the little gate. Parmane's heart sank within her; her limbs seemed almost incapable of motion as she stepped within the little porch. She feared to enter that abode where the shadow of the dark angel's wings seemed to shut out heaven's sunlight.

"Come in, Parmane, dear," said a gentle voice, "come in—I see you."

Heavens! there was Adaline at the window, her white face looking like a spirit's as it gleamed through the leaves of the rose-creepers.

"Come, dear," continued Adaline! "I saw you speaking to the doctor, and would have run out to welcome you, only I am so very weak to-day."

Mrs. Courtney joined them as Parmane entered the parlour and clasped Adaline's wasted form to her heart.

"So you've come. Poor child! look at her. Did you ever see such a shadow?" said Mrs. Courtney.

Parmane did look at her. She had ever thought Adaline lovely, but never did her beauty seem so great as now, when the girl clung with such a feeble grasp to life.

There was something almost supernatural, unearthly in her beauty. She was clad in simple white muslin, relieved by bows of black ribbon.

Her luxuriant tresses of black hair fell in tangled curls over her high forehead and around her neck and shoulders; her lustrous black eyes, as large and full as a doe's, beamed with a gentle look of resignation, such as a painter might portray were he depicting one of heaven's angels.

Her face was colourless—pure and white as a marble statue.

"But, good heavens!" cried Parmane, "why is she not in bed?"

"In bed!" echoed the housekeeper. "Bless me, she's never in bed except in the night time. She isn't like other sick people, but keeps about on her feet all day, instead of lying down as she ought. But there, you talk to her while I go and make a cup of tea for you," and the good woman bustled out of the room.

"Parmane," said Adaline, with great affection when they were left alone together; "how I have longed for this moment! You are the dear doctor who can best minister to a malady whose seat is in the mind."

A sudden light flashed through Parmane's brain; she twined her arm around Adaline's slender waist and led her to a seat on the little black sofa beside the rose-covered window.

"Adaline, you are not happy?"

"I do not know," returned Adaline, pensively, "but you shall tell me what I am. Last Christmas I visited Aunt Robertson in Medford."

"With Mrs. Courtney—I know."

"But you do not know what happened there. One clear, cold day we formed a party to go and see the skating. Inspired by the bracing air and the novelty of the scene, I soon became one of the gayest of the gay. Inexperienced and reckless of danger, I ventured too near some holes, which had been cut in the ice by fishermen, and fell into one, quickly disappearing beneath the icy water. I arose to the surface and beheld a gentleman's face bending over me, and then my senses fled. When I awoke I found myself in the arms of this stranger—he had saved my life. I was in his sleigh, closely wrapped in the shawls and cloaks of my companions, and he was bearing me to my aunt's. The next day he visited Mrs. Robertson's to inquire after my health. How I received him I cannot tell; he left us—"

"You have not seen him since?"

"No; but his countenance and gentle voice are never absent from my imagination."

"You love him?" cried Parmane, almost incredulously.

She could not understand a love so wild as this appeared to be. "Love! oh, yes—love!" answered her sister, with enthusiasm; "but with a dreamy, wild, and hopeless look. Fed by my own fancy, this love grew and grew until it filled my whole existence; it seemed as if I had swallowed a sweet poison that gave me power to assemble all the days of my life—their hopes and fears—in one, a bright, eternal one of sunshine, undimmed by night or clouds."

"Be calm," exclaimed Parmane, anxiously, remembering the good doctor's caution.

"Oh! Parmane—see—to speak of him revives me."

"Have you ever heard of him since then?"

"No; I fear my manner so discouraged him, and yet he might have known—do not laugh at my folly, Parmane, when I tell you the mad hope which animates me. Each day I expect him to appear before me—I know not how—and each day sees that hope expire, but only to be renewed by the visions of the night! I imagine even now that he has discovered my name—my home—that he will appear before me—here—as in my dreams—tell me his love, and claim me as his own. Ah!"

This passionate outburst terminated in a stifled scream, and Adaline sank back, pale and breathless.

Had the fatal moment arrived.

Parmane started to her feet in alarm to seek the assistance of Mrs. Courtney. As she did so she beheld Norman Hollingsworth standing in the doorway. A faint sigh from Adaline recalled her to her side.

"You see," she whispered to Norman, "life ebbs apace—wait a few moments in the porch—if this is the crisis, as I fear, we shall soon know the worst."

Norman retired at once.

Adaline raised her head, opened her eyes, and gazed languidly around.

"Oh, what joy!" she said, in tones which seemed to grow stronger with every word. "My life! I feel it here again—it rushes back!"

"Adaline! dearest! be calm."

"I saw him—I saw him—there!"

"Whom?" asked Parmane, thinking her mind was wandering.

"My preserver—him!"

"Where?"

"Did you not see? He was at the door—there."

At once it flashed upon Parmane.

This was not the frenzy of delirium—Adaline had seen Norman—Norman was the man she loved—Norman, her affianced husband.

No wonder her heart sank within her, and strong emotion checked her utterance and prevented her from replying to her sister's question. Mrs. Courtney came in at that moment to tell her that tea was ready—a timely relief. She left Adaline in her charge and sought Norman in the porch.

"Norman" she asked, hurriedly, "did you save a young girl from drowning last winter, on Spot Pond?"

"Yes," he answered, surprised, "though I had almost forgotten the circumstance. I went, with some friends, to a Christmas visit in Medford. It was at a skating frolic on the pond that the accident took place. I remember the circumstance now. I called at her aunt's the next day—a shy little thing she was, with black hair and eyes, I think."

"Norman, that girl is my sister—did you not recognize her? Love for her preserver—for you—has preyed upon her mind—this is her malady."

"Parmane, it cannot be."

"It is—she confessed it to me—her rival. Her heart was wasted with this passion; she lives but from hour to hour, praying heaven to send you to her. She saw you, thinks her prayer has been heard, and that you are come to claim her. To undeceive her were to kill her. An innocent deception, which surely you will consent to, for my sake, may possibly restore her to health."

"What shall I do?"

"Say 'yes' to everything I say."

"Nothing could be easier."

They entered the parlour together.

Adaline arose to her feet, her eyes sparkling, her bosom panting.

"It was not my disordered brain," she cried; "it was he!"

"Adaline," said Parmane, "this is Mr. Norman Hollingsworth, and he has come here to ask your hand in marriage."

Adaline uttered a cry of joy.

"Is it not so, Mr. Hollingsworth?"

"Yes," answered Norman.

Adaline hid her blushing face in Parmane's breast.

When the doctor paid his next visit, he declared the crisis passed, and the danger over.

After a week's stay, Parmane returned to her work, leaving Norman at the cottage to complete by his presence the cure he had so well begun.

A month passed away, and then Norman came back to her.

"Your sister is out of danger," was his first salutation.

"I knew it, but not from you," answered Parmane, a little constrainedly. "What letters you wrote me—how short—how cold!"

"What could I do? She was there—ever speaking—dreaming of you—leaning over my shoulder as I

wrote. Could I have escaped—but no, you—you compelled me to remain."

"I know I condemned you, my dear Norman, to a most embarrassing position; and now, tell me, when you left, when danger no longer threatened her, and she was able to bear the intelligence, how did you manage to convey it to her?"

"Convey it?" answered Norman, and his clear, open brow grew clouded; "I—I cannot conceal it, Parmane; I had not the courage to make the avowal, and so I have come to you for help. When I determined to declare myself, to avow to her that for five weeks I had made her the dupe of an imposture, unwind her arms from around my neck and thrust her love aside, I could not do it."

"I can understand the painful trial which you endured for my sake. To see that poor girl and pursue a feigned passion—to fear least a word, a look, might betray you, and condemn her again to death."

"And then the confidence—the faith—the simplicity of her love!" said Norman, warmly.

"Norman, you exaggerate," replied Parmane, coldly. "To encourage in pity a love you cannot return, is false feeling."

"I dare not think of what I have done, and yet to leave her thus—Parmane, we are inflicting a cruel wrong upon your sister's heart."

"It cannot be helped now," answered Parmane, gloomily. "It was to save her life. Heaven help me! I almost begin to fancy the remedy was worse than the disease. I cannot visit them this summer—need I tell you why? Our marriage shall no longer be delayed. Did they receive my letter?"

"Yes," answered Norman, absently.

Visitors were announced, and, to the great surprise of both, Adaline bounded into the room, followed by Mrs. Courtney. But, oh! how changed she was.

The bloom of health upon her cheeks, the bright eyes dancing, and the wasted form filled out in exquisite proportions.

Parmane trembled, realized how beautiful she was, when she reflected that for five weeks Norman had been her pretended lover.

What if that love should not have been all pretence?

"You here?" she exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Yes," replied Adaline, gleefully. "You could not come to visit us, and so we came to visit you. Ah! Norman, too—that accounts for the happiness I felt on entering the house."

Her warm greeting filled Parmane with dismay.

"Tell her," she whispered to him, "tell her at once."

She drew Mrs. Courtney aside in conversation to give Norman an opportunity.

"Come here, Parmane," cried Adaline, presently, "and hear this monster. Would you believe it, he wants to persuade me that our marriage is impossible."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Parmane, strangely agitated.

"Yes; and he really would have it so, but I convinced him of his folly. Could I exist without your love," she continued, taking a hand of each as she stood between them, or yours, Parmane? And yet I must confess that once—oh, I shall never forgive myself—I felt—ha! ha! ha! positively jealous."

"Jealous!" echoed Parmane.

"Of whom?" asked Norman.

"Of you."

"Of me?" Parmane shivered.

"Yes; as you were quitting us. A month ago when you bade him farewell, I saw you, and you looked on him almost—I thought, that is—almost as I look."

"You—you thought so?"

"Yes; and it haunted me so; and then I said to myself—Well, were it so, could I not die, and leave her to love him without remorse?"

Norman turned away to hide a tear. Whatever might have been Parmane's feelings, they were too much under her control to be apparent.

She rang the bell for a servant, and despatched Adaline and Mrs. Courtney to her apartment to remove their bonnets and shawls. When they were gone she turned, almost fiercely, upon Norman, saying:

"You love her!"

"I—I—," he stammered.

"You do—you know you do; therefore, deny it not!"

"Parmane, hear me. Was it not you who forced me into the arms of that poor girl, whom I should have never thought of but for you? This passion which you have discovered, and I do confess, I will abjure—destroy—"

"And do you think I would owe my happiness to her death, to your pity, and so deserve my own contempt? You know me better, Norman. I have not less self-abnegation than she expressed but now, and a stronger heart to bear the trial. I yield her to

you. You preserved her life and thus do I repay you."

Parmane was Adaline's bridesmaid, and none could see the aching heart beneath the smiling face. She bore her cross without an outward murmur.

G. L. A.

#### FRIENDSHIP.

THE bands of friendship, pure and warm.

We twine around the heart,

Which closely clings through good and ill

Nor from its faith will part.

And, oh, this bond so thrilling sweet

Sends through the soul a joy,

Beside which all the passions pale,

And love itself is coy!

No jealousy, with sharpened fangs,

Infests fair friendship's hall,

Hanging a dagger in the heart,

And over joy a pall,

But fair-winged truthfulness and faith

Hang like a golden star

Upon the frescoes of her walls,

Shedding their rays afar.

E. W. P.

### WATAWA.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

THE fury of Scalp-Robe, as he found himself bound and alone, in the darkness of the limestone cave, where he had been left by Lincoln and Bessie, was like the fury of a wolf caught in a trap. He struggled with his bonds, raved in deep gutturals, and danced about the rocky floor of the cavern in a manner quite at variance with the habitual stoicism of his people.

"Waugh! me kill Lincoln!" he exclaimed, referring to Lincoln by the name which had been given him by the Indians. "Me kill the White Fawn! Me kill all the white chief's people!"

The very violence of his fury tended to exhaust it the sooner, and he finally became silent, appearing to enter upon a review of his situation.

His hands, it will be remembered, had been left bound behind his back, and his first reasoning movement was to enter the inner cave and make an effort to burn asunder the cords that bound them.

This proceeding gave him great pain, and was not without serious danger, so that he at length relinquished it, not being able to burn the ropes without burning himself, and returned to the outer cavern, seating himself on a projecting stone near the spot where he had left his canoe.

From his supineness, no less than from his glances toward the entrance of the cavern, it was evident that he expected a friendly visit, which would relieve him from his embarrassing position.

For some time he waited and watched, without word or motion, and all around him remained dark, cold, and silent.

At length, becoming impatient, he was about to place himself in his canoe and push himself, yard by yard, out of the cave, when an object suddenly darkened the outer entrance—a small canoe, a counterpart of the chiefs', containing a single figure, which was speedily seen to be a woman's.

The savage uttered a cry of joy.

The new-comer was a young Indian girl, Eolah, the sister of the chief, the confidante of his schemes, and the most intimate companion of his existence since the death of the squaw of whom he had spoken to Bessie.

She had known of his intention to seize the bells of the settlement, and had come with a curiosity and interest quite natural to learn the result of his schemes and to see the captive.

She was dressed in that jaunty style which characterizes the young squaws, and she possessed a beauty and intelligence which had materially strengthened the influence of her brother over their people.

The plump and dashing figure of the intruder was promptly recognized by the chief, as we have indicated, and he shouted excitedly to her:

"Eolah! Eolah!"

At this call the canoe stopped suddenly, its occupant uttered a cry of surprise, and rested motionless on the subterranean river.

The voice of the chief was so thickened by his wrath and bitterness, that Eolah did not recognize it, and she cast a frightened glance into the darkness from which it had proceeded.

"It is the Great Eagle, Eolah!" continued the savage, starting to his feet. "Come here! hasten!"

The intruder was reassured, although her wonder appeared in no degree lessened.

She touched the water lightly with a paddle in her hand, and advanced along the narrow and winding stream toward the spot where her brother was impatiently waiting.

As her eyes became accustomed to the gloom, and as she neared the rear of the cavern, she perceived the dark figure crouched on one of the stony shores of the stream, and uttered an ejaculation of mingled astonishment and inquiry.

"Is it really the Great Eagle?" she asked, in a voice that was not unmusical.

"Waugh! Who but Watawa should have the Great Eagle's voice? Who but Watawa should know Eolah in the darkness?" demanded the savage, becoming calm at the prospect of his liberation.

"It is Watawa!" said Eolah. "But what is the Great Eagle doing?"

"Peace, Eolah," commanded the prisoner. "Bring a torch from the fire within, and set me free!"

"Set the Great Eagle free?" repeated the girl.

"Waugh! Watawa has spoken! Hasten!"

Eolah hastened into the secret retreat of the chief, and instantly returned with a flaming brand she had taken from the fire.

Flashing its rays over the writhing form and flushed face of her brother, she perceived that something unusual had happened, although she did not at once detect that his hands were bound together.

"Cut these ropes," he commanded, turning his back towards her, and exhibiting to her his utter helplessness; "or, if you have no knife, burn them."

The girl cut the cords, with many an exclamation of wonder, and demanded to know why she found him in such a condition.

Stern and sullen, with a subdued fury resembling that of a whipped wolf, the chief resumed his seat without replying.

"Speak, brother," said Eolah, imperatively. "I have seen the warriors of Watawa returning to their lodges. They are silent as bears. Not a word can be had from them. What has happened? Did Death Eye and his braves seize Lincoln yesterday?"

"No."

"But they saw him? They fought him?"

"Yes. They hunted him into a cave, but he vanished through the ground! Lincoln is a mighty medicine-man. He's like the wind of the mountains. He goes where he will, and disappears like a hatchet in the river."

"He's free then?" commented Eolah. "But where is the White Fawn?"

The chief uttered an exclamation of fierce wrath. "At sunrise," pursued the girl, "the White Fawn was to be in the secret lodge of the Great Eagle. Eolah has come to see her."

"Well, you can return, sister," said Scalp-Robe, in the hoarse tones of rage. "The White Fawn is not here."

"But Watawa said he would seize her."

"Watawa spoke truly."

"And that he would leave the body of Minetiah at Lincoln's lodge, to make him think the White Fawn was dead."

"Peace, Eolah," exclaimed the chief, impatiently. "The Great Eagle seized the White Fawn, and left the body of Minetiah, but Lincoln was not deceived! The white chief knows everything. He came for the White Fawn, and has taken her away with him."

"And left Watawa bound in this manner," ejaculated Eolah, with equal surprise and indignation.

"Waugh! the white chief is mighty. His bones are like stone, and his arms are like the falling trees in a tornado."

Eolah had difficulty in receiving the information thus given her.

She had talked up with her brother, the previous day, his projects for seizing Lincoln and Bessie, and she had not had a single doubt of his success.

The opportune death of one of the prettiest young women in the tribe had suggested the deep and barbarous scheme so elaborately essayed by the chief, and she could not comprehend its failure.

"Eolah would know all," she said. "Speak, brother, and let us get wisdom together."

The chief proceeded to narrate the attempt of his braves to seize Lincoln, and the circumstances under which he himself had secured Bessie, as well as those under which she had been rescued by her father.

"No one saw Watawa at the white chief's lodge," questioned Eolah, when he had ended.

"No, sister—no one saw me. The Great Spirit is witness."

"Then how did Lincoln know? Why did he look for the White Fawn here?"

"Sister, how did he go through the ground from the cave? Watawa has said it—Lincoln is the son of the Great Spirit. He can fly like an eagle when he pleases, or ride all day like a turtle at the bottom of the river."

"Then Watawa had better fly like a deer before



him," said Eolah, in a tone that rankled in the heart of the listener. "What warrior can compare with Lincoln?"

"Peace," again said the chief, annoyed by the half-embellished scorn of his sister. "The Great Eagle is not yet conquered. His arm is strong, and his heart as big as a mountain."

"But Lincoln—"

"Peace, Eolah! Lincoln is a great medicine-man, but did he hunt the deer when the trees were first planted? The great medicine-man of our people is dead, and must Lincoln live for ever? No, no! the day will come when the white chief will be like the other enemies of Watawa, and then shall the White Fawn be the squaw of the Great Eagle."

This view of the case seemed to strike Eolah, for a look of contentment succeeded the mocking smile on her face, as she said:

"True, the great medicine-men die when the Great Spirit calls them, and so it will be with Lincoln. The heart of Watawa must be brave, and his lodge will soon be gladdened with the White Fawn's presence."

The chief looked pleased at the assurance.

"Sister," he said, "we must talk wisely together. The heart of Watawa is with the daughter of the pale-face, and his lodge is like a hole in the ground without her."

Eolah laughed half scornfully.

"Yes," she said, "Watawa has the heart of a pale-face, and the daughters of his people are not good enough for him."

"Sister," rejoined the savage, in a deep tone, which betrayed how he was swayed by his passion, "many moons have passed since the Great Eagle first smoked the pipe of peace with Lincoln. In all these moons Watawa has talked shining words to the pale-faces. The chief has been in the lodges of Lincoln and his brothers, and has eaten of the deer they have killed for him. He has talked to the pale-faces in their own tongue, and has drunken the fire-water he has found in their settlements. In all these moons he has seen the flower of the pale-faces—"

"And the White Fawn," interrupted Eolah, "has put a spell upon Watawa that has changed his heart. He prefers a stranger to his own people, and he seeks a squaw who has only words of scorn to give him."

The brow of the chief darkened.

"The White Fawn will change," he said, "when she is the squaw of Watawa. We will go away to the great woods, where her people never can find her."

"Or Eolah can name a cunning drink from the woods that will give the White Fawn the spirit of a turtle," observed the girl, as a sinister and malignant look overspread her features. "Eolah hates the daughter of the pale-faces!"

"Waugh! Watawa and his sister can talk and act together. How shall the White Fawn be taken from the lodge of Lincoln?"

Eolah stared into the dark waters of the subterranean stream, in a way that showed she had no inspiration on the subject.

"The Great Eagle must be quiet as a snake in the grass," she declared. "The time will come. The heart must be strong, and the hand ready!"

The chief moved uneasily. It was evident that he did not possess the patience his sister had advised him to cherish.

"The Great Eagle burns like the brand in the hand of Eolah!" he declared with a sigh. "Before a new moon, the White Fawn must be the squaw of Watawa and Lincoln must be as the great medicine-man. Watawa has spoken!"

He took the torch from Eolah, launched his canoe, closed the entrance of the secret cavern, wrapped himself in his robe, and added:

"The braves of Watawa are even now on the war-path. The Great Eagle sent them at the rising of the sun to the lodge of Lincoln. Watawa thought to destroy his enemy while he was weeping over Minotah. The braves may meet him on the river."

The truth was, the chief had found, after leaving Bessie the previous evening, that his braves had failed in their attempt to seize Lincoln, and he had thereupon given the directions now referred to.

"The Great Eagle has done wisely," commented Eolah. "Lincoln may be killed!"

The chief hurled the flaming brand into the water, placed himself in his canoe, and paddled towards the entrance of the cavern.

Eolah imitated his movements, in her own little craft, and the couple soon emerged into the open air, and paddled down the stream.

Descending the cataract, they turned into the great river, and descended it in silence, going in the direction taken by the savages, male and female, who had brought the dead Indian girl to her strange burial near the falls the day previous.

The features of the chief were stern and resolute,

for he was terribly in earnest in his projects, but they were also troubled and gloomy, for he did not see his way to the desired triumph.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

THE Indians who had intercepted Lincoln and Bessie on the river, while they were returning homeward from the limestone cave, wore all armed with rifles and tomahawks, as well as covered with war-paint, and presented an appearance quite terrifying enough to warrant the emotion Bessie had displayed at seeing them.

They were under the lead of a grizzled old savage who had been the lieutenant of Scalp-Robe during a past generation of border warfare, and they had evidently been lying in ambush for Lincoln.

In fact, as the reader has doubtless foreseen, they were the savages sent by Scalp-Robe to seize the scout, as the chief had declared to his sister at the moment of leaving the limestone cavern.

The supposition of the wily savage had been that they would find Lincoln at his cabin, overwhelmed with grief for the supposed death of Bessie, and that he would thus be found an easy victim.

They had been prowling about the shores near the island all the morning, seeking some sign of encouragement in their sinister project, and wondering why they did not see any signs of life at the cabin.

After a long and cautious reconnaissance, they had convinced themselves that the white chief was not in the exposed and vulnerable position Scalp-Robe had expected, when sending them there, and they had long held the powers of Lincoln in such repute as to be very cautious in their movements.

The hours of the morning had accordingly been consumed in a variety of little measures and movements, looking to the solution of the unusual and prolonged silence at the cabin.

On seeing the scout and his daughter, however, descending the river alone, the savages concluded that they had found the desired basis of action.

Their chief had said nothing to them of Bessie's abduction, nor of the ruse represented by the dead Indian girl, and they had no surprise or interest on those points.

Their orders had simply been to kill Lincoln, and to take captive anyone found with him.

Accordingly, with a few sharp ejaculations, to incite and encourage one another, they had bounded from their covert to the attack.

A glance, and Lincoln saw all—their purpose, their numbers, their advantage!

He was near the upper end of the island, but the Indians were considerably nearer to it than himself, owing to the narrowness of the stream on that side of it, and that one quick glance had assured him that they could intercept him by the time he could reach it.

On the other hand, burdened as he was with Bessie, he could not escape up the river or fly to the shore opposite the savages, for they would be sure to overtake him or stop his flight with a bullet.

As to a successful resistance against such overpowering numbers, that was out of the question.

What should he do, therefore? Which of these courses, all equally fatal, should he adopt?

"They near us!" cried Bessie. "They will cut us off at the island!"

The scout did not swerve from his direct course down the stream, but only redoubled his efforts at the oars, as he replied, in a whisper:

"Courage, dear! Look above! Heaven will protect you when I fail to do so!"

The cries of the savages deepened to a yell, which had all the jubilation of triumph.

They had perceived their advantage almost as quickly as Lincoln himself, and saw no way of escape for him.

The canoe approached the upper end of the island, which was bold, rocky and densely wooded, as the reader will remember, and a calm, defiant look took possession of the scout's features.

The savages were even nearer to the island than Lincoln, and loomed up formidably to the view, with their fierce cries and gestures.

"Some of them have stopped rowing," continued the maiden, even more wildly.

The scout stopped also, and pushed Bessie into the bottom of the canoe, as she added:

"They have seized their rifles! They aim them at us!"

The sharp report of several rifles rang over the scene, and among them the report of Lincoln's, he having shot the foremost of the assailants through the heart.

At the same instant the scout, still grasping his rifle, was seen to toss his arms aloft, like a man mortally wounded, and to fall backward into the river, disappearing like a stone beneath its surface.

"Oh, heaven! they have shot him!" moaned

Bessie, springing to her feet and then sinking helplessly into the bottom of the canoe, which drifted away at the mercy of the current. "Oh, my father! my father!"

She peered into the water around her, but saw nothing of Lincoln, and it occurred to her that his death-grip of his heavy rifle might retain his body at the bottom of the river.

A majority of the savages dashed forward, with yells of triumph, seized the canoe, and dragged it toward the island, while the rest of them fished out the body of their dead companion, who had fallen into the river at the same moment as Lincoln.

Bessie was again a prisoner.

Seeing nothing of their enemy, the Indians exchanged a few words together, and came to the conclusion that he had been killed outright, and that his rifle, which was known to be uncommonly heavy, had in some way dragged him to the bottom of the river.

Three of them declared that they had taken a fatal aim at him, and even disputed as to which of them had despatched the fatal bullet.

They waited several minutes longer than any human being could have remained under water, and then proceeded to the island.

Bessie understood their language well enough to learn the conclusions at which they had arrived, and her grief was profound.

Leaving their dead companion in one of their canoes, they took Bessie ashore, and conducted her toward the cabin, rejoicing noisily at their success.

The key was demanded of the captive, with such menaces that she did not dare to refuse it. In fact, she was so shocked by what had passed, so grieved by the terrible event of the hour, that she cared nothing for her own life, or for the further acts of her captors.

She accordingly produced the key from under the steps, where it had been left by Lincoln and Thomas, and made no resistance as the savages bound her securely to one of the trees near the entrance.

The cabin was entered, and the Indians proceeded to help themselves to some whisky they found in the pantry, to refreshments, to powder and balls, and to various other articles that met their attention.

The leader of the party even put on one of Lincoln's coats, and made merry with his companions over the comical figure he presented.

Freely circulating the bottle of whisky they had found, they soon became noisy and negligent, and displayed a folly and want of sense that would have seemed natural to a party of civilized drinkers.

Having left Bessie so securely bound, they did not trouble themselves about her, except to throw an occasional glance in that direction at such times as they looked up and down the river, to be sure that no enemy was coming.

The anguish of the captive will be comprehended without especial description.

Suddenly, as she was looking away toward the spot where she had last seen her father, she caught a glimpse of a figure moving stealthily in a canoe along the shore of the island, ascending the river.

As strange, as unexpected, as unaccountable as it was, there was no possibility of taking this figure for anything but her father!

His outlines, his movements, and especially the look she had received from him—all told her that he still lived, that he was active, and that the triumph of the savages was not by any means certain.

How breathlessly she watched and listened!

A moment more, and she caught another glimpse of the voyager as he passed an opening in the bushes.

He was indeed Lincoln!

The fact was, the scout had not been injured by the shots of his enemies, but had fallen into the river from his canoe in pursuance of a plan he had formed to free Bessie, and himself from the perils into which fortune had thrust them.

He had seen at a glance that he could not outrow the savages, nor fly, nor successfully resist them.

He had seen that the boat was near enough to the end of the island to allow of his walking under water to the bushes overhanging the river.

As quick as a flash, therefore, on seeing the Indians seize their rifles, he had resolved on executing this measure, and their attempt to shoot him at once gave his project the required basis.

His rifle keeping him on the river bottom, he had gained the shore unseen and unsuspected, and raised his head out of the water into the midst of the bushes hanging low upon its surface.

From this spot he had observed the movement of the savages toward the cabin, and had emerged cautiously from the river in time to take a note of their proceedings in that quarter.

In fact, seeing what they were doing, and noting

where Bessie had been left, he promptly resolved to rescue her.

To this end, he secured the canoe, placed his useless rifle in it, and crept down the shore of the island toward the cabin, in the manner which has already been made apparent.

Having reached, unobserved by all but Bessie, the little inlet from which the members of the family were accustomed to take their departure from the island, he waited till the savages had looked again from the cabin, thus strengthening their sense of security, and then he moved swiftly and silently toward the captive.

A few hasty steps—a few strokes with his hunting-knife upon Bessie's bonds—and the hardy pioneer bore her away in triumph, placed her in the canoe, and resumed his way down the river.

In the meantime the savages had concluded to leave, having eaten and drunk all they wished, and being apprehensive that a longer stay might lead them into trouble.

The cabin was accordingly evacuated, amid propositions to burn it.

But at this juncture a startling fact was presented to the notice of the red-skins.

The captive was not where they had left her, nor, indeed, on the island.

A scene of wild confusion followed.

Looking here and there, the Indians finally perceived the father and daughter seated in their canoe, and descending the river, at least a quarter of a mile from the cabin.

Their awe and wonder at this discovery was beyond expression.

They saw that the couple were beyond their reach, and were confounded at the superiority of the white chief's "medicine" feats over those practised by their people.

Babbling wildly, and quivering with fear, they murmured to one another that Lincoln was indeed a son of the Great Spirit, since he could thus return to life after they had killed him.

Recovering the use of their faculties, they fled precipitately to their canoes, and hurried away in the wildest dismay and terror.

"Safe! safe!" murmured Bessie, as she observed the flight of the savages. "It is no dream, dear father. You are indeed with me."

"Hush, dear," said the scout, as he looked significantly toward a couple of rabbits which were bounding along the bank. "Some one has frightened those animals this way—some one quite near us, but whether friend or foe, I cannot yet say. As a precaution, we must land, since we cannot hide on the river."

"I hope we shall not encounter another band of the savages," said Bessie, as the scout rowed to the nearest bank. "Can't you see now who is coming?"

"No, dear. The trees are in the way. We must land."

Bessie sprang lightly out upon the bank, and Lincoln drew the canoe from the water, concealing it in the bushes.

"Fortunately we are in a snug place, with plenty of trees to screen us," he then said. "Wait here a moment, dear, while I see what is coming."

Bessie seated herself on the mossy bank, and the scout proceeded cautiously in the direction from which the frightened rabbits had come, but he had not gone far when a look of joy and relief overspread his features, and he turned back with a smile.

"I see them," he said. "Guess who is coming?"

Bessie sprang to her feet, and advanced from her concealment, for the manner of her father assured her that they were safe.

"They are our friends," added Lincoln—"quite a large party of them, including Thomas and Robert."

"Thomas and Robert!" repeated the maiden, with an eloquent glow of expectation on her features. "They have become anxious about us and are looking for us."

The couple advanced eagerly to meet the newcomers.

(To be continued.)

TURKEY.—Two notices have recently been issued by the Postmaster-General. Information has been received by the Ottoman Government, to the effect that an invasion of the customs duty payable in Turkey upon diamonds and other jewels has been frequently effected by sending these things in letters by post. This course renders the valuables in question liable to confiscation. The Postmaster-General warns the public against this liability. A reduction of fee on registered letters for British colonies and foreign countries is to be made on and after the 1st of this month. The British registration fee will be re-

duced from 6d. to 4d. The rule will apply to newspapers and book packets. Registered letters, however, addressed to France or to any foreign country, the correspondence of which is sent in the French mail, will continue chargeable with a registration fee of the same amount as the postage to which they are liable. In consequence of this reduction in the amount of the British fee for registration, the total registration fee required to be paid in advance will be reduced to the extent of 2d. on letters to Austria, when specially addressed via Italy, to a great number of places in Turkey, Moldavia, Wallachia, the Levant, &c., at which Austria maintains post-offices, when the letters are specially addressed via France and Austria.

## TEMPTATION.

By J. F. SMITH,

Author of "The Will and the Way," "Woman and her Master," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

What man so wise—what earthly wit so rare,  
As to decry the crafty, cunning train  
By which deceit doth mask in visage fair,  
And cast her colours, dyed deep in guile,  
To seem like truth, whose shape she well can feign,  
And fitting gesture to her purpose frame,  
Poor simple man with guile to entertain? *Spenser.*

"ESTELLE," interrupted the faded beauty, "I could almost pity your want of firmness! I have pointed out to you that the only way to crush your rival is to ruin her happiness! Fortunately for you, that happiness depends upon a man who is vain, inconstant, incapable of appreciating the devotion of a love like hers!"

"I will think of it!" said the singer, moodily. "Her voice will lose its purity and tone," resumed her adviser, "when her heart aches; her eyes will lose their vivacity when tears of jealousy have dimmed them! Since the emotions of love are denied me," continued the speaker, spitefully, "I must then put up with those which the world has left me! It will be an amusement to me to watch the struggle between you—the phases of the scene—the doubt—the suspense—the battle!"

"It is a wickedly clever scheme!" exclaimed Mademoiselle Cherini; "I have but one scruple—"

"Scruple!" interrupted the old lady; "my dear child, you ought never to have entered the theatre, where scruples of any kind are considered monstrous!"

"It is not the scruple you suppose!" replied Estelle, with a smile; "the man is so very insipid!"

"You are the less likely to become seriously attached to him!"

"So vain!"

"He will fall all the easier into the net."

"I shall never be able to endure him!" added the young lady.

This was her last objection. Not one had yet been made on the score of virtue and delicacy.

"Don't be too certain of that, *ma belle*!" said the female Machiavel. "I have known a flirtation conceived in folly and indifference terminate in a serious attachment! I remember," she added, with a sigh, "that the grand passion of my life began with positive aversion!"

"The grand passion of your life!" repeated mademoiselle; "as if you, who are all reason, reflection, prudence, and philosophy, ever really condescended to love! I should like to see the man that could have touched your heart!"

The features of Madame Montecoreau became suddenly contracted, as if a spasm had seized her; but she quickly mastered her emotion.

"Are you ill?" demanded her friend.

"A cramp, my love—nothing more!" replied the lady, with hypocritical firmness. "What were we speaking of?"

"Of the man you loved!"

"He has been dead long since!" said the aged coquette in a light-hearted tone; "let the poor thing rest in peace! Perhaps he was nearer related to you than you imagine; but think of your own affairs, and the advice I have given you!"

"I have thought of it!"

"And the result?"

"That I will destroy her happiness," exclaimed Mademoiselle Cherini, with a look of intense hatred, "even though I lose my own!"

"Brava—brava, Estelle!" cried her adviser; "that look and gesture would have created a sensation on the stage? When do you commence—to-morrow?"

It is time we introduced Signor Garrachi to the especial notice of our readers, since he is destined to act so important a part in the development of our story—a sort of human pivot on which the passions work—useful as the hinge of a door, and almost as insensible.

Alberto Garrachi, an Italian by birth, was the son of a respectable lawyer of Milan. Nature, as is frequently the case in the sunny regions of the south, had done more for his person than his heart. When a mere boy, he had been remarked for the elegance of his figure, the faultless regularity of his features—which were of that Antinous-like casts sculptures and painters recognize as the ideal of intellectual beauty.

At seventeen he was quite the rage amongst the belles of his native city; at eighteen he was compelled to quit it. An Austrian officer of high rank took it into his head to be jealous—very foolishly, no doubt; but as the Austrians were then masters of Italy, the object of his wrath deemed it more prudent to visit Paris than run the risk of being sent as a prisoner to Spielberg.

With a scantily-furnished purse, he reached the French capital, then just emerging from the horrors of the first revolution, and, like some terrified beauty, faintly drawing her breath under the Directory.

The next year witnessed Napoleon's wondrous march over the Alps, and the downfall of the German power in Italy; but the young scapegrace felt no disposition to return.

The excitement of Paris pleased him—the wiser fascinated him—and he frequently declared that if ever he did sacrifice his dear liberty, it should only be to a Frenchwoman.

Unfortunately for the gifted object of his choice, he kept his word.

What between the gaming-houses, giving lessons in Italian, and the opera—where he found employment for his talents as a musician—he contrived to make a tolerable living.

At the last place he became struck with the person, and still more with the voice, of a very young girl—the daughter of an *emigré*—who had been compelled to avoid a worse fate, to take to the stage as a means of existence.

He would willingly have dispensed with the marriage ceremony, had it been possible; but, young as Mademoiselle Eugénie was, her soul was too pure for that.

Her virtue and her voice, whose extraordinary quality and power Alberto was the first to recognize, decided him.

He married her, and was astonished to find at the end of six months that he did not regret the sacrifice—for Madame Garrachi began to rise rapidly in the favour of the public.

As he had calculated, her voice proved a fortune.

One child—a boy, about the same age as Fanny—was the only issue of their union.

For several years the life of the gifted Frenchwoman was a series of brilliant triumphs. Even Italy—fastidious Italy—owned her powers. Her reputation became European—she was happy.

The excitement of her profession, the frequent change from one capital to another, travel, study, adulation, fresh faces, the whirl of her existence, left no time to examine the foundation upon which her happiness was reared.

In the blind confidence of her affectionate nature, she thought it built upon a rock; there were many who could have told her that it was but sand.

If Signor Garrachi did not love his wife too dearly to risk her earnings at the gaming-table, or squander them in wanton extravagance, he prized himself too highly to risk the *dolce far niente* of his existence by such imprudence.

True, he sported an elegant equipage—kept a first-rate table, and dressed with all the magnificence of a *nouveau riche*.

These would have been trifling failings, had he felt but one spark of gratitude or true affection to the woman by whose genius he lived.

In nine cases out of ten, no sooner does an actress or singer of great merit appear in the theatrical world, than some undone *roué*, bankrupt lord, or good-looking, good-for-nothing schemer inveigles her into marriage.

He takes her as a speculation—as a sporting man takes a promising colt for the Derby. If she runs well, all the better for her owner; if she breaks down, the sooner her heart breaks, too, all the better for herself.

We have seen one or two such instances in our time, but have no wish to particularize them.

Having determined to follow the advice of her relative, Mademoiselle Cherini at once commenced her attack upon the heart—*pal!* the vanity, she should have said—of Alberto Garrachi. It was a dangerous step—and she felt it so—for she had to encounter a nature as cold, egotistical, and worthless as her own.

It was not the exposure she dreaded, but the failure; to succeed was to triumph.

Her first advances were like those of the approach of age—scarcely to be perceived.

It was some time before the signor—vain as he was



—faced that Mademoiselle Cherini regarded him with more than usual attention; and even then so clearly was the impression conveyed, that she left him in doubt whether he had been deceived or not.

One important point at least was gained: he thought of her—and that was more than the husband of Mademoiselle Cherini had ever gained. It is a dangerous experiment for either man or woman to permit the mind to be exclusively occupied by one of the opposite sex.

At first it may be mere curiosity; but love, or something which is mistaken for love, is nearly certain to follow.

The individual replaces the idea.

At first the signor was amused by the supposition that mademoiselle regarded him with an eye of favour; next he felt anxious to ascertain whether he had judged rightly or not; then came the doubt—and the doubt became a torment; whilst, the fact, in all probability, would have proved a matter of most perfect indifference to him.

"Brava, Brava!" whispered Madame Montecau in the ear of her relative, as they quitted the green-room of His Majesty's Theatre, where the old lady had passed an evening—*pour se délasser*, as she said—but in reality to watch the progress of her scheme; "the bird is limed!"

"But slightly, I fear!" observed mademoiselle. "All the better, my love!" continued the experienced woman of the world; you have caught it by its feathers—a little play, and it will entangle itself! Had it been by the heart or head—although I have no great opinion of either—it might have made an effort and escaped!

There were both profound wickedness and wisdom in the remark.

About a fortnight after the above conversation, Madame Garrachi—who was singing in the opera of *Otello*—was observed to cast several glances from the stage towards the side-wings, where her husband and Mademoiselle Cherini were engaged in an animated conversation. The artful woman had chosen the great scene in which the hapless Desdemona so pathetically laments the cruel change in her swarthy lord. The recitative—

*Nousan maggior dolore  
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice  
Nella miseria!*

had just commenced, and the great artiste sang it as divinely as usual. Perhaps the words awakened a forbidding echo in her heart.

At the commencement of the aria she appeared distressed, and instead of concluding it with the brilliant *ripost*—which the audience anticipated, and were waiting to applaud—her voice suddenly gave way.

There was a murmur—then a burst of applause as enthusiastic as any which had ever greeted her previous exertions.

"How stupid!" muttered the signor, darting from the side of his companion to receive his wife at the wing.

"His interest—not his heart!" was touched. "You hear!" said Mademoiselle to Madame Montecau, to whom she spoke in an undertone; "had I made such a failure they would have hissed me!"

"They will hiss her, next time!" calmly observed the temptress.

"Never!"

"We shall see!" continued the old lady, with a slightly sarcastic smile; "my experience against your impatience! You forget that I was once as great an idol of the public as she is now!"

"Well—well!" muttered her relative, impatiently. "I lived to be hissed by the same audience that a year before had taken my horses from my carriage and dragged it in triumph from the San Carlos to my hotel in the Strada di Toledo. I never sang a note since," added the speaker, "as to myself!"

They separated. Mademoiselle Cherini entered on scene, whilst her adviser returned to the green-room.

Madame Garrachi, with the susceptibility of a generous mind, severely blamed herself for the weakness she had betrayed—which, in answer to her husband's inquiries, she attributed to sudden indisposition.

"Most unfortunate!" he said; "the Regent is in the house!"

There was a murmur of applause from the front. "As I live!" he continued, "they are crying, 'Come to that aria of Cherini's which she never did and never will sing well!'"

The eyes of his wife began to brighten.

"She has no genius!"

"Oh, Alberto—vous et moi!"

"No flexibility of voice—in fact, no soul!"

"And I was weak enough to feel jealous," thought the singer; "of a little attention—a harmless conversation! I must never confess how foolish—how very foolish I have been!"

"I am better," she said, "much better now! Fear not, I will redeem myself!"

Her husband observed that the great scene was past.

Talent seizes occasion—it is the gift of genius alone.

In the last act the singing and acting of Madame Garrachi were so exquisitely pathetic, that the audience were alternately in raptures and in tears. At the end of the opera the Prince Regent himself commenced the applause, which ended in her recall before the curtain.

Never was triumph more complete. The momentary failure was forgotten.

The gifted woman and her worthless husband returned home—the former convinced that she had given way to a ridiculous, unfounded suspicion, for which she severely reproached herself; the latter satisfied that his interest—that is, the popularity of his wife—his *speculation*—had suffered no material damage.

"I must not flirt with Cherini at the wings any more," he thought—for he had not been deceived by the plea of indisposition.

"I am satisfied, quite satisfied, that I wronged him," mentally exclaimed the singer; "but it shall not occur again. I am convinced I have no ground for jealousy—and yet—"

And yet!

How often does the doubt that little word implies glide like a spectre between the heart and happiness—the mind and its repose!

And yet!

It announces that the worm jealousy hath set its teeth in the root of confidence. The flower may still continue to bloom to the eye of the unobservant, but its perfume is impaired; the dew no longer freshens it—for it has fallen in tears.

How often do we hear the world affect to blame, to ridicule jealousy! They might just as well ridicule the fever of the brain. Jealousy is the fever of the heart—far more painful, and frequently as fatal. It is a disease—and, like most diseases, has some real predisposing cause; the error is to confound it with suspicion.

Let the world blame, ridicule suspicion as much as it pleases—in its cold irony show it no mercy—for it deserves none—tear it to rags—bespatter, trample it—exercise its wit upon it, as a target for ball-practice; but spare true jealousy, which, like the Arabian gum, exudes from the heart only after it has been wounded.

If it is merely a weakness, it will correct itself; if a crime, at least it carries its punishment along with it.

The next morning, at rehearsal, Mademoiselle Cherini inquired with the most affectionate solicitude after the health of the woman whom she so bitterly hated—whose happiness she was plotting to destroy.

Madame Garrachi replied to her rival with more than usual cordiality—so determined was she not to let her husband perceive what she considered the weakness of her heart.

"And now, Signor Alberto," continued mademoiselle, drawing a chair and seating herself in such a position that neither husband nor wife, without being positively rude, could escape, "like a dear, good creature, finish your story!"

"Dear, good creature!" mentally repeated her victim. "I must have been deceived! Guilt would be more cautious!"

"What story?" demanded the gentleman, failing to take the cue as cleverly as it was given.

"What story!" repeated the lady. "Why the one you were relating last night, when my sweet friend here was singing the recitative in the third act."

"Yes—I recollect! Bianca di Capella!"

"No—you finished that!" hastily interrupted the heartless woman. "The one I mean is of the student and the guillotine!"

At the word "guillotine," Madame Garrachi rose hastily and quitted the green-room. Most of her family had perished by what fearful engine during the horrors of the first revolution; so wonder that the mere name unnerved her.

"Imprudent!" said Alberto.

"Comment?"

"The very mention of the guillotine upsets my wife," he added, "whose family were royalists, and, I believe, noble."

"Well, but the story!" urged mademoiselle.

"Some other time!" replied the gentleman.

"No! No!"

"One evening," whispered the Italian, "at your own house. With Madame Montecau as chaperone, there can be no impropriety."

The lady affected to blush and the speaker, without waiting for a reply, hurried out of the room after his decease, confiding wife.

"It is the crisis!" exclaimed the successful intrigante, as she entered her elegantly-furnished drawing-room in Arny Street, where her privy

councillor and relative was seated. "He is coming this very evening."

The *ex-prima donna* appeared to reflect for a few moments.

"Did you invite him?" she said, after a pause.

"*Pas si bête!*" was the reply.

"I am glad you did not," continued the aged woman, who, with recollections of her own disappointments and sorrows fresh upon her, could plot, without the least compunctious visitings of conscience, the destruction of the happiness of one who had never injured her—one of her own sex, too. Had it been one of ours, the crime might have been less reprehensible. "A declaration will follow!"

"Of course!"

"How will you receive it?"

"There I require your advice, my dear, excellent friend!" replied Mademoiselle Cherini; "for positively I have not made up my mind—the man is so insipid! True," she continued, musingly, "he has fine eyes, and there is a triumph in winning him from the woman I detest; but, *entre nous*, I firmly believe that he is more in love with himself than ever he has been with his wife!"

"Not unlikely," was the cynical rejoinder.

"Or ever will be with me," added the younger of the speakers, concluding her speech.

"Not if you play your cards well," observed Madame Montecau, seriously; "a defeat will redouble his passion—for you will have piqued his vanity—the only sensitive point in his composition! You must blush—appear very much distressed—nay, even offended at his declaration—request him to leave you—and don't fail to let a tear or two be seen when he obeys you!"

"But will he obey me?" demanded the lady.

"Of course he will! If not, my love, I am always at hand to play Propriety, as these stupid English call it! Your only object is to excite a passion, to make a fool of him!"

"Nothing more!" she replied; "and yet—"

The last words were uttered to herself. Her companion smiled—for she guessed what was passing in her mind, without hearing them.

The truth was, that the handsome person of the Italian had made a deeper impression than Mademoiselle Cherini chose to confess.

The gentleman arrived, and was received by the actress—in more senses of the word than one—with affected confusion and surprise.

"You were serious, then?" she said.

"Perfectly! Could you doubt me?"

The comedy so cleverly arranged was acted as comedies are seldom acted nowadays—and perhaps that is the reason why so few men of genius condescend to write them. To the perfect satisfaction of the author, the long-expected declaration was made, and repulsed.

Alberto left the house of the artful syren more intoxicated with passion than ever.

(To be continued.)

# COFFEE-HOUSES IN 1714.

A CABINET picture of the coffee-house life of a century and a half since is thus given in the well-known "Journey through England" in 1714:—

"I am lodged," says the tourist, "in the street called Pall Mall, the ordinary residence of all strangers, because of its vicinity to the Queen's Palace, the Park, the Parliament House, the theatres, and the chocolate and coffee-houses, where the best company frequent."

"If you would know our manner of living, 'tis thus:—We rise by nine, and those that frequent great men's levees, find entertainment at them till eleven, or, as in Holland, go to tea-tables; about twelve the *beau monde* assemble in several coffee or chocolate-houses; the best of which are the Cocoa Tree and White's Chocolate-house, St. James's, the Smyrna, Mrs. Rochford's, and the British Coffee-house; and all these so near one another, that in less than an hour you see the company of them all."

"We are carried to these places in chairs (or sedans), which are here very cheap: a guinea a week, or a shilling per hour, and your chairmen serve you for porters to run on errands, as your gondoliers do at Venice."

"If it be fine weather, we take a turn into the Park till two, when we go to dinner; and if it be dirty, you are entertained at piquet or hazard at White's, or you may talk politics at the Smyrna or James's."

"I must not forget to tell you that the parties have their different places, where, however, a stranger is always well received; but a Whig will no more go to the Cocoa Tree or Ozinda's, than a Tory will be seen at the Coffee-house, St. James's."

"The Scots go generally to the British, and a mixture of all sorts to the Smyrna. There are other little

coffee-houses much frequented in this neighbourhood—Young Man's, for officers; Old Man's, for stock-jobbers, paymasters, and courtiers; and Little Man's for sharpers.

"I never was so confounded in my life as when I entered into this last: I saw two or three tables, full at faro, heard the box and dice rattling in the room above stairs, and was surrounded by a set of sharp faces, that I was afraid would have devoured me with their eyes. I was glad to drop two or three half-crowns at faro to get off with a clear skin, and was overjoyed I so got rid of them.

"At two we generally go to dinner; ordinaries are not so common here as abroad, yet the French have set up two or three good ones for the convenience of foreigners in Suffolk Street, where one is tolerably well served; but the general way here is to make a party at the coffee-house to go to dine at the tavern, where we sit till six, when we go to the play; except you are invited to the table of some great man, which strangers are always courted to, and nobly entertained."—*Club Life in London. By John Timbs, F.S.A.*

#### CLUB LIFE.

THE cognisances of many illustrious persons connected with the Middle Ages are still preserved in the signs attached to our taverns and inns. Thus the White Hart with the golden chain was the badge of King Richard II.; the Antelope was that of King Henry IV.; the Feathers were the cognisance of Henry VI.; and the White Swan was the device of Edward of Lancaster, his ill-fated heir slain at the battle of Tewkesbury.

Before the Great Fire of London in 1666, almost all the liveries of the great feudal lords were preserved at these houses of public resort. Many of their heraldic signs were then unfortunately lost; but the Bear and Ragged Staff, the ensign of the famed Warwick, still exists as a sign; while the Star of the Lords of Oxford, the brilliancy of which decided the fate of the battle of Barnet; the Lion of Norfolk, which shone so conspicuously on Bosworth field; the Sun of the ill-omened house of York, together with the Red and White Rose, either simply or conjointly, carry the historian and antiquary back to a distant period, although now disguised in the gaudy colouring of a freshly-painted sign board.

The White Horse was the standard of the Saxons before and after their coming into England. It was a proper emblem of victory and triumph, as we read in Ovid and elsewhere. The White Horse is to this day the ensign of the county of Kent, as we see upon hop-pockets and bags; and throughout the county it is a favourite inn sign.

In Flecknoe's "Enigmatical Characters," 1665, in alluding to "your fanatic reformers," he says, "as for the signs, they have pretty well begun the reformation already, changing the sign of the Salvation of the Angel and our Lady into the Shoulder and Citizen, and the Catherine Wheel into the Cat and Wheel, so that there only wants their making the Dragon to kill St. George, and the Devil to tweak St. Dunstan by the nose, to make the reformation complete. Such ridiculous work they make of their reformation, and so zealous are they against all mirth and jollity, as they would pluck down the sign of the Cat and Fiddle, too, if it durst but play so loud as they might hear it."

The sign In God is our Hope is still to be seen at a public-house on the western road between Cranford and Slough. Coryatt mentions the Ave Maria, with verses, as the sign of an alehouse abroad, and a street where all the signs on one side were of birds.

The Swan with Two Nicks, or Necks, as it is commonly called, was so termed from the two nicks or marks, to make known that it was a swan of the Vintners' Company; the swans of that company having two semi-circular pieces cut from the upper mandible of the swan, one on each side, which are called nicks.

The origin of the Bolt-in-Tun is thus explained. The bolt was the arrow shot from a cross-bow, and the tun or barrel was used as the target, and in this device the bolt is painted sticking in the bung-hole. It appears not unreasonable to conclude, that hitting the bung was as great an object in crossbow-shooting as it is to a member of a Toxophilite Club to strike the target in the bull's eye.

The sign of the Three Loggerheads is two grotesque wooden heads, with the inscription, "Here we three Loggerheads be," the reader being the third. The Honest Lawyer is depicted at a beer-shop at Stepney; the device is a lawyer with his head under his arm, to prevent his telling lies.

The Lamb and Lark has reference to a well-known proverb that we should go to bed with the lamb and rise with the lark. The Eagle and Child, *vulgo* Bird and Baby, is by some persons imagined to allude to Jupiter taking Ganymede; others suppose that it

merely commemorates the fact of a child having been carried off by an eagle; but this sign is from the arms of the Derby family (eagle and child), who had a house at Lambeth, where is the Bird and Baby.

The Green Man and Still should be a green man (or man who deals in green herbs) with a bundle of peppermint or penny-royal under his arm, which he brings to be distilled.—*Club Life in London. By John Timbs, F.S.A.*

#### SCIENCE.

A LATE novelty in the build of English yachts is a "triangular keel, its apex being directly below the centre of the vessel. It is not much unlike the central fin of a fish." The formation of this keel is said to give great weatherly qualities.

#### THE TRADE IN ESPARTO GRASS.

VISITORS to the Tyne Docks must have frequently been impressed by the immense quantities of esparto grass—arranged in huge stacks around the margin of the docks. Many may frequently have inquired for what use it was destined, little imagining that at some not distant period they would find it on the breakfast table in the form of a daily newspaper, teeming with topics of the day, foreign and domestic. Yet such is the case.

Much has been written, said, and sung by speculative philosophers and poets on the adaptability of rags, and the wondrous transmutations they undergo, until they are finally resolved into paper—a commodity which has proved a potent agent in the civilization of mankind, and which forms the great channel for the inter-communication of ideas to regions wide asunder as the poles.

The abolition of the taxes on knowledge gave a mighty impulse to the development of the cheap press. The extra supply of paper required for the many new journals and periodicals, as a natural sequence, considerably enhanced the price of rags, and threatened to prove a serious check to the extension of cheap literature.

This obstacle stimulated human ingenuity, and various individuals, who saw the prospective demand for the now almost invaluable material of paper, cast about to find some substance from which serviceable paper could be manufactured at the least possible cost.

This desirable result, after many patient and expensive experiments, was at length achieved by an eminent paper manufacturer, Mr. Thomas Routledge, of Eynsham Mills, Oxford, to whom belongs the honour of having been the first to successfully manufacture paper from that otherwise worthless material, esparto grass, the supply of which is practically limitless, and the principal import port of which is the river Tyne.

This trade, the extent of which it is impossible to foresee, was first commenced in the year 1856. At that time the import was solely confined to the small quantities required by Mr. Routledge while prosecuting his experiments. These experiments were ultimately successful.

Mr. Routledge took out his first patent for the manufacture of paper from esparto grass (the botanical name of the plant) in 1858. He further improved upon his original plan, and in 1860-61, he was granted additional patents.

From this period the trade developed in an almost unexampled manner. In 1856-57 the imports only amounted to 463 tons. The succeeding year was a blank; but in 1859, 1,925 tons were imported. In 1860, the imports into the Tyne were 1,224 tons; in 1861, 2,600; in 1862, 9,500; in 1863, 19,000; and in 1864, they had increased to the large quantity of 32,000 tons.

The Tyne possesses peculiar advantages for the prosecution and development of this important trade. Our ships take out coal and coke to the Spanish ports from whence the grass is shipped. From thence they return freighted with lead ore, which is so largely manufactured on the banks of the Tyne.

This cargo, though of great weight, occupies but small compass, leaving a large space for the storage of esparto, which the shipowners are thus enabled to bring to this country at a merely nominal freight. While its transit is cheap, it is, owing to the above-mentioned circumstances, also a sort of profit in addition to the ordinary freight.

The following ports of the United Kingdom also import this grass, but on a much smaller scale than the Tyne, namely:—Liverpool, Glasgow, Leith, Aberdeen, and the principal Welsh ports. The imports into the whole of these ports only amount to something like 18,000 tons annually, while the Tyne alone imports 32,000 tons every year. The total yearly imports for the United Kingdom amount to 45,000 tons.

This grass is now used in the principal mills of the United Kingdom where printing paper is manufac-

tured. The chief supply, as may be inferred from the quantity imported, is derived from the Tyne—these immense stacks, in fact, which surround Tyne Docks. The grass is sent by rail from the Tyne as far south as Devonshire, and in the opposite direction as far as Aberdeen. The Devonshire paper mills are now, however, supplied chiefly from the Welsh ports.

At several of the large mills in Lancashire and the Lothians, and in various other parts of the country, paper is manufactured purely from esparto grass. The demand for this paper, owing to the rapid development of our cheap literature, is steadily on the increase.

The London and provincial cheap newspapers, both daily and weekly, are printed on paper composed principally of esparto grass, while many of the eight-paged dailies are printed on paper made entirely from this material.

Most of our cheap periodicals also owe their existence—in their present enlarged form, at least—to esparto, as it is impossible to sell so large a sheet, manufactured from rags, with profit at so small a price. Esparto is manufactured in the same manner, and manipulated by the same machinery, as that which produces paper from rags.

This remarkable product, which closely resembles our common English bent grass, is obtained from the provinces of Almeria and Murcia, in Spain, which form the south and south-eastern maritime provinces of the peninsula. Almeria, which once formed a portion of the Moorish kingdom of Granada, has an area of nearly 4,000 square miles; in the mountainous district of which this grass is found in abundance. So rapid is its growth, that two crops are gathered in the year. Murcia—famous for the fierce breed of bulls which it furnishes for the national but cruel sports of the Spaniards—has an area of 8,000 square miles. It is generally mountainous, and produces esparto in immense quantities.

The principal ports of shipment for this novel article of commerce are Alicante, Cartagena, Almazaron, Carboneras, Los Miegros, Almeria, and Roquetas. It is gathered by, and forms a source of livelihood to a large number of the Spanish peasants. It is pulled with the hand on the precipitous flanks of the mountains, and packed in bundles of an average weight of 20 lb. It is then placed on the backs of donkeys, pannier fashion, and brought down to the ports for shipment.

The temperature of London, according to Mr. Luke Howard, is 1-579 deg., but from the observations of Mr. Glaisher it would appear to be only 0-66 deg., above that of the country, whilst those parts of London which are situated at some distance from the Thames do not enjoy a higher temperature than is due to their latitudes.

M. COUFVENT states that the height of the waves in the Pacific Ocean diminishes in going westward; that in the Indian Ocean they are highest towards the middle of the expanse of waters; and that in the Atlantic the waves increase in height from east to west. He also states that the waves are highest off the coast of Australia between 50 deg. and 60 deg. of latitude.

THE temperature of the surface of the ocean decreases from the equator to the poles. For ten degrees on each side of that line the maximum is 82-4 deg. Fahr., and remarkably steady. From thence to each tropic the decrease does not exceed 3-7 deg. In the torrid zone the surface of the sea is about 6-17 deg. Fahr. warmer than the air above it.

DR. ROSCOR has shown that brick walls are powerful aids to ventilation. He ascertained that in a closed space, the air of which contained 18 per cent. of carbonic acid gas, 3-25 per cent. escaped in two hours through the solid brick. The unhealthiness of iron houses, or new and damp houses, is probably due to the absence of all diffusive interchange through iron and through wet walls.

SIR CHARLES FOX states that the works at the Victoria Bridge are being urged forward as rapidly as possible. The fixing of the 3,000 tons of iron, of which the superstructure is composed, is, however, a work which cannot be pushed beyond a certain speed, and that it will be July at earliest before the third line of rails will be ready for the Brighton Company to use.

THE FIRST OIL SPRING.—When Mr. Young's experiments were the subject of much attention and curiosity in the neighbourhood of Bathgate, the "oldest inhabitant" was accustomed to tell his neighbours how that in his younger days he knew a poor hermit who held possession of an unctuous spring which bubbled up from the earth in a lonely district a few miles west of Edinburgh. This was the source from which the possessor—by squatter's right, we suppose—derived his living, not by selling lubricating grease by the ton to railway companies, or refined oil by the barrel to merchants and shippers, but by dispensing small phials of the liquid from the



store which generous Nature had given to him. It is said that cottagers often travelled many miles, doctor's bottle in hand, to purchase at this spring a few pennyworths of oil. And to what use do our readers suppose the pilgrims applied it? To the same purpose for which the Seneca Indians in former ages collected the natural oil from the Alleghany river, by spreading their blankets upon its surface—to be applied as a cure for rheumatic, neuralgic, and kindred affections, and as a lotion for sprains and swellings. Perhaps there are some among our many readers in Scotland who can throw a further light upon this oil spring, which must have flowed many years before Dr. Lyon Playfair discovered the short-lived spring in the Derbyshire coal mine.

A new comet was discovered on the night of the 5th of January at the American Naval Observatory at Washington. The comet was seen at fifteen minutes past eight, Washington mean time, and was in right ascension 23 deg. 5 min. 30 sec., and declination 5 deg. 22 min. 50 sec. S. The comet is round, about two minutes of arc in diameter, with a slight condensation in the centre.

In coal mining the temperature of deep workings should be carefully taken and recorded, and the salt water often found in them examined, as the first may give valuable information as to the natural ventilation and the probable depth which coals may be worked without inconvenience from high temperature; and the last may furnish evidence as to whether or not such saline waters are merely those of the old sea in which the plants now forming coal once grew.

Every effort is being made to expedite the works on the Surrey and Sussex junction, which will give the most direct route from London to Eastbourne and Hastings. The act was passed in July last, and the whole of the line, twenty-four miles in length, is now set out, and possession of land obtained over nearly one-third of the distance. Several of the shafts have been sunk, and the headings driven in the Oxted and Cowden tunnels. The line is expected to be completed within the next two years.

**ON-YIELDING COAL.**—A few months ago a new shaft was sunk at Brancepeth Colliery. The coal produced has the appearance of cannel coal, which is used for the production of gas; but a sample having been forwarded to Mr. John Young, F.R.S.S.A., Dalkeith, for analysis, it has been found that out of one ton of the coal, thirty-six gallons of crude oil can be produced, and from this a quantity of 24.18 gallons of light oil, similar to the best paraffine, but free from any pungent odour, and not dangerously inflammable. The oil, it is said, emits a good light.

**EXPERIMENTS WITH YEAST.**—Some interesting facts respecting yeast have been brought before the Academy of Sciences by M. Bechamp, in a note "On the Physiological Exhaustion and Vitality of Beer Yeast." The author washed and washed globules of yeast until they appeared to be mere envelopes of cellulose, and found that they still retain the power of changing cane sugar into glucose, and setting up the alcoholic fermentation, which proves, he considers, that the property of setting up fermentation resides in the properties of the living cellulose, and is a consequence of the act of nutrition of the cell.

**M. RIGAUT** proposes a new method for reproducing lithographs. The lithograph to be transferred is first laid face uppermost on a surface of pure water, whereby all the parts not inked absorb water. It is then put between sheets of blotting paper, which absorb the excess of liquid. The lithograph is then laid face downwards on the stone, to which it adheres perfectly with a little dabbling. Upon this a sheet of paper moistened with one part of nitric acid and ten of water is laid, and the whole is subjected to the action of the press. The nitric acid penetrates through the lithograph, and the stone receives its action equally in all the lights of the picture.

**SCIENCE** has of late years developed the manufacture of iron and steel in a wonderful manner, and promises to do much more still. Amongst the most recent suggestions for the improvement of this branch of production is that of M. Saly-Casalat, who is known to scientific iron-masters as the inventor of the method of converting cast-iron into cast-steel by making a current of steam pass over the melted metal. He has recently effected several improvements in his system, and now decarbonizes the iron completely by adding 10 per cent. of cast-iron No. 1 as an economical way of restoring the necessary amount of carbon. To secure homogeneity he finds that the simplest and most effectual plan is to keep the metal in a state of fusion for at least fifteen minutes. To get rid of the blistering—hitherto effected by a tedious and costly process—he simply covers the top of the article cast (say a piece of ordnance) with an iron cap,

strongly keyed down to the frame. By means of a tube in the cap he introduces into it a small quantity of powder made up of 80 parts of saltpetre and 20 of carbon. The liquid mass ignites the powder and a quantity of gas is generated, sufficiently powerful to produce a great and sudden pressure on the metal, capable of forcing out every blister.

DURING the past year a series of experiments have been made on China grass by M. Meynier, member of the Lyons Chamber of Commerce. Although the result of these experiments has not been the subject of a special communication to the Chamber, the specimens presented by M. Meynier to his colleagues lead them to conclude that the fibre of the China grass, when submitted to the process recommended by M. Meynier, is perfectly capable of being mixed with silk and of taking the most delicate tints in dyeing. M. Meynier exhibited patterns of gauze, moirés, and tissues of various kinds, which present all the appearance of silk or of *bouffe de soie*. The peculiar dearth of raw silk at Lyons this year imparts a special interest and importance to the Meynier communication.

**INVENTOR'S ASSOCIATIONS AND THE PATENT LAWS.**—All life is a battle. Malthus pointed out the truth that the human race is constantly pressing on the means of subsistence so vigorously that only a favoured few live out half their days; Darwin has shown that the same struggle for existence is going on throughout the whole animal creation; and Carlyle, in his shadowy and extravagant style, failed to express the truth that he perceived, by the remark, "The very hyssop on the wall grows there because the whole universe cannot prevent it." Even with all the appliances of modern mechanism, more than three quarters of mankind are obliged to pass through life with a large portion of their wants unsatisfied. Though the production of wealth is a hundred-fold greater than in any previous age of the world, it is still far short of the desire for wealth. In this state of affairs, it is not strange that everyone is struggling to get as large a share as possible of the limited product.

#### THE MOUNTAIN OR OAK LEAF-EATING SILKWORM.

THE following account is taken from the report of Mr. Meadows, H.B.M. Consul at the port of Newchwang:—

"In a journey to the Korean borders during the autumn of 1863, I found myself, so soon as I had crossed the watershed of the Leaou mountains, travelling through a silk-producing country. I had indeed heard before of silk being produced at and near Fung-hwang city, but had considered it merely an amateur domestic occupation, not capable of being developed into a trade. That it is much more than this, and that it may furnish in time what the port greatly wants, an article of export to Europe, I have now no doubt.

"Questions have been raised as to the nature and characteristics of the silkworm peculiar to this district, but only a personal visit to the silk-producing country, for the express purpose of getting information, could enable me to give answer to them on which I myself could place full reliance. It is difficult enough to extract good information from the Chinese when in the midst of the things inquired about; at a distance it is next to impossible.

"As an instance of this, I may state that in spite of all my frequent inquiries, made both when in the silk-producing district and at this port from natives of that district, it is only within the last few months that I have heard of another tree beside the oak on which the large worm feeds.

The oak-bush is called locally, *Po liu ko tai*. The other bush is called, *Chien tao tai*. Its leaves are narrow and long, as compared with those of the oak-bush. Its bark is of a greenish-white hue, and is smooth, and its trunk and branches straight and ungnarled, as compared with those of the oak. It produces a seed, or fruit, on which pigs feed. It must, I think, be a species of beech. The silk produced by worms fed exclusively on this bush is said to be stronger than it is when they are fed on the oak.

"It is, I fear, beyond doubt that the oak leaf-eating worm, the *shan keen*, or mountain worm, as the Chinese here call it, is of a different species from the mulberry leaf-eater, which is here called the *Loa keen*, or domestic worm; and that, therefore, the hope of a beneficial crossing cannot be indulged in. On the other hand, the mulberry leaf-eater, or the domestic worm of the Newchwang consular district, does seem to be of the same species as that of middle China; and it might be desirable to try the effects of a crossing with an animal that has probably for many generations been a separate inhabitant of this widely-different climate.

"As the cocoon produced by the mountain worm is

about three times the size of that produced by the domestic worm, so the worm itself is about thrice the thickness though little if anything longer. It is of a brown or dry-earth colour, and has on its back little knobs or protuberances. In its flying stage the "mountain" insect is a large and richly coloured butterfly, measuring from tip to tip of its expanded wings some seven to nine inches, 'as large as a swallow.'

"A native of the silk country, now here, professes to have once fed a few mountain worms on mulberry leaves. They ate as much as five or six the number of domestic worms, and the cocoons they spun did not at all differ in their appearance from those spun by mountain worms fed on oak bushes. The same man tells me that the stuff made from the cocoon of the mountain worm will take only a black or a purple dye, and that those who desire to make with it a stuff of other colour are obliged to use some proportion of cotton threads.

"Looking to the three great classes of textiles, cotton, wool, and silk, the produce of the mountain worm must be classed with the latter, inasmuch as it neither grows on a shrub nor on an animal's back, but is produced by a leaf-eating worm; and viewed as 'silk,' it is manifestly of an inferior quality. But if we choose to look at it simply as a new textile, there is some reason to believe that it may prove to have useful qualities not possessed by either silk, wool, or cotton.

"Should it be found to possess some such peculiar quality so useful as to make it specially marketable, then it will become a matter of interest to ascertain whether a cocoon-forming worm, which exists in a wild state in British North America—near the Canadian lakes, I think—is not the same insect as the Newchwang 'mountain' worm.

"The climate of the two regions is essentially the same, and if the cultivation should seem desirable in Canada, the difficulty of want of experience, as well as want of sufficient labourers, might be got over by introducing Chinese emigrants from the Newchwang silk districts.

"Be that as it may, the produce of the mountain worm spun into thread, or as cocoons, should, if the provincial authorities are not allowed to interpose barriers to foreign adventure, prove a fairly remunerative export from this port town, and that for the reason stated in the accompanying memorandum; it has for generations back paid Chinese dealers to send it seaward in junks."

**CURIOUS REVERSES OF FORTUNE.**—The lineal descendant of Dermot M'Morough, the last King of Leinster, is now engaged working as a stonemason at some buildings in Toxteth Park, Liverpool, under the name of Doyle. The undoubted representative of the celebrated Earl of Ulster, who flourished in the reign of Elizabeth, and who gave that monarch a good deal of trouble in Ireland, is now a policeman in the Liverpool force. The grandson of one of the most eminent members of the Irish Parliament, who was not only distinguished as an orator and a beautiful lyric poet, but also for his patriotism and opposition to the Union, is now a barman in a spirit vaults near Liverpool Exchange.

**A BEAR ON FIRE.**—The Guardians of the Garden of Plants, Paris, were surprised the other day by hearing extraordinary howlings proceed from the bear pit. On going to the spot they found that one of the bears was on fire; and, after vainly attempting to extinguish the flames by rolling the poor animal on the ground, they at last succeeded in plunging him into the large basin of water intended for a bath for him and his fellows. It appears that the bear's fur was set on fire by one of the new playthings called Pharoah's serpents, which a mischievous person had lighted and thrown into the pit.

**A TIGER STORY.**—One of the family of Nel, residing on Mr. Comley's farm, near the Koonap, had a fearful conflict with a tiger a short time since. Mr. Nel had been annoyed for some time by baboons, and took his gun on the morning in question with the view to shoot a few of these depredators. On descending a kloof, he was surprised to see a dead blue-bok, and at a short distance further another dead buck of a different species. Looking cautiously round, he espied a large tiger in a bush close at hand, and raising his gun to his shoulder, he fired. The shot only grazed one of the brute's paws, and the infuriated animal sprang on his assailant, who was knocked to the ground, and his gun forced out of his hand. Nel, seeing it was a struggle for life, courageously grappled with his foe, and being uppermost at the commencement of the struggle, endeavoured by main force to hold the tiger by the ears. A blow from one of the tiger's paws, however, convinced Nel that he had overrated his strength, or underrated that of the fierce brute, as he was driven back some distance, when the tiger again closed with him, and fastened on his right

shoulder, bringing him to the earth, this time undermost. Fortunately, the blow of the tiger's paw knocked Nel to the spot where he had first dropped his gun, and summoning all his force and resolution to his aid, he managed to lay hold of his weapon with his left arm, his right hand being utterly powerless. The tiger still held Nel in his teeth, and was making great havoc with his body—a minute more and all would be over; but Nel was determined to make one struggle more, and getting his gun (fortunately a double-barrelled one) against the body of his fierce antagonist, while the latter still retained his hold, managed to pull the trigger of the remaining barrel with his teeth. The shot told—the tiger rolled over dead, and Nel was saved—saved at least from instant death, for the poor fellow was so dreadfully lacerated that he with difficulty got home, and now lies in a precarious state from the wounds received in his terrific struggle.—*Fort Beaufort Adroente (South Africa).*

### FACETIÆ.

WHY is a miser like seasoned timber?—Because he never gives.

THE sea is not a rich soil, yet rich crops are constantly produced by ploughing it.

MAN leads woman to the altar: in that act his leadership begins and ends.

SOME say the quickest way to destroy "weeds" is to marry a widow. It is no doubt a most delightful species of husbandry.

### ANCIENT RELICS.

"What is this?" asked a traveller, who entertained reasonable doubts as to the genuineness of certain so-called relics of antiquity, while visiting an old cathedral in the Netherlands. "What is contained in this bottle?"

"Sir," replied the sacristan, "that bottle contains one of the frogs which was picked up when Pharaoh was visited with the plague of frogs."

"I am sure, then," rejoined the traveller, "that there could have been no epicures in those days."

"Why so?"

"Because they would have eaten him, he is so large and fat."

The traveller then took up a small phial which stood near.

"This contains?" queried he.

"That is a most precious relic of the church," replied the sacristan, "which we value very highly."

"It looks very dark."

"There is good reason for that."

"Ah! I begin to feel somewhat curious. Tell me why."

"You perceive it is very dark?"

"I own it."

"Well, sir, that is some of the darkness which Moses spread over the land of Egypt."

"Indeed! I presume, then, that it is what the moderns call darkness made visible."

"Are you a Christian Indian?" asked a benevolent gentleman of one of the Chippewa tribe. "No, sir," was the answer, "I wickiy Ingen."

A LADY told her husband she read the "Art of Love" on purpose to be agreeable to him. "I would rather have love without art," replied he.

THEY say that smoking cures hams, and herrings and badlocks, and many other things, but all I know is, that I have tried it on my wife's temper for the last dozen years, and it hasn't had the smallest effect in curing that.

A GENTLEMAN being at breakfast in an hotel in a neighbouring city, asked the waiter for boiled eggs. "We have no eggs," was the reply. "But," said the gentleman, "I notice an omelette on the table." "Oh yes," said the waiter, "we have eggs to make omelettes but not the kind for boiling."

THE Rev. Rowland Hill, in conversation on the powers of the letter H, where it was contended that it was no letter, but a simple aspiration or breathing, took the opposite side of the question, and insisted on its being of all intents and purposes a letter; and concluded by observing that, if it were not, it was a very serious matter to him, as it would occasion his being ill all the days of his life.

A DISAPPOINTED WOMAN.—The late Rev. Dr. W. A. Thomas was a simple-minded clergyman of the old school. When a young man, he paid his addresses to a young lady in the parish, and his suite was accepted on the condition that it met the approval of the lady's mother. Accordingly the doctor waited upon the matron; and, stating his case, the good woman, delighted at the proposal, passed the usual Scottish compliment: "Deed, doctor, you're far awre guid for our Janet. I'm sure she's no guid ewe' for ye."

"Weel, weel," was the rejoinder, "ye ken best: so

say nae mair about it." No more was said; and the social intercourse of the parties continued on the same footing as before. About forty years after, Dr. Wightman, died a bachelor, and the lady an old maid.

### THE LOST LIQUOR.

(A Poem for the Public.)

Alas! where is the good old ale,  
The brave strong beer of yore?  
That famous liquor is on sale,  
At any tap no more.  
A few old farmers, here and there,  
May brew right stingo still;  
But you scarce met it anywhere,  
Go whereso'er you will.

That ale, the "jolly good and old,"  
The good old Bishop sang:  
"T'would warm the heart, as down it rolled,  
And tingle on the tongue.  
That mighty ale cheered copper-nose,  
And, nearly as might be,  
Rejoiced the soul like some grand closs  
Of some old English glee.

'Twas never merry world since first  
The beer-engine began.  
Beer is a creature to be nursed,  
As tenderly as Man.  
Whatever makes it rapid flow,  
Doth good stuff grievous wrong;  
Man wants a little beer below,  
And wants that little strong. *Punch.*

A RATHER green village editor up country was very desirous of gaining the good graces of the new minister, and in describing his first entrance into the church, wrote thus: "He is a most venerable sample of antiquity." But to his astonishment, and the amusement of all the inhabitants, it came out the next morning in type, "He is a most venerable sample of iniquity."

A CONTRABAND CAKE.—During the festivities of Christmas, a large cake of very rich appearance was sent by some unknown person as a present to General de Manteuffel, Prussian Governor of Schleswig. The gift was received with great pleasure by the Governor's family, and one evening it was placed on the table with no little ceremony. But on cutting it, the tempting outside was found to be merely a shell containing numerous copies of journals prohibited in Schleswig by order of the General.

### THE MEXICAN DUEL.

Arranged for Mr. Seward and H.M. the Emperor Louis Napoleon.

Mr. Seward.—Now, Louis N., I want to know,  
When you'll get out of Mexico?  
Your stopping there is quite a blow  
At our great doctrine called Monroe.

Louis Nap.—France takes no bidding from a foe,  
I know what to her name I owe,  
No threats from Bunkum, Bosh, & Co.,  
Shall have the power to make me go.

Mr. Seward.—Now, really, if you answer so,  
We must commence to pick the crow.

Louis Nap.—The crow, indeed—your notion's low,  
The eagle's form my banners show.

Mr. Seward.—And we ain't got no eagle, no?  
As good a bird as yours, mon beau.

Louis Nap.—The sovereign whom I took in tow,  
I mean to keep in statu quo.

Mr. Seward.—Be off, and rest content to sow  
New kingdoms on the banks of Po.

Louis Nap.—Such chaff as that be pleased to stow,  
And in one boat let's try to row.  
Acknowledge Maximilian.

Mr. Seward.—... Oh!  
Louis Nap.—And then my word is "Eastward, ho!"

Mr. Seward.—Persuade me not. Our people, slow  
To wrath, begin with rage to glow.

Louis Nap.—The guns of France, in thundering  
row,  
Will act upon the heat like peas.

Mr. Seward.—Now, each has drawn his longest bow,  
Louis Nap.—We will not let the quarrel grow.

Mr. Seward.—But will you go your home unto?  
Louis Nap.—Unto a goose one answers "Bo!"

Both. { Your swagger } is not worth a Joe.  
{ You shall } get out of Mexico. *Punch.*

ONE'S OWN SHADOW.—The people of the East measured time by the length of their shadow. Hence, if you ask a man what o'clock it is, he immediately goes into the sun, and stands erect; then, looking where his shadow terminates, he measures the length with his feet, and tells you nearly the time. Thus

the workmen earnestly desire the shadow which indicates the time for leaving their work. A person wishing to leave his toil says: "How long my shadow is in coming!" "Why did you not come before?" "Because I waited for my shadow."

WHEN Walter Scott was at school, a boy in the same class was asked by the teacher, what part of speech "with" was. "A noun, sir," said the boy. "You young blockhead!" cried the teacher, "what example can you give of such a thing?" "I can tell you, sir," interrupted Scott; "there's a verse in the Bible, which says, 'They bound Samson with withs.'"

### PERFECTION.

A French preacher was once descending from the pulpit with great eloquence on the beauties of creation.

"Whatever," said he, "comes from the hands of Nature is complete. She forms everything perfect."

One of his congregation, very much deformed, and having a very large hump, went up to him at the close of his discourse, and asked:

"What think ye of me, holy father? Am I perfect?"

To which the preacher replied, very coolly: "Yes, for a hump-backed man, quite perfect."

### A JUDICIAL JOKE.

Judge Roosevelt was one day trying a tedious lawsuit concerning patent medicines, in which a lawyer named Dyett appeared as counsel. The judge remarked:

"Mr. Dyett, I wish you would favour the court by postponing the motion until some other justice is sitting at chambers, I am tired of being down with pills."

"I would do anything in the world to oblige the court," said Mr. Dyett; "but my duty, to my clients in this instance forbids that. I should longer delay this motion, the most important that has ever been made in the case, and which, if postponed, would greatly distress my clients."

"Mr. Dyett," said the judge; "if your clients are in great distress, I would advise them, in the first place, to take some pills, and if that does not bring relief, then I would advise them to change their Dyett."

A HINT TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—*Mary Hans:* "Ah, missus may turn off the gas at the meter, and lock up the candles, but one need never want for a light if one has a policeman for a flame."—*Fun.*

THE ETERNAL FITNESS OF THINGS.—The Emperor of Russia has issued a decree that Poland shall adopt the decimal system of coinage. This is, indeed, thoughtful in the Czar, since, merely for the sake of the laws of compensation, after decimating the Poles, he should apply the same process to their money.—*Fun.*

AN UNDER-CUT FOR THE BUTCHERS.—A company—we need hardly say on the Joint-Stock principle—has been started under the title of the Meat-Consumers' Company. It dates from the Poultry, which seems odd, unless it intends that it, runs-foul of the butchers. Otherwise a more appropriate spot would be the shoulder of Lamb's Conduit Street. Its object is a laudable one—to supply the consumer with meat direct from the grazier, avoiding the salesman and small butcher, and saving therefore the profits the y. make. We hail the company as is meet.—*Fun.*

CONUNDRUM (FROM COLWELL HATCHERY).—If a vegetable went out hunting what would it wear? Turnip-tops.—*Punch.*

BALANCE OF EVILS.—"It is a painful thing," said Jones, who had been deceived, "to have pretended friends, and to find them out." "Yes," said Brown, "but that can happen seldom. The plague of life is that you are always liable to find them at home."—*Punch.*

FLUNKYISM IN THE NURSERY.—The Telegrams informed us the other day that "the Queen of Spain gave birth to a Prince." We suppose "a Prince" means "a Son." But this style of announcement might be copied in high life; thus: "The Countess of Highbury gave birth to a Viscount," or in the case of a younger son, "The Countess of Shybury gave birth to an Honourable," and so forth. The idea is good, and would keep the middle-class well posted up in the Peerage. We hope that Queen and Prince are doing well.—*Punch.*

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION IN AUSTRIA.—We have received the following notice from the Foreign Office:—The Austrian Ambassador in London has informed Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs that it is the intention of the Imperial Society of Agriculture and Rural Economy at Vienna to hold in that capital an exhibition of animals, produce, machines, and instruments relating to agriculture and plantations. This exhibition will take place between



the 17th and 31st May; it will be international as far as regards machines, instruments, and tools; and medals of silver and bronze will be awarded to the best specimens; the jury for the distribution of these prizes being partly composed of foreign jurors from the various countries which may take part in the exhibition. The Austrian Government have taken this exhibition under their patronage, and they express a hope that foreign countries will be fully represented thereat, and that the department of machines and instruments relating to agriculture and plantations will present a complete collection, not only of those used in Austria, but also of the products of foreign countries.

### HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

**BLACKBERRY LEAVES AS A REMEDY FOR HEART-BURN.**—It's astonishing the relief they afford, when seeds and magnesia fall; chew the leaves; no doubt a decoction would do as well.

**CURE FOR A COLD.**—Rubbing the nape of the neck repeatedly with alcoholic tincture of lavender is a sovereign remedy for all catarrhs, even in cases which may have resisted the application of blister, sulphureous waters, and even sea bathing.

**VINES** require a mean annual temperature exceeding 49.50 deg. Fahr. The mean winter temperature must not fall below 39.4 deg. Fahr., and this must be followed by a mean summer heat of at least 64.4 deg. The vine cannot be successfully cultivated when the temperature is beyond 71 deg.

**LIERIC** suggests that in close rooms and on ship-board deficient ventilation may be compensated for by the use of hydrate of lime. Eighteen or twenty pounds of slaked lime will absorb thirty-eight or forty-nine cubic feet of carbonic acid gas, which would be immediately replaced by an equal volume of fresh air entering through the crovices.

**VESSELS** made of zinc should never be used for holding milk, as when milk is allowed to repose in contact with this metal a lactate of zinc is formed, as well as a compound of casein and oxide of zinc, both of which are extremely injurious if taken into the system. A solution of sugar, which stood a few hours in a zinc vessel, was found to contain a considerable quantity of salts of that metal.

**A PERFECT CURE.**—A new establishment, for the cure of gout and rheumatism, has been established near the town of Botzen (Tyrol). The method and the material of curing is, indeed, a very curious and simple one. It consists in covering the patient up to his neck in hot hay, just brought in from the meadow. No covers he must lie for some hours and inhale the hot exhalations of the hay, and it is said that several persons have already been benefited.

**THERE** are now 1,068 subscribers to the fund for a testimonial to the Marquis of Westminster, and the subscriptions amount to £4,500.

**WHERE** are the lions for which Nelson's monument in Trafalgar Square has been so long waiting? How many years Sir Edwin has had these four lions on hand, we all know; and still they are not forthcoming. The delay is a scandal and a shame; and if right were done, the order would be passed over to some ordinary stonemason, who would turn us out four lions in a week, and possibly these mimic animals would be quite as good as Sir Edwin will give us. Nothing could scarcely be more ridiculous than this "waiting for the lions," and the history of them and their production is another laughable chapter in the record of our London statues.

**SOME** fresh details are known about the three hundred habitations for working people ordered to be built by the Empress at Montrouge. There are to be single rooms for unmarried men at a rental of 100 f. (£4) a year; married couples without children are to be accommodated in apartments rented at 200 f.; with children at 300 f.; they are to have kitchen, water laid on, &c. &c. Access to these dwellings is to be open night and day (several industries requiring night work), and perfect freedom of ingress and egress being an element in the business most desirable to distinguish these abodes from barracks, convents, prisons, or workhouses.

**IT** is a curious circumstance that at this time nearly all the serial stories in the leading magazines are being written by Irish authors, or by authors of Irish extraction. Thus, that of the *Cornhill*, "Armada," is by Mr. Wilkie Collins, whose father, the painter, was an Irishman; that of *Blackwood*, "Sir Brooke Peabrook," is by Mr. Lever; that in *Macmillan* is by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, the daughter of "Tom Sheridan," that in *All the Year Round*, "The Second Mrs. Tillotson," is by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald; that in

the *Dublin University*, by Mr. J. S. Le Fanu; that in *Once a Week*, by Mrs. Trafford, author of "George Geith" that in the *Shilling Magazine*, by the same; that of *Temple Bar*, by Mr. Wills (Irish also).

### THE LOSS OF THE LONDON.

**TH'ILL-FATED** London sailed away

From England's shore, when storms rag'd high;

Nobly battling briny spray,

She sailed and steam'd on merrily,

With hundreds for a distant shore;

A freight of many human bands,

Leaving those they'll see no more

For homes in distant—far-off lands.

She scarce had cleared the motherland,

And hearts were musing of the past;

How many with a clinging hand,

Found kindred hard to leave at last.

No thought of danger fill'd the mind;

Tho' winter's storm rag'd all its might;

The ship she steamed on thro' the wind,

Thro' warning day, thro' darkest night.

When lo, the raging, howling storm,

And lightning streaming o'er the main,

And stormy petrel's playful form

Brought terror to brave-hearted men.

The storm-tossed vessel quailed before

The roaring billows, mountains high,

Which washed her masts and bulwarks o'er—

So fill'd her hold 'twas vain to ply.

Thus left a wreck, her boats (save one)

In thousand pieces battered small;

The hundreds left no hope for none—

Grim death was present to them all.

Some few their chances boldly aimed

For life, so dear to mortal eyes;

The one frail boat they bravely mann'd,

And launched off to'ring to the skies.

There on the deck the hundreds stood;

Among them was the captain brave;

He would not leave them though he could—

With them he shad'd the ocean grave.

One moment's prayer—a last farewell!

No strife, but all were calm till last.

Death-shrieks were mingled in the swell—

The ship sank down, then all was past.

G. C. SWAIN.

### GEMS.

**MEMORY** is the golden key which unlocks the chambers of the heart, wherein lie the past.

**IMAGINATION** is a sky, upon whose surface float clouds of fancy, tinged with many hues. At times, the sky is leaden-hued, and the rich hues fade away.

**A FICKLE-MINDED** person is like a weather-vane, and can never be relied upon; and like a leaf whirled about by the breeze, will always remain unsettled.

**NATURAL** philosophy, in the most extensive sense of the expression, is too wide a field for young ladies to undertake; but the study of nature, as far as may suit their powers and opportunities, they will find a most sublime entertainment.

**THE** spider is typical of patience. Watch it as it spins its beautiful net-work; how patiently does it toil on; and if by chance some of its silken threads are riven, how skillfully and patiently does it repair the rent.

**THE** heart is a musical instrument of many strings; and like every instrument, when played upon by skilful players, is capable of producing sweet sounds. But if its strings are rudely swept, discordant sounds are the result. It is a delicate instrument, and easily put out of order. Some hearts are filled with gems and flowers, while in others are only found useless weeds and thorns.

**THE** Bavarians take things coolly. At Cham, in the Bavarian forest, the other day, two young men quarrelled in the room of an hotel, and were put out to fight in the courtyard. They did so with knives for twenty minutes, and it would appear that the *kabottes* did not during the time much concern themselves about the matter, but let the fight go on. At the end the men staggered back, one with twenty and the other with thirty wounds, sat down in their respective places, and went on with the table; a minute after one rolled over dead, then in another minute the other fell off his chair a corpse.

**QUERY** for the future of steam ploughing with very light tackle and engines. Are there no lands in England which, even after draining, are so tender, that experience has proved it is better to plough them very shallow to check growth of root

weeds in autumn, and to leave all deep-fillage for spring? They lie so much drier when ploughed shallow, and if you roll immediately after ploughing in autumn they lie much drier; and may be compared to a sponge bound round with twine to prevent absorption of water. This is a fact which must be remitted to experience for further proof.—B.M.F.

**THE** Czar has finally ended the independence of the Catholic Church in Poland. By a recent decree he has seized the whole of the property, real and personal, of the monasteries and regular clergy, and forbidden the legal collection of arrears of tithes. The object of this last measure is to make the payment of tithes voluntary, and so establish a grievance between the priests and peasantry. The clergy will henceforward be paid like other State officials, and of course a priest who is refractory will find his salary fall gently into arrears.

### STATISTICS.

**THE** number of through passengers only between the London termini and Brighton, rose from 292,331 in 1844 to 445,811 in 1854, and to 609,958 in 1862, the date of the last return.

**GOLD.**—The total amount of gold exported from South Australia since the beginning of 1865 is 1,499,368 ounces, of which 142,540 were transhipped from New Zealand. During the corresponding period of the previous year the entire quantity was 1,581,731 ozs., and of this total 201,122 ozs. were from New Zealand. The imports of specie during October amounted to 125,000l., in gold 390l. The specie exported amounted to 34,296l. The quantity of silver bullion exported was 2,476 ozs. 10 dwts.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**THE** Papal Government, it is asserted, has contracted a loan of £2,000,000 with the Rothschilds.

**MR. JOHN BATESBURY**, husband, and Mrs. Batesbury, wife, have been secured by Barnum. The former weighs 67 lbs., the latter 707 lbs.

**PRINCE ALFRED**, it is expected, will take his seat in the House of Lords, as a peer of the realm before the Session is over.

**IT** is not expected that the attack on Government relative to the Governor Eyre question will take place till after Easter, by which time all the evidence will be in hand.

**THERE** is a prospect of the President of the Royal Academy's allowance—the three hundred a-year established in Eastlake's time—being raised to five hundred.

**THE** health of little Prince Leopold is causing great uneasiness. The prince has become so weak that he is unable to walk, and is obliged to be lifted in and out of his carriage.

**DR. MACKAY**, the American correspondent of the *Times*, is back again in England, and does not return to the States for that journal. His opinion is that the end of the struggle for disunion has not yet been seen.

**IT** is hinted that Mr. Gladstone in his next budget will employ part of the large surplus he is now sure to have in removing a number of minor duties; though it is also believed likely that some modification of the sugar-duties may be made.

**A** CERTAIN number of country gentlemen, who are warm admirers of Count Bismarck, have offered him the present of a large estate in the neighbourhood of Potsdam. The count has declined it, on the ground that a Prussian Minister must not engage himself to any political party.

**THE** WINE DUTIES.—Mr. Gladstone, in a letter to a firm of wine merchants, announces that it is his intention to bring forward a proposition to assimilate the duties on bottled wines to those on wines in wood. At present the light wines imported in bottle, however little alcohol they may contain, pay the high rate of 2s. 6d. per gallon.

**THE** Viceroy of Egypt, Ismail Pasha, has just forwarded to the Princess Anna Murat, on the occasion of her marriage, a magnificent diadem in brilliants, valued at 100,000 francs. The princess, as may be remembered, accompanied her father in his visit to the east in 1864, when they were received by the viceroy.

**M. PARROT** has calculated the acceleration of the movement of the heart at five beats for the first 1,000 metres of elevation, seven additional for the next 500 metres; eight for the next 500; and five for every additional 500 metres; or, on an average, one pulsation for every 100 metres. Of the first thousand metres the heart's action is accelerated only one beat for every 200 metres of elevation.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**WATAWA**—Your suggestion shall receive consideration.

**MARIE**—The handwriting is good and ladylike.

**J. A.**—No; a trustee is not legally entitled to the sporting over the breast estate. (You should consult a solicitor.)

**C. M. E.**—A suit in equity means a suit in the Court of Chancery. (The handwriting is fairly good.)

**W. J. T.**—The handwriting, though somewhat peculiar, is good and gentlemanlike. There seems no reason why it should not avail you for commercial purposes.

**W. H.**—We do not find in the stanzas *opposed* of the "Stars" the amount of merit which we have fixed as our standard; they are therefore declined, with thanks.

**E. A.**—If the legacy is under 50*l.*, you need not bring an action at law, as you can recover it from the executor in the County Court, unless the validity of the bequest is disputed.

**G. W.**—Guardians of the property and persons of infants in law are appointed by deed or will, or by the Court of Chancery. A ward of the Court of Chancery cannot marry lawfully without the sanction of the Court.

**FIDGETT**—As you mention nothing respecting your father's will, it is to be presumed he died intestate, in which case one-third of the property goes to the widow, the remainder being divided between the children.

**N. P.**—Being a legatee under the will, and one of the attesting witnesses who signed it, the bequest to you is valid; no person to whom any legacy is devised by a will being legally qualified to be an attesting witness.

**T. E. T.**—You seem not to be aware that there is now no Extradition Treaty existing between France and England for the mutual surrender of criminals; the treaty for that purpose entered into in 1843 having recently been terminated at the instance of the French Government.

**D. J.**—The number of adult able-bodied paupers in England and Wales can of course be ascertained. The Poor Law Board returns show that they were at the 1st of July, 1865 (the latest return), 1 in 27, or 4½ per cent. of the whole population.

**CLARA A. W.**—The lines to "Eveline" are declined, with thanks. In the little accompanying poem, however, there are some delicate touches of poetic fancy, and we have willingly given it insertion. So you see we are not always too critical.

**J. L. AND M. N.**—If there be no legal obstacle to a contract of marriage except the prohibitory condition attached to the legacy, you may disregard it, if no special person were indicated; for all conditions annexed to legacies, devises, &c., operating unduly in restraint of marriage, are, as a rule, void in law.

**T. L. T.**—You have given a very fair sketch of a "dashing girl who takes delight in masculine equestrian pursuits," but every one does not admire young ladies of the Amazonian stamp; thus we fear we must leave you to take counsel of your own wisdom as to whether you would act wisely in "proposing" to the particular Diana in question.

**BORULUS**—The examination for ordinary clerkships in the Customs consists of handwriting and orthography; arithmetic (including vulgar and decimal fractions); English composition; geography; and English history. For persons in good health seven hours is ample to devote to sleep. The handwriting is fit for mercantile purposes.

**ALICE AND KATE**, who are sisters—the former seventeen years of age, with fair hair and blue eyes; the latter twenty-one years of age, with light brown hair and blue eyes; both accomplished, and having an income each of 300*l.* a year—would like to correspond matrimonially and exchange *carries* with two gentlemen (dark complexion preferred).

**S. M. P.**—All language is matter of compact. Those who speak the same dialect tacitly agree that certain words shall stand for certain things. Thus the English word *hai* and the French word *chapeau* stand for an article of dress worn by Europeans. But for this compact the words *hai* and *chapeau* would have no more reference to the article they specially designate than to any other thing.

**NADITHUS**—Your patriotism is very creditable, but your fears as to the naval superiority of this country are, we think, quite groundless. Our iron-clad fleet is now comparatively numerous, and is at least as powerful and efficient as that of any other naval power. The navy consists at present of 799 ships; of which 188 are in commission.

**PISCATOR**—We are warranted by a recent report of the Deep Sea Fisheries Commission in assuring you that the supply of fish obtained upon the coast of the United Kingdom has not diminished of late years, but has increased. The quantity of fish consumed in London alone in a year the Commissioners estimate to be nearly equal to the amount of beef; and as 90,000 tons of beef—the flesh of 200,000

cattle—are annually consumed in the metropolis, it would seem that about 80,000 tons of fish is the amount of the metropolitan consumption per annum. The fishermen of the coast receive 2½ pence for the produce of their nets; at Billingsgate Market, however, twenty times that amount is often demanded by the wholesale dealers.

**SAMUEL N. E.** would like to correspond, with a view to matrimony, with a young lady from seventeen to twenty years of age, prepossessing of good family, and possessed of some means. Is twenty years of age, 5 ft 9 in. in height, good looking, of dark complexion, and steady. (It is suggested that "Helena" might respond.)

**A MAID OF JUDAH** would like to correspond matrimonially and exchange *carries* with a gentleman of her own faith. Is twenty-one years of age, graceful, good looking, good tempered, and thoroughly domesticated. Is soundly educated, a good linguist, and very fond of music. The gentleman should be from twenty-five to thirty years of age, tall, and manly, be in business, and well educated.

**MARIE LOUISE** and **JOSEPHINE** wish to correspond with two young gentlemen from nineteen to twenty years of age. "Marie Louise" is eighteen years of age, of medium height, with brown hair, and blue eyes, fair complexion, and considered good looking. "Josephine" is also eighteen years of age, of medium height, a brunette, and considered pretty.

**S. Q.**—In your communication, on the Sunday question, and the opening of museums, &c., on Sunday, there is much from which we dissent; but we must decline to open the subject for discussion. Probably about ninety persons, as attendants, would suffice for the Sunday service of all the national galleries and museums in the metropolis; nearly that number being actually employed, as it is, on duty in the closed buildings.

## TO FLOWERS FILLED WITH DAW

Why do ye droop, sweet flowers,  
Causing the crystals on your azure breasts  
To fall in shattered beauty from your bowers  
To other nests?

Surely ye need not weep!  
Yet diamond teardrops fill your trembling bells  
Like prison'd rays, in robes of light, that sleep  
In perfumed cells.

Pale sorrow's blighting kiss  
Cannot have pressed upon your infant brow,  
Nor can ye dwell on dreams of faded bliss  
Or broken vows.

Like the poor sufferer's heart,  
Whose depths of untold agony are dry,  
Who looks upon the tears that from ye start  
With yearning eye.

Perchance the mystic wind  
Your pensile chalices too roughly shakes?  
The noisy bluster should not be unkind,  
For your sweet aches.

Perchance the drops have fallen  
From lovely Florida's dark cerulean eye  
Whilst sadly thinking how soon each pretty bell  
Must fade and die.

CLARA A. W.

**Y. Y.**—It is generally admitted that the words *your* and *yours*, our and *ours*, their and *theirs*, &c., are merely conventional forms of the same word; the latter being always used in modern English, whereas not followed by a substantive, and always involving an elliptical construction. The old authors, such as Chaucer, and even Spenser, use the words *our* and *yours*, where we should now use *ours* and *yours*. An older form of the word is *yourer*, which uneducated people pronounce *yours*.

**L. R.**—It is highly proper to be anxious for the truth, but not always proper or expedient to contend for it should you in society hear a person say the thing that is not. Disputations generally break up the conversational enjoyment of a party, and should therefore be avoided. Here good sense is sufficient, without any experience at all of high life, to point out the intolerable absurdity of allowing two angry talkers to take up the attention of all others present, and compel them to sit "in sad civility," witnesses of a contest which cannot interest the majority.

**T. M. C.**—It is more difficult to make good tea than good coffee—the making of the latter is a process of skill, whilst that of the former is almost a matter of feeling. Tea should be considered neither as a decoction nor an infusion, but as an essence, obtained by a momentary combination between water in the moment of passing into steam, and the influence which the lost puts out under certain conditions, as sweet-smelling plants emit their fragrance at sunset. The tea that possesses the instantaneous flavor shed forth by the first touch of boiling water is fit for an epheure.

**T. E.**—The following has been proved to be a very successful method of treating epilepsy. An eminent practitioner, whose epileptic patients have all entirely recovered, enforces a very spare diet, gives every day a warm bath of half an hour, when a painful of cold water is poured on the nape of the neck and the back from a height of from four to six feet, this being followed by sharp frictions. A saline aperient is given for some days; afterwards, twice a day, two grains of extract of belladonna, which may gradually be increased to six. All the patients thus treated have perfectly recovered.

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.

**G. C. and J. F.** are desirous of entering into correspondence with "Beattie" and "Lizzie," both wishing to meet with good loving wives. The former is twenty-five years of age, 5 ft 10 in. in height, dark complexion, good tempered, very loving, and has a good income. The latter is twenty-three years of age, 5 ft 6 in. in height, with light curly hair, and a good income.

**EDITH**, a young lady, desirous of entering into the estate of matrimony. Is seventeen years of age, 5 ft 1 in. in height, with brown curling hair and grey eyes, fair complexion, (and rather good looking. She is accomplished, merry, affectionate, domesticated, and good tempered. Would be happy to correspond matrimonially with "W. K.," if he be in earnest.

**HENRY** and **FRANCIS** say that they would be highly honoured if "Minnie" and "Winnie" would exchange *carries* with them respectively. "Henry" is twenty-two years

of age, of good height, and has an income of 150*l.* per annum. Would prefer to receive the *carries* of "Minnie," while "Francis," who is twenty-three years of age, nearly 6 ft in height, rather fair, and in the same position in life as "Henry," would prefer that of "Winnie."

**ANNE** may read with delight the description "An Old First Officer" gave of himself in No. 140, and thinks she will just suit him. She is tall, dark, and stylish, and very well educated. "Annie May" will with pleasure exchange *carries*.

**NELLIE** replies to "George D." in all sincerity and truth, that if he be in earnest, she will gladly correspond with him. "Nellie" is seventeen, of medium height, fair complexion, with brown hair and dark blue eyes, is highly respectable, thoroughly domesticated, and of a very kind and loving disposition.

**L. A. W.** would be glad to hear from "An Old First Officer," with a view to matrimony. She is twenty-two years of age, can play and sing, is thoroughly domesticated, and in the expectation of a little more. She thinks she could make "An Old First Officer" happy.

**LOVELY ROSE** would like to exchange *carries* with "No Name"—if "No Name" be really in earnest. "Lovely Rose" is 5 ft 4 in. in height, fond of home, and would make a domesticated wife. (To lighten the teeth, we know of no better recipe than the frequent use of a soft brush dipped in salt and water. All who regard the health of their gums will find it a safer remedy than any of the advertised dentifrices.)

**A. and C.** would be glad to enter into a matrimonial engagement with "Charlie" and "Willie," after exchange of *carries*. "A," who is twenty years of age, a very ladylike blonde, thoroughly domesticated, and considered good looking, would accept "Charlie," whilst "C," who is nineteen years of age, has dark hair and eyes, fair complexion, a lively disposition, is very domesticated, and a good musician, would prefer "Willie."

**C. S. and J. S.** would be most happy to enter into a correspondence and exchange *carries* with "Rosebud" and "Gipsy." Are twenty-one and twenty years of age respectively, considered good looking, and have sufficient incomes to render life comfortable.

**MOSSBURY**, a young lady of good family, who is tall and fair, with Auburn hair, good tempered, careful, domesticated, and passionately fond of equestrianism, and will inherit a fortune, would like to correspond matrimonially with "R. K.," especially if "R. K." has a view to farming.

**HARRY** offers himself as a candidate for the affections of "Maude Clinton." He is nearly twenty-one, tall, fair, very steady, and of a loving disposition. He has good prospects in the law, and would like to exchange *carries* as a preliminary, when the young lady could judge for herself as to his appearance.

**ALPHONZO D. D.**—"Cecile d'O's" description is highly pleasing to "Alphonzo D. D.," and he would like to receive a letter from her.

**D. S.** would be most happy to correspond, with a view to matrimony, with "Maude Clinton." He is considered good looking, 5 ft 9 in. in height, and twenty-one years of age, but has no fortune.

THE CONSTANT READER requests us to insert the following:—  
To I. C. or C. I.

"Oh, write to me one line to tell  
If thou art happy, thou art well." **KATIE**

**ROSE ATHERTON** would be very happy to receive the *carries* of "F. S. D." "Rose" is fair, with light hair and blue eyes, eighteen, and has received a good education.

**LOUISA** thinks she would suit "An Old First Officer" admirably. She is respectably connected, has blue eyes, brown curling hair, sings and plays the piano well, prepossessing in manner, thoroughly domesticated, having been house-keeper to her father for the last eight years; and, lastly, is twenty-six years of age, but looks much younger.

**J. M. M.** would be most happy to correspond with "Fanny." Is twenty-six years of age, 5 ft 6 in. in height, brown curly hair and whiskers, blue eyes, fair complexion, and a good musician.

**LACTUKER**, aged twenty-five, dark hair and moustache, possessing an income of 250*l.* per annum, will be happy to correspond matrimonially with "Kitty." *Carries* to be exchanged.

**P. W.**, a gentleman thirty years of age, tall, good looking, and in business in the west end of London, would be most happy to exchange *carries*, with a view to matrimony, with "A. O."

**A. O.**, who is nineteen years of age, fair complexioned, deep blue eyes, and light hair, not tall, but very affectionate, and would endeavour to make a good wife, would like to correspond with "F. S. D."

**AUGUSTUS**, who is twenty-four years of age, of gentlemanly appearance, wishes to correspond and exchange *carries* with "Nelly" matrimonially. He is well educated, of medium height, dark, considered handsome, and is a member of a profession.

**JOHN MARTIN** will be happy to correspond and exchange *carries* with "Maude Clinton." Is twenty years of age, of dark complexion, 5 ft 9 in. in height, with whiskers and moustache, and at twenty-one will come into considerable property.

**WILLIAM OCH** (who, by the way, is open to "all comers") will be happy to correspond with "Beatrice" matrimonially. Is fair complexioned and 5 ft 10 in. in height; has a good salary and some private means; is thirty years of age, and fond of a comfortable home, and trusts "Beatrice" is affectionate and domesticated. *Carries* exchanged, and if not approved of, returned. If "Beatrice" does not respond, a suitable offer will be treated with.

**PART XXXIII.** FOR FEBRUARY, IS NOW READY. PRICE 6d.  
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**WHY GIVE MORE?—Excellent TEAS, black,**  
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General Tea Warehouse, 50, Borough. Established  
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**FIVE GUINEA LOOKING-GLASS.** Several  
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**BREWINGS** of the above ALE are now being  
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**ALEX. ROSS'S** charges for dyeing the hair—  
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superfluous hair from the face without the  
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The Fairy Fountain, six different perfumes, in boxes,  
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The purity, delicacy of flavour, and nutritious  
properties of this Cocoa, as well as the great facility  
with which it is made, have rendered it a standard  
article of general consumption. It is highly approved  
and strongly recommended my medical men, and is  
equally adapted for invalids and general consumers.—  
J. S. FRY and SONS, Bristol and London, are the  
only English Manufacturers of Cocoa who obtained  
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**tery** in hot climates and diarrhoea in our own  
country may be safely counteracted by the purifying  
agency of these well-known pills. Within these few  
years the chance of escape from a dangerous disease  
was only by taking dangerous remedies; now the  
malady is dispelled by general purification of the  
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Thus the very means for overcoming the sighing,  
vomiting, cramps, and straining include the elements  
of new strength. Holloway's Pills are admirable  
brakes and astringents, and can be confidently relied  
upon. Whatever may have immediately given rise to  
the irritation of the bowels, these pills soothe the ir-  
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**ness on Sundays.**

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**CADIZ, OPORTO, and LIGHT WINE ASSO-**  
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Sherry, 18s.; sample bottle, 1s. 8d. Household Port,  
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sample bottle, 3s. 2d. Club Port, 36s.; sample bottle,  
3s. 2d.

**COLMAN'S PRIZE MEDAL MUSTARD** bears  
their trade mark, the Bull's Head, on each pack-  
age. It is the only mustard which obtained a Prize  
Medal at the Great Exhibition, 1862; their "genuine"  
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**SAUCE**, for Fish, Game, Steaks, Soups, Gravies,  
Hot and Cold Meats, unrivalled for general use, sold  
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only by the Executors of the Sole Proprietor, Charles  
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**TWO THOUSAND best SILVER WATCHES, 25s.**  
each; 500 gold ditto, 55s. each, all warranted;  
1,000 Solid Gold Guard Chains and Albert Chains, 16s.  
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Earrings, Studs, and every kind of Jewellery, at a simi-  
lar reduction. Country orders, per remittances, care-  
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**WATCHES and CLOCKS.—FREDO. HAWLEY**  
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Watchmaker, by special appointment, to his late  
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Gold watches, £2 15s. to £35; Silver Watches,  
£1 5s. to £12 12s. Eight-day Timepieces, 12s. 6d.  
Clocks, striking hours and half-hours, £2 15s. and  
upwards.—FREDERICK HAWLEY, Watchmaker, 148,  
Regent Street, W. (from the Strand and Coventry  
Street). Established nearly a century. Merchants  
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**BRANDY.—The Best and Cheapest in the World.**  
Cognac, 15s. per gallon; one dozen, 39s.  
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The above prices per dozen include railway carriage.  
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**BRANDY.—This Celebrated Old Irish Whisky**  
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**cess REPLACES TEETH** in the mouth with-  
out any pain or inconvenience to the patient. He is  
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throughout the whole of Great Britain and Ire-  
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The system and regulations have been framed, and  
from time to time improved, so as to secure to the  
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As small present outlay as possible.  
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The annual income exceeds ... .. £201,000  
The Assurance Fund safely invested, is  
over ... .. 1,446,000  
The New Policies in the last year were  
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The Bonus added to Policies at the last  
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Low Rates of Premium for Young Lives, with early  
participation in profits.

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profits, by which the sum assured becomes payable  
on the attainment of a specified age, or at death,  
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sion in 1862 averaged 48 per cent., and the Cash Bonus  
28 per cent. on the premiums paid in the five  
years.

The next Division of Profits will take place in  
January, 1867, and persons who effect new policies  
before the end of June next will be entitled at that  
division to one year's additional share of profits over  
later entrants.

Tables of rates and forms of proposal can be ob-  
tained of any of the Society's agents, or of  
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The Company ISSUE MORTGAGE DEBEN-  
TURES, bearing 4½ per cent. interest, payable half-  
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at such Country Bankers as may be arranged with  
the holders, payable at such periods and for such  
amounts as may suit investors. The aggregate  
amount of the debentures at any time issued is strictly  
limited to the total amount of the moneys for the time  
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mortgages, of which a register is kept at the Com-  
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holders. The holders have, moreover, the security of  
the large uncalled capital of the Company, which  
amounts at present to £900,000. These debentures,  
therefore, combining the advantages of a good mort-  
gage with ready convertibility, will be found a per-  
fectly safe and convenient investment.

The Company accept money on deposit in the  
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investment in the mortgage debentures, and they  
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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**WATAWA**—Your suggestion shall receive consideration.

**MARIE**—The handwriting is good and ladylike.

**J. A. N.**—A trustee is not legally entitled to the sporting over the trust estate. (You should consult a solicitor.)

**C. M. E.**—A suit in equity means a suit in the Court of Chancery. (The handwriting is fairly good.)

**W. J. T.**—The handwriting, though somewhat peculiar, is good and gentlemanlike. There seems no reason why it should not avail you for commercial purposes.

**W. H.**—We do not find in the stanzas *opposed* of the "Stars" the amount of merit which we have fixed as our standard; they are therefore declined, with thanks.

**E. A. A.**—If the legacy is under 50*l.*, you need not bring an action at law, as you can recover it from the executor in the County Court, unless the validity of the bequest is disputed.

**U. W.**—Guardians of the property and persons of infants in law are appointed by deed or will, or by the Court of Chancery. A ward of the Court of Chancery cannot marry lawfully without the sanction of the Court.

**FIDGITT**—As you mention nothing respecting your father's will, it is to be presumed he died intestate, in which case one-third of the property goes to the widow, the remainder being divided between the children.

**N. P.**—Being a legatee under the will, and one of the attesting witnesses who signed it, the bequest to you is void; no person to whom any legacy is devised by a will being legally qualified to be an attesting witness.

**T. E. T.**—You seem not to be aware that there is now no Extraterritorial Treaty existing between France and England for the mutual surrender of criminals; the treaty for that purpose entered into in 1843 having recently been terminated at the instance of the French Government.

**D. J.**—The number of adult able-bodied paupers in England and Wales can of course be ascertained. The Poor Law Board returns show that they were at the 1st of July, 1885 (the latest return), 1 in 22, or 4.5 per cent. of the whole population.

**CLARA A. W.**—The lines to "Eveline" are declined, with thanks. In the little accompanying poem, however, there are some delicate touches of poetic fancy, and we have willingly given it insertion. So you see we are not always too exacting.

**J. L. AND M. N.**—If there be no legal obstacle to a contract of marriage except the prohibitory condition attached to the legacy, you may disregard it, if no special person were indicated; for all conditions annexed to legacies, devises, &c., operating unduly in restraint of marriage, are, as a rule, void in law.

**T. L. T.**—You have given a very fair sketch of a "dashing girl" who takes delight in masculine equestrian pursuits, but every one does not admire young ladies of the Amazonian stamp; thus we fear we must leave you to take counsel of your own wisdom as to whether you would act wisely in "proposing" to the particular Diana in question.

**ROMULUS**—The examination for ordinary clerkships in the Customs consists of handwriting and orthography; arithmetic (including vulgar and decimal fractions); English composition; geography; and English history. For persons in good health seven hours is ample to devote to sleep. The handwriting is fit for mercantile purposes.

**ALICE AND KATE**, who are sisters—the former seventeen years of age, with fair hair and blue eyes; the latter twenty-one years of age, with light brown hair and blue eyes, both accomplished, and having an income each of 500*l.* a year—would like to correspond matrimonially and exchange *cartes* with two gentlemen (dark complexion preferred).

**S. M. P.**—All language is matter of compact. Those who speak the same dialect tacitly agree that certain words shall stand for certain things. Thus the English word *hat* and the French word *chapeau* stand for an article of dress worn by Europeans. But for this compact the words *hat* and *chapeau* would have no more reference to the article they specially designate than to any other thing.

**NAUTICS**—Your patriotism is very creditable, but your fears as to the naval superiority of this country are, we think, quite groundless. Our iron-clad fleet is now comparatively numerous, and is at least as powerful and efficient as that of any other naval power. The navy consists at present of 793 ships; of which 188 are in commission.

**PISCATOR**—We are warranted by a recent report of the Deep Sea Fisheries Commission in assuring you that the supply of fish obtained upon the coast of the United Kingdom has not diminished of late years, but has increased. The quantity of fish consumed in London alone in a year the Commissioners estimate to be nearly equal to the amount of beef, and 90,000 tons of beef—the fish of 300,000

beef—are annually consumed in the metropolis, it would seem that about 80,000 tons of fish is the amount of the metropolitan consumption per annum. The fishermen of the coast receive 7*l.* per ton for the produce of their nets at Billingsgate Market, however twenty times that amount is often demanded by the wholesale dealers.

**SAMUEL N. E.** would like to correspond, with a view to matrimony, with a young lady from seventeen to twenty years of age, prepossessing, of good family, and possessed of some means. Is twenty years of age, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, good looking, of dark complexion, and steady. (It is suggested that "Helena" might respond.)

**A MAID OF JUDAH** would like to correspond matrimonially and exchange *cartes* with a gentleman of her own faith. Is twenty-one years of age, graceful, good looking, good tempered, and thoroughly domesticated; is soundly educated, a good linguist, and very fond of music. The gentleman should be from twenty-five to thirty years of age, tall, and manly, be in business, and well educated.

**MARIE LOUISE** and **JOSEPHINE** wish to correspond with two young gentlemen from nineteen to twenty years of age. "Marie Louise" is eighteen years of age, of medium height, with brown hair, and blue eyes, fair complexion, and considered good looking. "Josephine" is also eighteen years of age, of medium height, a brunette, and considered pretty.

**S. Q.**—In your communication on the Sunday question, and the opening of museums, &c., on Sunday, there is much from which we dissent, but we must decline to open the subject for discussion. Probably about ninety persons, as attendants, would suffice for the Sunday service of all the national galleries and museums in the metropolis; nearly that number being actually employed, as it is, on duty in the closed buildings.

**TO FLOWERS FILLED WITH DEW**  
Why do ye droop, sweet flowers,  
Casting the crystals on your azure breasts  
To fall in shattered beauty from your bowers  
To other nests?  
Surely ye need not weep!  
Yet diamond terrors fill your trembling bells  
Like prison bars, in robes of light, that sleep  
In perfumed cells.  
Pale sorrow's blighting kiss  
Cannot lay pressed upon your infant brows.  
Nor can ye dwell on dreams of faded bliss  
Or broken vows.  
Like the poor sufferer's heart,  
Whose depths of anguish still are dry,  
Who looks upon the tears that from ye start  
With yearning eye.  
Perchance the mystic wind  
Your pensile chalices too roughly shakes?  
The noisy bluster should not be unkind,  
For your sweet sakes.  
Perchance the drops have fallen  
From lovely Flora's dark cornelian eye  
Whilst sadly thinking how soon each pretty bell  
Must fade and die.  
CLARA A. W.

**Y. Y.**—It is generally admitted that the words *your* and *yours*, *our* and *ours*, *their* and *theirs*, &c., are merely conventional forms of the same word; the latter being always used in modern English, where not followed by a substantive, and always involving an elliptical construction. The old authors, such as Chaucer, and even Spenser, use the words *our* and *yours*, where we should now use *ours* and *yours*. An older form of the word is *yourn*, which undoubtedly people pronounce *yourn*.

**L. R.**—It is highly proper to be anxious for the truth, but not always proper or expedient to contend for it should you in society hear a person say the thing that is not. Disputations generally break up the conversational enjoyment of a party, and should therefore be avoided. Mere good sense is sufficient, without any experience at all of high life, to point out the inevitable absurdity of allowing two angry talkers to take up the attention of all others present, and compel them to sit "in ad civility" witnesses of a contest which cannot interest the majority.

**T. M. C.**—It is more difficult to make good tea than good coffee—the making of the latter is a process of skill, whilst that of the former is almost a matter of feeling. Tea should be considered neither as a decoction nor an infusion, but as an essence, obtained by a momentary combination between water in the moment of passing into steam, and the influence which the plant puts out under certain conditions, as sweet-smelling plants emit their fragrance at sunset. The tea that possesses the instantaneous flavour shed forth by the first touch of boiling water is fit for an epure.

**T. E.**—The following has been proved to be a very successful method of treating epilepsy. An eminent practitioner, whose epileptic patients have all entirely recovered, enforces a very sparge, gives every day a warm bath of half an hour, when a pintful of cold water is poured on the nape of the neck and the back from a height of from four to six feet, this being followed by sharp frictions. A saline aperient is given for some days, afterwards, twice a day, two grains of extract of belladonna, which may gradually be increased to six. All the patients thus treated have perfectly recovered.

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED**—  
**G. G. AND J. F.** are desirous of entering into correspondence with "Eveline," both wishing to meet with good loving wives. The former is twenty-five years of age, 5 ft. 10 in. in height, dark complexion, good tempered, very loving, and has a good income. The latter is twenty-three years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, with light curly hair, and a good income.

**EDITH**, a young lady, is desirous of entering into the estate of matrimony. Is seventeen years of age, 5 ft. 1 in. in height, with brown curling hair and grey eyes, fair complexion, and rather good looking. She is accomplished, merry, affectionate, domesticated, and good tempered. Would be happy to correspond matrimonially with "W. E." if he be in earnest.

**HENRI** and **FREDERIC** say that they would be highly honoured if "Minnie" and "Winnie" would exchange *cartes* with them respectively. "Henri" is twenty-two years

of age, of good height, and has an income of 150*l.* per annum would prefer to receive the *carte* of "Minnie," while "Frederic," who is twenty-three years of age, nearly 6 ft. in height, rather fair, and in the same position in life as "Henri," would prefer that of "Winnie."

**ANNIE MAY** read with delight the description "An Old First Officer" gave of himself in No. 149, and thinks she will just suit him. She is tall, dark, and stylish, and very well educated. "Annie May" will with pleasure exchange *cartes*.

**NELLIE** replies to "George D." in all sincerity and truth, that if he be in earnest, she will gladly correspond with him. "Nellie" is seventeen, of medium height, fair complexion, with brown hair and dark blue eyes, is highly respectable, thoroughly domesticated, and of a very kind and loving disposition.

**L. A. W.** would be glad to hear from "An Old First Officer," with a view to matrimony. She is twenty-two years of age, can play and sing, is thoroughly domesticated, and in the expectation of a little money. She thinks she could make "An Old First Officer" happy.

**LOVELY ROSE** would like to exchange *cartes* with "No Name"—"If 'No Name' be really in earnest," "Lovely Rose" is 5 ft. 4 in. in height, fond of home, and would make a domesticated wife. (To wit the tooth, we know of no better recipe than the frequent use of a soft brush dipped in salt and water. All who regard the health of their gums will find it a safer remedy than any of the advertised dentifrices.)

**A. AND C.** would be glad to enter into a matrimonial engagement with "Charlie" and "Willie," after exchange of *cartes*. "A." who is twenty years of age, a very ladylike blonde, thoroughly domesticated, and considered good looking, would accept "Charlie," whilst "C," who is nineteen years of age, has dark hair and eyes, fair complexion, a lively disposition, is very domesticated, and a good musician, would prefer "Willie."

**G. S. AND J. S.** would be most happy to enter into a correspondence and exchange *cartes* with "Rosebud" and "Gipsy." Are twenty-one and twenty years of age respectively, considered good looking, and have sufficient incomes to render life comfortable.

**MOSSBURY**, a young lady of good family, who is tall and fair, with auburn hair, good tempered, cheerful, domesticated, and passionately fond of equestrianism, and will inherit a fortune, would like to correspond matrimonially with "R. K." especially if "R. K." has a view to farming.

**HARRY** offers himself as a candidate for the affections of "Maude Clinton." He is nearly twenty-one, tall, fair, very steady, and of a loving disposition. He has good prospects in the law, and would like to exchange *cartes* as a preliminary, when the young lady could judge for herself as to his appearance.

**ALPHONZO D. D.**—"Cœur d'Or's" description is highly pleasing to "Alphonzo D. D.," and he would like to receive a letter from her.

**D. S.** would be most happy to correspond, with a view to matrimony, with "Maude Clinton." He is considered good looking, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, and twenty-one years of age, but has no fortune.

**A. CONSTANT READER** requests us to insert the following—  
To I. C. or C. I.  
"Oh, write to me one line to tell  
If thou art happy, thou art well."  
**KATIE**  
**ROSE ATRERION** would be very happy to receive the *carte* of "F. S. D." "Rose" is fair, with light hair and blue eyes, eighteen, and has received a good education.

**LOUISE** thinks she would suit "An Old First Officer" admirably. She is respectfully connected, has blue eyes, brown curling hair, sings and plays the piano well, prepossessing in manner, thoroughly domesticated, having been housekeeper to her father for the last eight years; and lastly, is twenty-six years of age, but looks much younger.

**J. M. M.** would be most happy to correspond with "Fanny." Is twenty-six years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, brown curly hair and whiskers, blue eyes, fair complexion, and a good tradesman.

**LAKETER**, aged twenty-five, dark hair and moustache, possessing an income of 250*l.* per annum, will be happy to correspond matrimonially with "Kitty." *Cartes* to be exchanged.

**P. W.**, a gentleman thirty years of age, tall, good looking, and in business in the west end of London, would be most happy to exchange *cartes*, with a view to matrimony, with "A. O."

**OSINDA**, who is nineteen years of age, fair complexioned, deep blue eyes, and light hair, not tall, but very affectionate, and would endeavour to make a good wife, would like to correspond with "F. S. D."

**AUGUSTUS**, who is twenty-four years of age, of gentlemanly appearance, wishes to correspond and exchange *cartes* with "Nelly" matrimonially. He is well educated, of medium height, dark, considered handsome, and is a member of a profession.

**JOHN MARTIN** will be happy to correspond and exchange *cartes* with "Maude Clinton." Is twenty years of age, of dark complexion, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, with whiskers and moustache, and at twenty-one will come into considerable property.

**WILLIAM OCH** (who, by the way, is open to "all comers") will be happy to correspond with "Beatrice" matrimonially. Is fair complexioned and 5 ft. 10 in. in height, has a good salary and some private means, is thirty years of age, and fond of a comfortable home, and trusts "Beatrice" is affectionate and domesticated. *Cartes* exchanged, and if not approved of, returned. If "Beatrice" does not respond, a suitable offer will be treated with.

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